Memorial

Of

Horace Greeley

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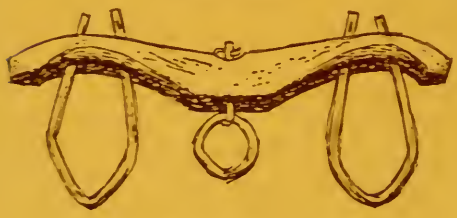

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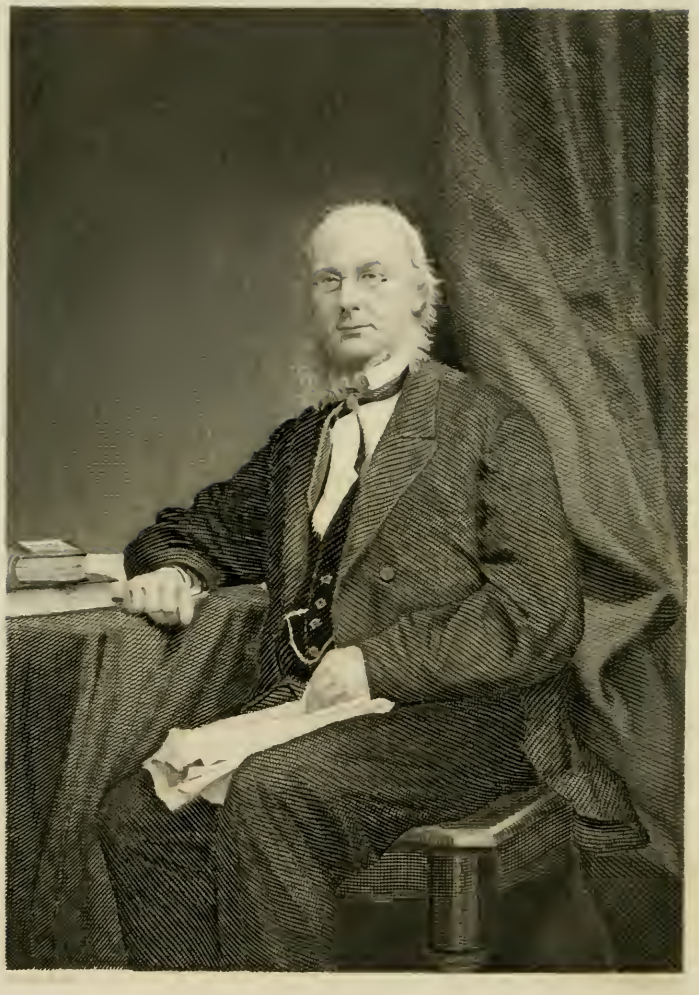

Yours
Horace Greeley

A

MEMORIAL

OF

HORACE GREELEY.

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1873.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The death of Horace Greeley called forth a universal expression of sympathy and homage, such as has rarely been manifested on the departure of any public man, however exalted in position or noble in character. From every quarter of the country the tribute of a people's grief has been freely offered, with the heartfelt commemoration of the virtues of the beloved dead. The Press and the Pulpit have vied with each other in celebrating his worth, and honoring his name with affectionate admiration.

A large number of the friends of Mr. Greeley have expressed the desire to possess these memorials in a permanent form, and in compliance with their wishes the present volume has been prepared, under the direction of the Editor of *The Tribune*. It consists of a selection from the numerous articles in various journals, together with notices from the pulpit that have been suggested by Mr. Greeley's death; an account of the proceedings of several public bodies in relation to that event; and a description of the funeral ceremonies with which the remains of the departed were borne to the tomb.

The volume is committed to the friends of Horace Greeley, who comprise so large a portion of the public, with the assurance that they will find in it a just, although inadequate, memorial of one who loved the people in his life, and was faithful to them till his death.

Office of The Tribune,
New York, *February* 15*th*, 1873.

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THE FOUNDER OF THE TRIBUNE.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DEATH.

[*From the Tribune, Nov.* 30, 1872.]

In the unexpected event which has clothed our columns in weeds of mourning, a profound sorrow has fallen not only upon the circles of domestic intimacy and friendly attachment in which the face of the departed had shone for so many years as a gracious benediction, but upon a wide-spread portion of the American people, by whom his name had been fondly cherished as the devoted advocate of generous ideas, and the earnest prophet of the advancement of humanity. Few men in public or private life in this country had gathered around them so large a host of admiring friends. He was the object not only of profound reverence, but of tender affection. The splendor of his intellectual powers had called forth enthusiastic homage, even from those who differed most widely from him in opinion; but the qualities of his heart had inspired an almost romantic love, "surpassing the love of women." In this hour of softened remembrance, how many eyes will be wet with sorrow as they read the lines that announce the departure of that noble spirit from his wonted sphere of grand and beneficient activity!

For some time past the health of Mr. Greeley had been seriously impaired, but not to so great a degree as to awaken the apprehensions of his friends. His labors during the Presidential canvass had been of a character to tax his intellectual and physical energies to the utmost. The blended wisdom and ability which he exhibited on this occasion elicited admiration even from his opponents. Abstaining, to an extent that is rarely witnessed during a warmly-contested election, from personal criticisms, he devoted himself to a lucid exposition of the questions at issue, and the earnest advocacy of measures which he deemed of pregnant import to the peace and welfare of the country. But such a protracted tension of the faculties was too

severe a strain for almost any human constitution. Long before the close of the contest, the issue of which caused him no disappointment, his watchful friends observed certain unusual symptoms of fatigue and languor. They were sufficient, perhaps, to suggest anxiety but certainly not to produce alarm. The effects of political defeat were soon absorbed in the intensity of private sorrow. The long-continued illness of Mrs. Greeley terminated in her death a short time before the election. For many days and nights her husband did not leave her sick chamber, except at short intervals. The sight of her sufferings exercised a painful influence on his nervous system. Night after night he was necessarily deprived of sleep, but when the opportunity for rest was restored, he was unable to make use of it. His incessant watch around the pillow of his dying wife had well-nigh destroyed the power of sleep. Symptoms of extreme nervous prostration gradually became apparent, his appetite was gone, the stomach rejected food, the free use of his faculties was disturbed, and he sank with a rapidity that, even to those who watched him closest, seemed startling.

The leading events in the life of Horace Greeley have become so familiar to the public from the popular biographies which have attained a wide circulation among the people of this country that we need only refresh the recollection of our readers by a rapid sketch of the prominent features of his career. Descended from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled in Londonderry, New Hampshire, about fifty years before the Revolution, he was born in Amherst, in that State, February 3, 1811. His father was a poor and hard-working farmer, struggling to pay off the debt incurred in the purchase of his farm, and dependent on the labor of his hands for the support of his family. At an early age Horace was called to take part in the incessant toil which falls to the lot of a farmer's boy in the country. He helped his father in planting corn, rode horse to plow, hunted the insects that threatened the labors of the spring, drove the cows to pasture, and watched the cattle to keep them out of the corn, while the men were at their early breakfast, before yoking up for the day. For years he was a feeble, sickly child, in spite of his out-door life, often under medical treatment, and unable even to watch the rain through the closed window without a violent attack of illness.

The mother of Horace had lost her two former children just before his birth, and was thus led to regard him with a peculiar ten-

MR. GREELEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

MR. GREELEY'S FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE.

derness. She made him her companion and confidant almost as soon as he could speak, pouring into his ear an abundant store of ballads, stories, anecdotes, and legends of the olden time. He learned to read at her knee, and among his earliest remembrances was the little spinning-wheel at which she sat with the book in her lap, in which he was taking his daily lesson.

When about three years old, Horace was taken by his maternal grandfather to Londonderry, where he attended school for the first time. He was usually at the head of his class, although one of the youngest pupils, a bright, active, eager boy, and a general favorite with his companions, though he was not fond of play, and took no share in their juvenile sports. He was in his fourth year when he began to show the passion for reading which remained with him throughout his life. He would often lie on his face under a tree, so completely absorbed in his book as to forget both dinner-time and sunset. From his sixth year he resided chiefly in his father's house. He could now read fluently, spell any word in the language, had some knowledge of geography, and a little of arithmetic, and had read the Bible through from Genesis to Revelation.

In the winter of 1821 the father of Horace, who had not succeeded in gaining a livelihood for his family, determined to remove from New Hampshire and take up his abode in the little township of Westhaven, situated in the north-western corner of Vermont. At this time Horace was not quite ten years old. He now made his first acquaintance with genuine poverty. The whole stock of household goods amounted to only a trifling sum. The father was glad to work at chopping wood for fifty cents a day, but the family did not run in debt for anything; and though reduced to the class of day-laborers, never wanted for meat, or bread, or milk, and were seldom without a little money.

Horace had been in the habit of devouring every newspaper he could get hold of from his youngest childhood, and had early resolved to become a printer if he could. When but eleven years old, hearing that an apprentice was wanted in the newspaper office at Whitehall, he accompanied his father to the printer's, in hope of obtaining the position, but was rejected on account of his extreme youth. He went home greatly cast down, but in the spring of 1826 he entered the office of *The Northern Spectator* in East Poultney, Vt., as an apprentice. His father, meantime, was about starting for the West in search of a new home, and finally settled in the forest region in

the northern part of Erie County, Penn., on the border of the State of New York. Horace diligently applied himself to learning his trade, of which he soon became master in all its branches. He remained in Poultney a little more than four years, when, after spending a short time at his father's house in the wilderness, he obtained employment in a newspaper office in Erie. Here he made many friends, and was offered a partnership in the business, although only a young man of twenty. He thought best to decline the proposal, and as work afterward fell off, he decided to take a fresh departure, and seek his fortune in the great metropolis. After paying a farewell visit at his father's, and dividing with him his earnings at Erie, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, and very little extra clothing in his bundle, he set his face toward New York.

He arrived in this city on the 17th of August, 1831, when the midsummer heat was at its height. He had never before seen a city of even twenty thousand inhabitants, nor gazed upon a sea-going vessel. The spectacle of so many square miles of stately buildings, with the furlongs of masts and yards, aroused a feeling of astonishment and wonder akin to awe. He had completed his twentieth year the February before. Tall, slender, and ungainly, with ten dollars in his pocket, and a scanty store of summer raiment, mostly on his back, the pale-faced youth did not command a cheerful prospect of immediate success. After searching in vain for a suitable boarding-house, he at length found quarters in an obscure hostelry near the North River. His first business was to find work at his trade. Early in the morning he began to ransack the city in search of employment. In the course of two days he had visited more than half the printing-offices in New York without the slightest gleam of success. His youthful appearance and rustic ways were not in his favor. When he called at *The Journal of Commerce*, its distinguished editor, Mr. David Hale, frankly told him that he believed him to be a runaway apprentice from some country printing-office, a presumption which, though erroneous, might, under the circumstances, be deemed excusable. Thoroughly wearied with his two days' disconsolate quest, he resolved to leave New York while a little money still remained in his pocket. He was frightened by the prospect of the alms-house which stared him in the face, and wished to make his escape while the chance was yet left. In the evening, however, he made the acquaintance of some young Irishmen who had called at his landlord's in their stroll about town. Upon hear-

ing that he was a wandering printer in pursuit of work, they at once took an interest in his affairs, and directed him to a place where he could find employment. This was the printing-office of Mr. John T. West. The work was so difficult that no printer acquainted in the city could be induced to accept it. It was the composition of a miniature New Testament, with numerous marginal references, and in a curiously intricate style of typography. No other compositor could be persuaded to work on the book for more than two or three days, and Mr. Greeley, accordingly, had it nearly all to himself. By diligent type-setting from twelve to fourteen hours through the day, he could earn at most not over six dollars a week.

After several changes, which did not greatly improve his circumstances, in January, 1832, Mr. Greeley formed an engagement with *The Spirit of the Times*, a weekly journal devoted to sporting intelligence, and edited by Mr. William T. Porter. The foreman of the office was a young man named Francis Story, with whom Mr. Greeley soon contracted an intimate friendship. Urged by his solicitations, he consented to form a partnership with him for the purpose of conducting the business of job printing. They soon took a contract for printing a cheap daily newspaper, to be sold about the streets, at that time a novel idea. The first number of the paper, which was conducted by Dr. H. D. Shepard, was issued on the 1st of January, 1833. It fell almost dead-born from the press. The day was one of the coldest of the season, and the streets were obstructed by a mass of snow which had fallen the night before. No publicity had been given to the enterprise. The editor was incompetent to his task, and in less than a month the whole enterprise came to an untimely end. The printers were saved from bankruptcy by the intervention of an eccentric Englishman, who had conceived a fancy for journalism, and was persuaded to purchase the wreck of the attempted Daily. After a few issues he threw up the experiment, but the money which he had paid to the young printers preserved them from further embarrassment. Meantime, their job printing business continued to prosper, there was no lack of work, when the firm was suddenly dissolved by the death of Mr. Story, who was drowned while bathing in the East River. His place, however, was soon supplied by the accession of Mr. Jonas Winchester; and in the spring of 1834, without any premonitory flourish of trumpets, the two young printers issued the first number of *The New-Yorker*, a weekly journal, devoted to literature, political intelligence, and general news. The paper

was edited by Mr. Greeley, while his partner took charge of the general business of the printing-office. For the seven years and a half of its existence, *The New-Yorker* sustained a high reputation for its literary excellence, the fairness and impartiality of its criticisms, the accuracy and extent of its intelligence, and the elevated tone of its general discussions. Its columns were not only under the immediate supervision of Mr. Greeley, but the editorial articles were written, and the admirable selections which contributed so much to its celebrity were, for the most part, made by his own hand. The paper rose from scarcely a dozen subscribers to more than nine thousand, although, as it was conducted on the vicious credit system, and consequently lost large sums by bad debts, it never became a pecuniary success.

In 1838, Mr. Greeley became the editor of *The Jeffersonian*, a cheap weekly newspaper, established to maintain the Whig ascendency in the State of New York in the election campaign of that season. It was conducted with great moderation of tone, but with signal energy and efficiency. It attained a circulation of fifteen thousand copies, and presented an admirable example of successful political discussion without passionate heat or personal invective.

During the canvass of 1840, which resulted in the election of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, Mr. Greeley conducted *The Log Cabin* from May to November, when it expired by its own limitation. In about a month, however, its publication was resumed as a family political paper, and continued for one year, when it was merged in *The Weekly Tribune*. Of *The Log Cabin* Mr. Greeley was the sole editor and publisher. Its circulation was entirely unprecedented at that time. The first issue consisted of thirty thousand copies, but before the close of the week there was a call for ten thousand more. It soon ran up to eighty thousand, and would doubtless have attained a still wider circulation had the publisher possessed the present facilities for printing and mailing.

The first number of *The Daily Tribune* was issued on the tenth of April, 1841. It was a small sheet, and sold at the price of one cent a copy. The cardinal idea of Mr. Greeley in the establishment of *The Tribune* was the publication of a journal which should be equally free from narrow partisanship and timid neutrality. He took his stand on the independence of the daily press. Avoiding the fierce intolerance of party spirit, on the one hand, and a tame servility to public opinion on the other; he aimed to hold a position between

those extremes, expressing his convictions with frankness and promptitude on all public measures, but not avoiding the exposure of errors on the part of those with whom in the main he agreed. With these views Mr. Greeley had completely identified his name with the influence of this journal. To secure its beneficent power was the chief purpose of his life. No prize, in his estimation, was of such precious worth as its efficient action in aid of sound and lofty principles, of the advancement of truth in religion and science, of the liberal education, the material prosperity, and the social happiness of the whole American people. On this occasion the tender pathos and solemn wisdom of his own words render all other expressions inappropriate. "Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainity is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of *The New York Tribune.*'"

It was more than twenty years after Mr. Greeley had been a constant writer for the newspaper press before he ventured to publish a volume. This was his "Hints toward Reforms" (1850), consisting chiefly of lectures and addresses which he had delivered before various literary associations within the preceding six or eight years. They comprise the maturest thoughts of the writer on the conditions of social progress, and elucidate his convictions on the leading topics of reform, to which he had largely devoted the energies of his life. His next work, "Glances at Europe," relating some of his experiences in foreign travel, was published in 1851, and was followed, in 1859, by his "Overland Journey to California," a record of his impressions from scenes that were even then passing away, and which have now for the most part given place to new and improved relations. A work of more elaborate preparation was the "American Conflict" (1864), relating the history of the recent civil war, and tracing its causes to the influence of slavery on the politics of the country. The point of view from which this work is written was the conviction of the divine government of the world by

immutable moral laws, and of the certainty of retribution as consequent upon every compromise with evil. It is distinguished for its fullness of detail, the fairness of its judgments, and its acute analysis of the causes of political events. Among his writings, the brief volume on the principles of political economy, of which he was always the ardent advocate, and the narrative of his personal experience as a practical farmer, have met with a large share of popular favor, and enhanced his influence among the intelligent reading classes. His most interesting work is doubtless the "Recollections of a Busy Life" (1869), in which, with inimitable naïveté, he relates the successive steps by which he advanced from the obscurity of a country printing-office to his recent position among the eminent men of the age.

The character of Mr. Greeley has been held too long in a conspicuous light before the public to require any formal or elaborate analysis in this place. No American citizen was probably known to a greater number of persons. Although the recipient of few public offices, his life was emphatically a public one. One of the common people by birth and education himself, he lived with the people, and before the people. One of his greatest delights was in popular discussion. He never shrunk from argument, and loved to measure the minds of other men with his own. He had no concealment, no disguises, no subterfuges; he carried his heart upon his lips; his thoughts and feelings must have vent; and so transparent was his nature, that in the utterance of his convictions he did not always pay sufficient court to the conventional proprieties of time and place. He was a man of wide, if not intimate, companionship. He was at home in the society of a great variety of minds. No diversities of culture, or taste, or even of opinion, impaired the cordiality of his friendships. His closest ties were often with men whose pursuits he did not share, whose principles he did not adopt, whose habits of thought, perhaps, he did not even fully comprehend, but over whom he exerted a powerful attraction by the subtile magnetism of his character. His own sympathies were rather with the great masses of humanity, than with the peculiar traits that constitute the essence of personality. He was more apt to look at men in the light of effective forces, grouping them according to their respective energies, than to study the expression of the inner and individual qualities which distinguish them from one another. He habitually asked what a person could do, rather than what he was, estimating

the man less by his intrinsic being than his incidental activity. His own power of accomplishment was wonderful. No weight of responsibility, or magnitude of service, was ever felt as a burden. He never hesitated to do the work of two men with his single hand, nor to crowd the work of two days into one. Always he appeared insensible to weariness, without the consciousness of satiety in labor, or exhaustion of force. If at times he needed change, he never showed the need of rest. The variety of his undertakings was as remarkable as the promptness of his performance. He seldom, if ever, failed to keep an appointment, or to justify a promise.

Mr. Greeley combined a singular hospitality to new ideas with a profound attachment to conservative principles. He had no passion for innovation. He sought no change for the sake of change. He clung tenaciously to an opinion which he had once adopted, and rarely surrendered in his manhood a conviction of his youth. Both his religious and political creeds were formed at an early age, and no essential principle of either was renounced in after life. Though generally regarded as a radical thinker, he had no tendency to revolutionary or destructive measures. Extremes of opinion, or of practice, found no favor in his eyes. He cherished a wholesome distrust of the fantastic love of novelty which makes no account of ancient landmarks, or of ancient prejudices. However glittering the promises of the future, he firmly held his anchorage in the past. At the same time, he gave a courteous greeting to the new light which dawned upon the intellectual horizon. He never made his own experience the measure of possibility. He listened to every scheme which was held forth in the interests of humanity. He treated their advocates with kindness, if not always with sympathy, and challenged for their pretensions a generous hearing. Every improvement in legislation, in the order of civil society, in the arrangements of labor and the relations of industry, in the researches of science and the education of the young, was welcomed with cordiality, and examined with fairness. His faith in the future was not dimmed by his reverence for the past. Nor was his confidence in the progress of the human race impaired by any tincture of personal selfishness. Scarcely any man of his culture and genuine refinement of mind had a less active sense of individual comfort. But what he did not seek for himself, he sought for his kind. He keenly felt for the poor, the infirm, the ignorant, the forsaken, the helpless, and though often abrupt in his expressions, and not con-

ciliatory to excess in his manners, he will be set down by the recording angel as "one who loved his fellow-men."

Prominent as were the relations of Mr. Greeley with the public, no one can fully comprehend his character without following him into the retirements of private and domestic life. He was a man of singular purity of nature. No foul word or unseemly jest was ever permitted to escape his lips. He cherished the strongest attachment to the ties of family and home. No man had a keener sense of the power of kindred blood. His domestic tastes had the force of a passionate instinct. His devotion to his invalid wife, through years of protracted suffering, exhibited the character of a religious sentiment. The innate poetry of his nature was concentrated upon his children. His love for the "glorious boy," whose early death was a perpetual grief, seemed less like a reality than a romance. This child, whose radiant beauty was never equalled in "the sunshine of picture," can not be forgotten in any remembrance of the father. His sweet and gracious nature was no less attractive than his personal loveliness. His sudden death, nearly twenty-five years ago, left a feeling of loneliness and desolation upon the heart of Mr. Greeley, for which the lapse of years brought no assuaging influence. "When, at length," he writes of himself, "the struggle ended with his last breath, and even his mother was convinced that his eyes would never again open upon the scenes of this world, I knew that the summer of my life was over, that the chill breath of its autumn was at hand, and that my future course must be along the down-hill of life."

In general society Mr. Greeley was always himself, frank, communicative, abounding in conversation, though with an occasional appearance of reserve, growing out of a certain absent-mindedness in which his preoccupied mind sometimes tempted him to indulge, the wisdom of his speech seasoned with frequent dashes of humor, and his whole bearing marked by a genial good-nature rather than any pedantic adherence to the formalities of etiquette. But if not addicted to artificial courtesies, he displayed a sweetness of spirit and gentleness of demeanor in perfect unison with the juvenile play of his features and the beautiful innocence of his countenance, which disarmed the severest prejudices and inspired a feeling almost akin to idolatry among those who knew him best.

In spite of his absorption in politics, literature, and secular cares, Mr. Greeley was a man of earnest religious convictions; and although

without any trace of superstition in feeling, or asceticism in conduct, cherished a no less ardent devotion to his religious faith than if he habitually wore a cassock or a cowl. When he was only ten years old, he was led by a passage in ancient history to reflection on the character of the Divine Government. In the course of his childish speculations, he became convinced of the essential benignity of the Divine character. At that time he had never seen one who called himself a Universalist, nor had read a page by any writer of that denomination. Soon afterward, however, he became familiar with the course of argument made use of by the advocates of the system. His previous convictions were strengthened by their reasonings, and, with the diligent perusal of the Scriptures, he was confirmed in the faith that all suffering is a means of discipline, and will finally result in universal holiness and consequent happiness. Throughout his life he was a constant attendant on public worship, and numbered many of the ministers of the gospel among his warmest friends. In matters of religion he lived in charity with all mankind. He never forced his creed upon the attention of others, nor received his articles of faith from human dictation. Intimate with the highest dignitaries of the Church, from the Catholic prelate to the Methodist bishop, he preserved his freedom of belief and his independence of mind.

As we stand around the cold remains of the friend whose face will be no more seen in the places which he filled with fresh and glowing life, the sounds of party contention fade away in the silence of death. The spirit of strife is hushed. The long warfare of the departed is brought to an end. He has found repose in the stillness of the grave, and no lingering bitterness must disturb the depth of his peace, or impair the sweet memory of his virtues.

THE MORAL OF HIS DEATH.

[*From the Tribune, Nov.* 30, 1872.]

The melancholy announcement of the death of the editor and founder of *The Tribune*, though for a few days his family and intimate friends have admitted to themselves its possibility, falls upon us all with the shock of sudden calamity. He had reached, indeed, a ripe old age, but time had not laid its withering touch upon him; his splendid constitution easily bore the strain of enormous labor; his mind was as fresh, and strong, and suggestive as in the prime

of life; his generous impulses were unchilled by disheartening experience. Through the trying campaign which has just closed, his physical vigor, his tact, his intellectual activity, surprised even those who knew him best, and seemed to promise many years of usefulness. Looking at what he might yet have accomplished, we wonder at the mysterious dispensation of Providence that takes him away while his faculties are still unwearied. Remembering what he has already done, we stand with bowed heads beside the open grave and thank the Good Master who has permitted his servant to complete so much of his great labor, and to reap so many of its fruits.

For, after all, though detraction and disappointment and domestic sorrow may have clouded his last days, this was the happy ending of a noble career. "My life," said he, some years ago, "has been busy and anxious, but not joyless. Whether it shall be prolonged few or more years, I am grateful that it has endured so long, and that it has abounded in opportunities for good not wholly unimproved, and in experiences of the nobler as well as the baser impulses of human nature." The record of what he has done for the industry, the education, the general culture, and the social improvement of his country, as well as the story of what he has accomplished in guiding its political destinies, we may leave to an impartial posterity. It is too soon, perhaps, to judge correctly how great has been his share in molding the public sentiment which dictates laws, chooses Presidents, creates armies, and controls public events; but it is certain that no history of the most critical period in our national life can ever be written in which Horace Greeley shall not be a conspicuous figure. Enormous as his personal influence was in politics for the better part of a generation, it was not upon this that, in his latter years, he looked back with the greatest satisfaction. That he had shaped the course of administrations, directed the purposes of parties, created a great organ of opinion, taught statesmen to sit at his feet and Senates to listen for his approval—these were not the tests by which he would have measured his success. The vanity of wealth, the unreality of power, the worthlessness of popular renown—he estimated them all at their true value. The noblest career in his eyes was that which is given up to others' wants. The successful life was that which is worn out in conflict with wrong and woe. The only ambition worth following was the ambition to alleviate human misery, and leave the world a little better

than he found it. That he had done this was the consolation which brightened his last days, and assured him he had not lived in vain.

He was a young man when he took his stand by the suffering and oppressed. He was old when he saw the downfall of the barbarism against which he had battled for a quarter of a century. Honors and abuse, prosperity and reverses, were his by turn in this long contest, but his sturdy arm never faltered and his heart never failed. He took patiently the buffetings of adverse fortune, and rose with sublime courage above disaster; for there was no selfish impulse in his labor, and he knew that, though he spent himself, the work must go on to its final triumph. When the victory came, he might have held up his hands and cried out with Simeon: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." But it was granted him to see even more than the destruction of slavery. He was to impress upon the policy of the renewed and purified Union something of his own generous and elevated character, to give an impetus to principles destined to work grand reforms at no distant time, to preach the political gospel of brotherhood and good-will, and to win, before he left this world, the esteem of thousands who had been his bitterest enemies. With no vain estimate of his personal share in the progress of the past thirty years, he realized how much had been accomplished by the warfare in which he had taken so great a part; he trusted that the agencies which he had founded would perpetuate his influence after he had passed away. Conscious, as in his secret heart he must have been, that when he was in his grave his name would prompt men to kindly actions and to noble thoughts, would moisten eyes that never saw him, and bring a quiver to strange lips, Horace Greeley was blessed in his old age with the reward of his fidelity and self-sacrifice. "So," he wrote, "looking calmly yet humbly for that close of my mortal career which can not be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past, and, with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit which does not exclude hope, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world."

It is not for us, in the first hour of our loss, to dwell long, here, upon his character, or catalogue his virtues. To his associates and disciples the bereavement is a grief too personal to leave them heart for making eloquent phrases. Although for several months we have missed the inspiration of his presence and the guidance of his wise counsel, his spirit has never ceased to animate those chosen to con-

tinue his work, and the close bond of sympathy between the chief and his assistants has never been broken. To those of us who have labored with him longest and known him best, it has been a bond not only of sympathy, but of tried affection. We leave his praises to the poor whom he succored, to the lowly whom he lifted up, to the slave whose back he saved from the lash, to the oppressed whose wrongs he made his own.

MR. GREELEY'S LAST HOURS.

[*From the Tribune, Nov.* 30, 1872.]

So far as any of his associates knew, Mr. Greeley was in almost as good health as usual when, on the day after the election, he wrote the card announcing his resumption of the editorial charge of *The Tribune.* His sleeplessness was known to have become greatly worse, but for years he had suffered more or less from the same difficulty. It is now clear that sufficient allowance had not been made for the intense strain upon him throughout the summer, and specially during the last month of his wife's illness. It soon became evident that his strength was unequal to the hard task to which he set himself. He wrote only five or six careful articles, no one of them half a column in length. The most notable, perhaps, was that entitled "Conclusions," wherein he summed up his views of the canvass. In all he furnished less than four and a half columns after his return, contributing to only five issues of the paper. Two or three times he handed his personal representative short articles saying, "There is an idea worth using, but I haven't felt able to work it out properly. You had better put it in shape."

At last, on Tuesday, the 12th inst., he abandoned the effort to visit the office regularly, and sent for Dr. Krackowitzer, family physician for Mr. A. J. Johnson, the friend with whom he was a guest, and in whose house his wife had died. Every effort was made to induce sleep, but he grew steadily worse, until it became evident that his case was critical. Dr. Geo. C. S. Choate and others were then called in consultation, and finally it was decided to take him to Dr. Choate's residence, two or three miles distant from Mr. Greeley's own country home at Chappaqua. Here he received the unintermitting attention of Dr. Choate; and here Dr. Brown-Sequard, Dr. Brown, and others were also called in consultation. The insomnia had developed into inflammation of the outer membrane of the brain, and

under this the venerated patient rapidly sank. At times he was delirious; at other times as clear-headed as ever. He lost flesh and strength with startling rapidity; and in a few days the possibility of his speedy death forced itself into unwilling recognition. It was not, however, until Thursday last that his associates and family brought themselves to admit it, and even then they still clung to their faith in the vigor of his constitution.

On Wednesday night he failed very rapidly. On Thursday afternoon and evening he seemed somewhat easier. During Thursday night he slept very uneasily, muttering occasionally, and frequently raising his right hand. Toward morning he was more quiet, and between 8 and 9 o'clock fell into a nearly unconscious condition, which continued, with intervals, through the day. His extremities were cold all day, and there was no pulse at the wrist. The action of the heart was intermittent, and was constantly diminishing in force. He had not asked for water or been willing to drink it since his stay at Dr. Choate's, but during Friday he asked for it frequently. On the whole, he suffered little, and seemed to have no more than the ordinary restlessness which accompanies the last stage of disease. He made occasional exclamations, but many of them, in consequence of his extreme weakness and apparent inability to finish what he began, were unintelligible. About noon, however, he said quite distinctly and with some force, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." During the day he recognized various people, his daughter many times, the members of his household at Chappaqua, Mr. John R. Stuart, and Mr. Reid. Up to within half an hour of the end he occasionally manifested in various ways his consciousness of what was going on around him, and even answered in monosyllables, and intelligently, questions addressed to him. About half-past three he said, very distinctly, "It is done;" and, beyond Yes or No in answer to questions, this was his last utterance.

His younger daughter, Gabrielle, was with him through Thursday evening. Throughout Friday the elder daughter, Ida, was in constant attendance, as she had been during the whole of his illness, and of Mrs. Greeley's before him. Other members of his Chappaqua household were present, with Mr. and Mrs. Stuart and a few other friends. Nothing that science or affection could suggest was wanting to ease the last hours. The wintry night had fairly set in, when the inevitable hour came. Without, sleighs were running to and fro, bearing to Chappaqua, the nearest telegraph

station, the latest bulletins which the thousands of anxious hearts in the great city, near-by, kept demanding. Within, the daughter and a few others stood near the dying man; in the adjoining room sat one or two more friends and the physician. At ten minutes before 7 o'clock the watchers drew back in reverent stillness from the bedside. The great Editor was gone,—"in peace after so many struggles; in honor after so much obloquy."

RESOLUTIONS AND PROCEEDINGS OF VARIOUS BODIES.

MEETING OF THE TRIBUNE TRUSTEES.

A meeting of the Trustees of *The Tribune* was held on Saturday, Nov. 30th, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the late associates of Horace Greeley in the management and publication of *The New York Tribune*, recall with liveliest gratitude his eminent services in the establishment and conduct of that journal, the various and ample knowledge which he brought to the illustration of its columns, the profound wisdom with which he discussed the political questions of the passing day, the never-failing sagacity and tact with which he commented on public events, the enlightened zeal with which he devoted himself to the advocacy of every noble and worthy cause, the heartfelt sympathy with which he espoused the interests of the poor and oppressed, the ardent patriotism with which he labored for the prosperity of the whole country, without reference to sectional or party claims, and the generous hospitality with which he welcomed the highest progressive ideas in science, literature, and social philosophy.

Resolved, That in the personal character of their late beloved chief they recognize a shining example of the manly virtues, integrity incorrupt, fidelity unshaken, immaculate honor, purity without a stain, and the rare self-forgetfulness which lost sight of personal interests in zeal for the cause of humanity.

Resolved, That their profound grief on occasion of his death finds a tender solace in the remembrance of his illustrious life.

Resolved, That, although deprived of the light and counsels of their chief, they are not left without heart or hope by the bereavement, and that they address themselves with cheerful courage and unshrinking energy to the high and inspiring duties before them, erecting the noblest monument to his memory in the columns of *The Tribune* which he so fondly loved, by striving to make it a still more efficient representative of the great humanitary ideas to which his life was devoted.

Resolved, That we tender our most affectionate sympathies to the family of the departed in the irreparable loss which we have sustained in common.

MEETING OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

A meeting of the members of all departments of the editorial staff of *The Tribune* was held on Sunday, Dec. 1. On motion of J. R. G. Hassard, Charles T. Congdon was chosen Chairman, and Noah Brooks Secretary. Mr. Congdon referred in a feeling manner to the loss *The Tribune* had sustained in the death of its founder. A committee appointed to prepare suitable resolutions reported the following, which were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased God in His Providence to remove from the field of his useful labors, Horace Greeley;

Resolved, That in the death of our great Chief, every attribute of perfect journalism and every quality of noble manhood have received wounds, since Horace Greeley stood at the head of the editorial profession in the world, since the variety, clearness, logic, and magnetism of his writings were unequaled, since his humanity, his generosity, and his sympathy were without limit.

Resolved, That we feel it a privilege and an honor to have served under the great Master of our profession; to have lived under the daily example of his methods; his conscientious work, his untiring industry, and his complete devotion to what he deemed to be the sacred duty of making every issue of *The Tribune* as perfect as possible.

Resolved, That beside the bier of the great dead we consecrate ourselves anew to the virtues which won him success and imperishable fame—devotion to the general good; sympathy with the poor and the weak; maintenance of the right; hatred of wrong; love of hard work; honor of honest industry, and an honest artist's love of a well-made newspaper.

Resolved, That the people of the United States owe lasting gratitude to the Founder of *The Tribune* for having, as a popular and partisan leader, placed the discussion of political questions and the development of social ideas on the ground of conscience, irrespective of mere expediency, and for having set the rights and dignity of manhood above all other considerations.

Resolved, That we extend to the members of our profession this expression of our appreciation of the afflicting loss which journalism has sustained in the death of Horace Greeley; and we especially commend to the advancing generation of the Republic his shining example, which nobly illustrates what may be accomplished for humanity by well-directed effort inspired by beneficent ideas and the loftiest sentiments.

Resolved, That in this their doubly bitter bereavement, we tenderly sympathize with the orphans of our departed Chief; and that we will make their grief our own, and will surround them with our sympathy and help them to bear a loss which, while grievous to them, is heavy to us and costly to our country.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE EMPLOYÉS.

A meeting of the past and present employés of *The Tribune*, including members of the Composing Room, Press Room, and Mailing

Department, was held in the Composing Room, on Monday, Dec. 2, at three o'clock P.M., to take action on the death of Horace Greeley. Washington A. Dodge was chosen to preside, and A. Vanderwerker was appointed Secretary. W. W. Pasko, as one of a committee named previously, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, Death has taken from us in the midst of his usefulness, Horace Greeley, the Founder and Editor of *The Tribune*, and for many years our friend;

Resolved, That we deplore his loss as one affecting the whole world, which has been made better by his manly advocacy of social reforms, his hatred of human slavery, and his opposition to evils known before his day, but since abolished by his influence; and we mourn him as an attached friend, a just employer, and a true and faithful counselor.

Resolved, That we tender to the members of his family, and to the conductors of this paper, our sympathy under the blow they have just received.

Resolved, That this body attend the funeral, as a mark of respect.

Mr. Pasko then addressed the meeting as follows:

We scarcely thought, as we attended the funeral of William F. Beers, that the next death out of those who were intimately associated in the conduct of this journal would be that of its great founder, Horace Greeley. We have so long been accustomed to looking up to him as a leader and teacher, that his loss will be more deeply felt by us than that of any other man connected with the press during our lifetime. There are a thousand things that we might say of him, all redounding to his credit, but to us his chief merit was that his humanity was never sunk in the politician or the editor. His heart was noble, his hand free, his counsels available to all who knew him, and he ever took a warm interest in every plan to relieve suffering or diminish the sorrows of life. We can, of course, enter into no estimate of Mr. Greeley's character at this hour. We have lost a friend, and are in no mood to weigh his merits and demerits. Still, I think, we should be remiss in duty if we did not at least allude to his opposition to human slavery and his efforts to improve the condition of workingmen. At a time when the conscience of the leaders of parties was dead, and only John Quincy Adams, of men whose voices were influential in the councils of the nation, offered a remonstrance against the evils that threatened the existence of the Government, Horace Greeley was known as a man opposed to slavery, and was disliked accordingly. That shame is now his glory, and I think that he would esteem as his greatest claim on the judgment of posterity the fact that he never

gave any countenance to the "sum of all villanies." He opposed it as he did the oppression of the classes who labor by their hands; he knew no difference between white and black, rich and poor. All men were of value to him. Not only did he theoretically adhere to this rule, but he gave proof of his belief in it by his practice. The present condition of printers in New York, their freedom from slavish customs, is largely owing to the man whose death we have met to deplore. Almost the last act of his life, in relation to the art preservative, was to secure to the men in his establishment pay for standing time. We have had our differences with him, but I think I express the feelings of those who were then most active against him, when I say that we feel now that the blame was not entirely on one side.

You, Mr. Chairman, were acquainted with Mr. Greeley when he came here a poor and friendless lad, and you have watched his course ever since. It has been such a one as to reflect credit upon him in every way. He was poor; he died with a competence, and might have left much more had not his heart been so generous. He was unknown; but no man in these latter days had so extensive a fame, gained without office or other props that weak men need. He had then no friends; but those who heard the intelligence of his death with grief can be numbered by thousands. They are found throughout the whole habitable globe. He has been compared to Franklin, but while there are some resemblances between them there are wider differences. His career was that of a journalist, creating opinion; but that of Franklin was three-fold. He was a printer, a scientist, and a diplomat. Mr. Greeley was also a printer, but only for a brief time. It was simply the apprenticeship necessary in the days when the editor had not ceased to be Mr. Printer. No doubt this was valuable to him as a preparation, but it was not his life-work. It, however, gave him that knowledge of men and that appreciation of life which those who spring into the editorial chair fresh from the tuition of our most experienced professors often lack. His earlier years in New York were badly paid. Journalism was to be created. Even our largest dailies then only circulated 2,000 copies. That work of creation Mr. Greeley was quick to perform. To him, with Bennett and Raymond, and their skillful lieutenants, must this be attributed. They might copy, slightly altered, the declaration of Augustus at the close of his career. Newspapers were in this city then only equal to those of Bristol or Cork; they rival

those of London to-day, and would surpass them, were the whole of the United States as near to Manhattan Island as John O'Groat's is to London. We have no fears for the prosperity of the papers these great men founded. They will live for ages.

The proprietors and editors of this journal, however, have a loss still more keen than is ordinarily the case when the leader of such an establishment is removed by death. Mr. Greeley was a friend of the warmest kind. It was not easy to turn him away from one who had been a friend, and then only by most certain proofs of wrong-doing. He made no assumptions of superiority. At the table of any one of us, he was as much at home as in the dining-halls of senators and judges. He had no hypocrisy, and his friends knew his position on every question. We mourn him as an employer always supposed to be just, a lover of his kind, and as our friend. He would ask no higher praise.

A resolution was carried that the foregoing be inserted on the minutes of the *Tribune* Chapel. It was then resolved that the employés of the *Tribune* office meet at the office on Wednesday morning and attend the funeral of Mr. Greeley in a body.

THE PRESS AND MAIL ROOMS.

At a meeting of the employés of the press-room and mail-room of *The Tribune*, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in Mr. Greeley the nation has lost one of its most earnest champions and purest statesmen, the poor and oppressed an able defender, and we ourselves, in common with all the working-classes, our best friend, most willing helper, and zealous advocate.

Resolved, That we tender to his sorrowing family, now doubly bereaved, our sincere sympathy for their affliction, and earnestly trust that in gratitude for the many kind acts of the illustrious dead in behalf of suffering and sorrowing humanity, they may never know the need of friendly acts and friendly counsel.

At a Chapel Meeting of the compositors employed on *The Tribune*, held on Thursday, January 9, 1873, the following preamble and resolutions were passed unanimously:

Whereas, It has been proposed that the several printing-offices in the United States give one or more pounds of old type for the purpose of making a statue of Horace Greeley, to be erected in the lot in Greenwood where his remains are interred; and

Whereas, Type metal is specially adapted to reproduce sharp and definite

outlines, and peculiarly fitted to speak in the mute form of an image to those who, in after years, visit his resting-place, as it did beneath the training of his hand, and the grandeur of his brain and the largeness of heart; therefore

Resolved, That we approve of the idea of erecting a statue of Horace Greeley in Greenwood, made of type metal which has been cast into type and worn out in the service of teaching the people; and further, be it

Resolved, That we ask of our fellow-craftsmen (many of whom, now scattered over the country, have, like ourselves, either worked with or for him during the forty years gone by) to set up, on Monday, February 3, 1873, the 62d anniversary of Mr. Greeley's birth, one thousand ems, and give the receipts for the same to be expended in making and erecting the statue. The money to be forwarded to the President of New York Typographical Union, No. 6, 22 Duane Street, New York City, of which Union Mr. Greeley was the first President.

Resolved, That the above preamble and resolutions be given to the press of the United States, with a request that they be printed and circulated as widely as possible.

U. S. CONGRESS.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Soon after the assembling of the House of Representatives at Washington, on Monday, Dec. 2, the customary resolution was introduced appointing a committee to wait upon the President and inform him of its readiness to receive any communication he might choose to make. The proceedings from this point, as reported in *The Washington Globe*, were as follows:

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio—I request that I may not be appointed on this Committee, as I have some matters which I desire to present to the House before the Committee will probably return.

The Speaker named as members of such Committee, on the part of the House, Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, Mr. Tyner, of Indiana, and Mr. Potter, of New York.

Mr. Dawes—Mr. Speaker, I think all will concur in the propriety of a public recognition of an event so impressive, and so without a parallel in the history of this country, as that which has recently transpired; and I therefore deem it proper to offer the following resolution:

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That in view of the recent death of Horace Greeley, for whom at the late election more than three million votes were cast for President, a record be made in the Journals of Congress of appreciation for the eminent services and

personal purity and worth of the deceased, and of the sad impression created by his death following keen family bereavement.

Mr. Cox—I have been requested, by friends upon both sides of the House, to add one word to the resolution of condolence and sympathy which has been offered by my honorable friend from Massachusetts.

I have the honor, Sir, to reside in that part of the city of New York which was once represented by Mr. Greeley in the Federal Congress. It might be proper, however, for others, who knew him more intimately than I do, to speak of his merits, as no doubt they will be spoken of hereafter. His death was unexpected. It has struck the American people as a most tragic event, in almost every relation in which we consider it. Mr. Greeley left his impress upon the American people, not only by his vehement, earnest, and honest mode of expression, and by the independence and courage of his thought, but also by his enlarged benevolence and practical charity. There is one class of our population who will never forget him—the poor and bereaved. They will remember him long after most of us shall have been forgotten.

Mr. Speaker, the United States of America, by their representatives here assembled, owe it to their constituents, as well as to the distinguished deceased, that some proper and cordial recognition be made of this great leader. They owe this obligation, not only because Mr. Greeley was once a member of this House, but because he left his impress strongly on the minds of our people. We should testify, even outside of ordinary precedent, our regard for his character and life, and the various qualities by which he was distinguished. Our sympathy should go forth from this chamber for the bereaved and stricken family whom he has left behind him. And it is especially proper, I think, that such a resolution should come from gentlemen upon the opposite side of this chamber, with whom he had so often conferred, and who knew him and the great portion of his political service so well.

The last of Mr. Greeley's days, if I may be allowed so to express myself, have been silvered o'er by an exhibition of generosity and forgiveness and a large-minded amnesty toward all people, and especially toward that class of our people in this country which seemed, in his judgment, to deserve particularly his sympathy, his speech, and his pen. I think it is especially proper and gentle for this House to remember him, now that he is gone into the silent

dignity of death. All that we can do in the way of respect and solace is to follow him with our deep regret and our sorrowing sympathy.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, representative from Mr. Greeley's district, had intended to make remarks similar to those of Mr. Cox, and was grievously disappointed that, during his absence on the Committee to wait on the President, the resolution of sympathy had been adopted, and he had lost the opportunity of paying a personal tribute to an honored and loved friend.

THE NEW YORK COMMON COUNCIL.

ACTION OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

Special meetings of both branches of the Common Council were held on Monday, Dec. 2, to take action in relation to the death of Mr. Greeley. In the Board of Aldermen, Alderman Vance was appointed Chairman *pro tem.*

Gen. Cochrane said in part: Mr. President, I understand that the Board has been organized in view of the event which has shrouded the city with gloom. It needs no elaborate speech to designate the occasion properly. The death of Horace Greeley inclines rather to silence than to speech. Language is feeble to measure the extent of our loss, and certainly, if referable to all that he has done, and to what, if living, he still might do, would better be left unattempted. He was our fellow-citizen. Here was his chosen home, and here were his daily walks. While here he was beloved; it was elsewhere that respect and admiration attended upon him. But beloved by us who knew him, and honored and esteemed by all who had heard of him, he has nevertheless gone from among us, leaving a name great and renowned. I have the honor to introduce the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we deplore the death of Horace Greeley. The public, in the interval since its unexpected announcement, has evidenced a just sense of the magnitude of the loss to itself and to the civilized world. His was the wisdom that linked science to daily pursuits, the philosophy that embraced the human race within commensurate benevolence, the religion that excluded none from its gracious fold. In the quest of truth he was unwearied, in the practice of virtue humble, but stern in dispensing its inexorable laws. With sensibilities as tender as those of a child, yet his purity of heart installed him the censor of every human vice. He was the moral teacher of the age. In

affairs a philosopher, in politics a statesman, and in ethics a sage, he wrought them all practically into the greatest journalist of our time.

Resolved, That we do not forget, in the general gloom, the poignancy of private grief, and we here tender to the surviving family our heartfelt commiseration.

Resolved, That Horace Greeley having grown in our city to be the man he was, his obsequies should be so celebrated that the people whom he loved may generally participate therein. We therefore direct that the Governor's Room in the City Hall be prepared, when his body shall lie in state at public view during Tuesday, Dec. 3, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 10 P.M.

Resolved, That it is hereby recommended to our citizens to close their respective places of business and refrain from any secular employment on the day set apart for solemnizing the funeral rites and ceremonies; that the members of the Common Council will attend the funeral in a body, with their staves of office, and draped in mourning, and will wear a badge of mourning for a period of thirty days; that the flags on the City Hall and the other public buildings be displayed at half-mast from sunrise till sunset, and the owners or masters of vessels in the harbor, and the owners or occupants of buildings in this city, be requested to display their flags at half-mast on that day, and that a joint Committee of five members of each branch of the Common Council be appointed to perfect the above, and, after consultation with the Mayor and heads of Departments of the Municipal Government, make such other and further arrangements as to them may appear better calculated more clearly and impressively to manifest sorrow for the death and reverence for the memory of the deceased.

The resolutions were seconded by Alderman Van Schaick, and were unanimously adopted. The President appointed the following as members of the Joint Committee, called for by the resolutions: Aldermen Cochrane, Van Schaick, Conover, Falconer, and Coman.

CONCURRENCE OF THE ASSISTANT ALDERMEN.

The Board of Assistant Aldermen was called to order by the President. The resolutions adopted by the Board of Aldermen were presented, and Assistant Alderman Connor moved a concurrence with the Board of Aldermen, saying, in effect, that as a young man lately embarked on the sea of political life, he could hardly be expected to find words adequate to the occasion. He referred to the good example furnished to the young by Mr. Greeley, and urged all young men to follow his example in the determined manner in which he adhered to his principles.

Mr. Connor paid a tribute to Mr. Greeley's efforts in behalf of the colored race, saying that he labored to put into practical operation the first principle of the Declaration of Independence, that all men were born free and equal. His death was a sad affliction which

men of all creeds and political faith felt. His name would go down to posterity as an honored, beloved American, whose works would live till history passed away.

Assistant Alderman Pinckney, in seconding the motion for concurrence, said, in substance, that Mr. Greeley had commended himself to the world as a humanitarian whose best efforts were directed for the benefit of the oppressed. He was the champion of the laboring-classes, the friend of the slave, earnest in the reformation of abuses and in the redress of wrong; of purity unsullied and of character without reproach.

The President, Otis T. Hall, said, in part: I can not let this opportunity pass without publicly expressing my sorrow at this dispensation of Divine Providence. I do not presume by my weak words to add to the sentiments already so ably expressed by my colleague, but I desire to express my sympathy with the relatives of the deceased in this their great affliction; and to mourn with the city and with the nation the loss of one of the greatest men of modern times. Horace Greeley is dead; and the nation mourns. For many years we have looked upon him as a great political leader who has worked incessantly for the good of the people, and has done more in the formation of political parties and in shaping American politics than any man of the age. He was a friend of the oppressed; ever mindful of the wants of the needy. An able advocate of industry, economy, temperance, morality, and religion, and a loving example of the nobility of American citizenship. But his voice is hushed in death. He will no longer move among us, lightening the burden of the weary and giving faith and hope to the disconsolate by his clear and able discussion of the great principles of personal and national prosperity. Although I could not support him in the late campaign, yet I can not but believe that his motives were all pure and patriotic, and his late political movements intended for the best interests of the whole country. While I wish to mingle my tears with those of his family and loved ones, I desire with them to look beyond the open grave, and remember Mr. Greeley's dying words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Let us consider the uncertainty of human life, prepare for life eternal, and remember, in the language of the poet,

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set, but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

The Board concurred in the resolutions. Assistant Aldermen Connor, Galvin, Geis, Healy, and Strack were designated as the Joint Committee in behalf of the Assistant Aldermen, and the Board thereupon adjourned.

THE BROOKLYN COMMON COUNCIL.

The Brooklyn Common Council met at 3 P.M., on Monday, Dec. 2, Jacob I. Bergen in the chair, and received from Mayor Powell the following communication:

To the Honorable the Common Council—*Gentlemen*: The death of Horace Greeley has excited a deep and wide-spread sympathy throughout the land, which has found expression through the columns of the press, irrespective of creed or party; and in view of his great service to his country during a long public career, I think it highly proper that your honorable body should join in paying such tribute to his memory as his great character demands.

Respectfully submitted, S. S. Powell, Mayor.

Alderman Boggs then offered the following:

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed to draw suitable resolutions of condolence for the death of the veteran journalist, Horace Greeley, and that this Board do attend the funeral in a body, and that the Committee be appointed with power.

Previous to the adoption of the resolution, Alderman Ropes eulogized the life and character of Mr. Greeley, and said that the lesson learned by his death is that the world is better for his having lived, and that men will but answer the purpose God had when He gave them birth if they strive to emulate his blameless life and his love for his fellow-men.

Alderman Taylor said, in part, that it seemed very appropriate that a public body should pause in its ordinary routine of business, and take public notice of the fact that one of the greatest of American journalists and statesmen ended his life. The Board should record its high appreciation of his distinguished qualities of mind and heart, for certainly there was no American citizen that had not learned to look behind the few eccentricities of Horace Greeley and to find his genius and great morality. There was no cause of public charity which had not received his active sympathy and the aid of his great talents. There is something in the heart of this great nation which responds to the sad bereavement which has fallen upon his family. Men standing about the grave of the illustrious journalist should learn to cherish the principles which he brought out with his life and sealed with his death.

Alderman Dawson also made a few appropriate remarks, and said that God would bless Horace Greeley for his good deeds, and his countrymen would remember him as a devoted friend and benefactor.

The Chairman, Alderman Bergen, expressed his hearty appreciation of the greatness of Mr. Greeley, and only refrained from making further remarks because of a severe indisposition.

Alderman Richardson said, in part: Once more are opened the gates of our "beautiful city of the dead" for the entrance of another weary pilgrim who, after life's toilsome struggle and wearisome journey, seeks for rest in its quiet retreats. This time those gates are opened to receive, as one of the inhabitants of that city, a man as distinguished as any of those who have arrived before him; as during his life, none excelled him, either in influence, usefulness, or fame. The name of Horace Greeley was not merely "familiar to us as a household word," but it was, it is, and will be a "household word" from one end of this continent to the other. Wherever civilization has marshaled its forces, education has erected its standard, religion has posted her sentinels, or science has advanced her outmost picket, there has reached the name and fame of him whose death we lament and whose memory we honor to-day. No better illustration of the vital force of republican institutions, and of the opportunities and encouragement which they furnish for individual development, can be found than in the events which preceded and attended the success of Horace Greeley. Of him might be said in truth those words so often misapplied, "He was a self-made man." Born and reared in poverty, ungainly in figure, with no advantages of person, voice, or manner to aid him, from the age of ten years he was entirely self-supporting, while for many of the early years of his life he was utterly neglectful of himself and his own pressing wants for the purpose of relieving the necessities of his parents.

As a defender of human rights and as a philanthropist, Horace Greeley had few equals and no superiors. He recognized in every man a brother, the creation of the same almighty, beneficent Father, entitled to the same rights and the enjoyment of the same privileges as himself. It was this that made him an aggressive anti-slavery man. He saw that freedom was the normal condition of every human being. Against all forms of bondage, except as a punishment for personal crime, he carried on an active and effective warfare. Believing that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and

of right ought to be so, he lost no opportunity of advocating and demanding peace. Believing that intemperance is personal enslavement, and that "temperance in all things" should be the rule of life, as it is the safety of every man, he practiced temperance himself, and urged it as the best course for others. Strong anti-slavery and temperance man as Horace Greeley always was, he never favored the formation or the existence of political parties for the promotion of either.

But I love to think of that closing scene, where, attended by daughters, the depth of whose affliction none can fathom, the magnitude of whose loss none can appreciate, with a few attendant friends, Horace Greeley came to the close of his "busy life." What had been his experiences through the days of his sickness and apparent gloom, none of us may know, but it is permitted to us to witness the result. "I know that my Redeemer liveth—it is done"—that was all; but in those few words are epitomized all the Gospel of Christ and all the faith of the Christian. He who has said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," was the companion, the exemplar, and the consolation of the dying man; and in that sublime faith, with his hand in that of his Redeemer, he passed over the Jordan into the promised land. Wherever suffering humanity stretches forth her hands imploringly for relief—wherever the liberated slave lifts his tearful eyes with thankfulness to God for his deliverance; in every penal institution in which philanthropy has ameliorated the woe of the prisoner by the abolishment of unnecessary punishment; wherever generous hearts can appreciate arduous, unselfish toil for the benefit of the race; on the Mississippi as on the Hudson, on the banks alike of the Thames and the Seine, and of the Rhine; on the mountains of Switzerland, in the valleys of Peidmont, and on the plains of Italy—throughout the whole civilized world shall be mourned the loss, be cherished the fame, and recounted the virtues, gentleness, labors, and faithfulness of Horace Greeley.

The Committee appointed to make arrangements for the funeral included Aldermen Boggs, Ropes, Clancy, Richardson, and Walter.

LONG ISLAND CITY COMMON COUNCIL.

The Common Council of Long Island City met on Tuesday evening, in the City Hall, at Dutch Kills, and the following message from Mayor De Bevoise was read:

To the Honorable the Common Council of Long Island City —*Gentlemen:* I desire to call your attention, officially, to the death of one, who, but a few days since, received the suffrages of the great majority of our citizens for the highest office within the gift of the people—a man who had endeared himself to the masses to a degree seldom paralleled—a man whose worth we could not measure by any ordinary standard.

The death of Horace Greeley has made many a sorrowing heart, and left a void not only in his own particular profession, but in every profession or industry in our country where the bright example of his honesty, industry, and benevolence have been felt, which can never be filled. Had time permitted, I should have recommended that your Honorable Body, in connection with the other branches of the City Government, take part in testifying the love and respect of the people at his funeral to-morrow, Dec. 4. I would suggest that resolutions expressive of our sorrow and respect be adopted, and such further action as may to your Honorable Body, seem fitting under the circumstances. Respectfully, Henry S. De Bevoise, Mayor of Long Island City.

The message was, on motion, received and entered on the minutes, and Alderman Sanford offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, This Board has heard with sincere sorrow of the death of the Hon. Horace Greeley; therefore,

Resolved, That the Common Council of Long Island City express their sorrow for the loss to the country of so great and good a man, who in word and deed was foremost in all reforms, either political or social, and who has done so much to elevate the political and social ideas of this generation. He was always in the front rank of those who would relieve the oppressed—a man whose life was spent in striving to do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number. He has apparently been taken away in the midst of his usefulness, but God doeth all things well. In common with all sections of this country, we mourn his loss. He has left a shining mark which will grow brighter and brighter as the clouds of political partisanship shall fade away, and prove to all the world that he conscientiously and earnestly worked for freedom in its broadest sense.

Resolved, That this Board attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be recorded in the minutes, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the family of the illustrious deceased.

ACTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF ST. LOUIS.

At a meeting of the City Council of the City of St. Louis, held

on Friday, November 29, 1872, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted in connection with the death of Horace Greeley:

Resolved, That the City Council of the City of St. Louis receive with deep regret the intelligence of the death of Horace Greeley, and deem this a fitting time to express their appreciation of the patriotism of the man, and the sterling integrity and unrivaled industry which have marked his career in life, and which enabled him, as a prominent citizen, to exercise an influence greater than that accorded to men who had achieved the highest public honor.

Resolved, That the Mayor be requested to convey to the family of the honored and eminent journalist the deep sympathy of the citizens of St. Louis for them in their great affliction.

THE TROY CITY AUTHORITIES.

At the meeting of the Common Council of Troy, on Wednesday evening December 4, the following message from the Mayor was read:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, TROY, N. Y., *Dec.* 3, 1872.

TO THE HON. COMMON COUNCIL: In the death of Horace Greeley the country has been called to mourn the loss of one of the most eminent and influential of its citizens. In this final event of human life we wisely bury differences and enmities, and unite our sympathies and sorrows. In recognition of the intellectual greatness and remarkable application of the powers of the deceased, we may well unite with the nation and the civilized world in an expression of our sorrow and grief in this great loss. THOMAS B. CARROLL, Mayor.

The following resolutions were then unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Common Council of the City of Troy have learned with regret of the death of Horace Greeley, a great popular leader, and distinguished by the suffrages of a large moiety of the people of the United States for the highest public position in the body politic.

Resolved, That we tender to his surviving relatives the condolence of our heartfelt sympathies.

IN POUGHKEEPSIE.

The Supervisors of Dutchess County, N. Y., adopted the following, prepared by Supervisor Kenworthy:

Resolved, That in the death of Horace Greeley every man has cause to mourn for one who loved all men, to mourn one who loved his race, and sought through all his life to do good to man and not evil.

Resolved, That we proudly recognize his unsurpassed intellectual power and fertility, which, by tireless industry, unworn persistence and marvelous facility of expression, have been made to mark and mold every topic of American thought for a quarter of a century.

Resolved, That in his death every human interest, and especially the vast interest of those who toil, has lost a lifting, soothing, and purifying force, such as genius and love and will combined could alone supply. He will be most a loss to those who have suffered most, while the need of him, or such as he, will never cease in any rank of life.

Resolved, That we heartily recognize and commend the great simplicity, beneficence, and purity of his character and life; that all these qualities were of such a sort as to make us desire, and perhaps to hope, that they may again be found in equal prominence among those who shall be ambitious to become his peer.

Resolved, That when a great and good man dies, it is especially becoming for every public body to commemorate his virtues, as that which adds the highest luster to even the most imperial gifts.

In presenting these resolutions the Committee said:

This event is to some of us a deep personal loss. Beyond that, there are many who never saw him, and yet have learned, in the mental contact of a lifetime, not only to admire his character and revere his ability and rectitude, but also to love the man. There are many who have later come to concede and exalt his preëminent force, justice, kindliness, and worth.

There are those, also, who, in the heat of recent and embittered political collisions, may have become in some degree sensitive to a full and hearty expression of those rare qualities which posterity may hasten to memorize, and possibly embalm, as among the most precious legacies of the nation and the human race.

Eulogies were also pronounced by Supervisors De Garno and Arnold.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT COMMISSION AT ALBANY.

ALBANY, Dec. 5.—The Commission to amend the Constitution has adjourned until January 8. Before adjournment the Hon. Erastus Brooks offered the following:

Resolved, That the members of this Commission, to prepare and propose amendments to the Constitution of the State, share in the general sorrow of the people at the death of Horace Greeley, so long one of their most distinguished fellow-citizens; and that, fully recognizing his eminent services to the commonwealth, the country, and mankind, there be entered upon the journal of the proceedings this expression of our regret at the great public loss, and our sincere sympathy with the greatly bereaved family of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution, properly engrossed and signed by the President, be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Mr. Brooks made the following remarks:

Mr. PRESIDENT: I trust it will not be deemed out of place, nor out of time, to call the attention of this Commission to an event which, within the week past, has attracted the attention of the people of the State and of the country at large. Coming from the great metropolis of our commonwealth, as one yesterday taking part

in the obsequies of the occasion, perhaps I am unduly impressed with the very marked and peculiar sorrow manifested by the people in the death and burial of Horace Greeley. In my long residence in New York, extending over thirty-six years, I have seen no such demonstration there or elsewhere. It was a tribute of a great multitude of living men to the memory of the distinguished dead: honor to a man without title, without office, and all of whose earthly honors now lie in the grave. The Chief Magistrate of the country, within the month victorious over the honored dead—now, as we hope and believe, the elect of Heaven—the President's Ministers of State, eminent Senators and Representatives in Congress, distinguished men at home and abroad, officers of the army and navy, State and municipal officials from near and distant commonwealths, all sat sorrowfully and reverentially by the bier of the departed. It rarely happens in a lifetime that one, either in church edifice or great avenues of trade, is permitted to behold such a spectacle of numbers or of honors paid even to the most exalted in rank. Along four miles of the public way, on either side, business is suspended, the streets thronged, and when the great city where Mr. Greeley lived is left to cross the river where now rest his mortal remains, we see almost an equal demonstration of public and private grief. Everywhere, as the body is borne along, hats are raised, or heads uncovered, in token of respect for the great editor, philanthropist, and the true man. The business of the day in the great metropolis and the surrounding country is for the time checked, while representatives of the Government pause to participate in the general grief.

Such was, on yesterday, the scene over one who, without much attraction in person, without magnetism in voice or manner, without brilliant oratory, impressed his great heart and great mind upon the nation. Mr. Greeley was, indeed, a great worker in thought and brain and hand. He loved and served mankind, and found his best happiness and hereafter, if not here, his greatest reward in serving his fellow-men. He wrote as Franklin wrote—with simplicity, force, and effect. He was eminently practical in life and thought. His pen and tongue reached all classes and conditions of people, and he labored for the benefit of all mankind. Though not without ambition, he preferred duty to honorable place, and more than once, against the advice of old friends, he sacrificed high preferment in office, even the highest in the State, by a bold and manly obedience to conscience. He has gone from among us, and in the common-

wealth where he lived so long, and whose policy in the past he so largely molded, I trust it is not unbecoming to pause a moment in our deliberations to pay this tribute to the memory of the dead. It is said Mr. Greeley had great eccentricities of character; but so long as eccentricities are not blemishes, who shall say that what seemed eccentric was not right? And it is also said that he was credulous; but what men call credulity is often only a large faith in men—in their words and thoughts, in their promises and life. Mr. Greeley believed much, trusted much, and so he was sometimes deceived in men. He was called visionary, vacillating, and uncertain in purpose; but who, Sir, would not prefer to err upon the side of Christian faith and human hope in men, than distrusting all goodness, close one's eyes and heart to all those better impulses which we receive from God?

Mr. Greeley was certainly far from perfect, and in many things his own worst enemy. He toiled too much with brain and thought for his own good, and in the end, when sorrows accumulated and disappointments came upon him, he found but little of that repose so necessary to health, strength, and a cheerful mind. He reminded me, in the great, sad end of his life, of the words uttered by one great poet of the sorrowful and sudden exit from the world of one younger in years, and the close of whose life was also full of sorrow:

> "So the struck eagle, stretched along the plain,
> No more through rolling clouds to soar again—
> Views his own feather on the fatal dart
> That marked the shaft that quivered in his heart.
>
> Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
> He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
> And the same plumage which had warmed his nest
> Drank the last life-drop from his bleeding breast."

The resolutions were unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

The National Democratic Committee issued the following circular:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE,
NEW YORK, *December* 3, 1872.

The National Democratic Convention did, in July, 1872, with a unanimity unprecedented in the history of the party, nominate, as their candidate for the office of President of the United States, Horace Greeley, of New York. Six States cast their electoral vote for him at the late election, and millions of men

in other States, where we failed of success, testified their appreciation of his noble character, and the great service he had rendered the country, by voting our electoral ticket.

But Horace Greeley is dead, and the splendor of the political victory achieved by his opponents is now diminished by the sorrow which this sad event has cast upon the people whom he loved, and who regarded him as one of the best, truest, and bravest of men.

The lessons of his pure and blameless life will long remain impressed upon the age in which he lived. Every beat in his great heart was in sympathy with humanity in its broadest form; he loved the Government; he loved his fellow-men; and the labors of his whole life were to elevate the condition of mankind. No struggle for liberty, civil or religious, was ever made on the surface of the earth since his manhood began with which he did not affectionately sympathize, and to which he failed to give cheerful and powerful aid. Every day of his life abounded with acts of kindness, of charity, of forgiveness, and of love.

Not his stricken family alone, but a stricken people, sorrow for a loss wholly inscrutable, and almost unparalleled.

The National Democratic Committee, in behalf of the great party who achieved honor by their faithful effort to elect him to the first office in the Government, will do all in their power to honor his name and memory.

AUGUSTUS SCHELL,
Chairman National Democratic Committee.

IN THE SENATE AT ALBANY.

In the State Senate, on Wednesday, Dec. 4, Senator Benedict offered the following:

Resolved, That with grateful sense of the eminent services of Mr. Greeley to this State and nation, the Senate expresses its high appreciation of his self-culture, his unselfish humanity, his distinguished abilities, and his pure life, which made him one of the greatest of journalists and most impressive political and moral popular educators, and tenders to his bereaved family the expressions of its deepest sympathy.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to his memory the Senate do now, in the progress of his obsequies, adjourn its present sitting.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Mr. Murphy seconded the resolutions. He said he could not, in justice to his feelings, allow the occasion to pass without making a few remarks. No man has left a greater mark on the policy of the Government of his country than Horace Greeley. His ideas were those which founded that great party which is now, and is to be for years to come, in the ascendant. His ideas have become the fixed and settled policy of the Repulican party. He warred long and

strenuously for its interests, and was at all times devoted to advancing its welfare. He is entitled to the gratitude of millions whom he had labored for in many ways and to the confidence of the political party with which he was allied. Alive at the close of his life to the great and direful consequences which would follow unless new measures were taken, he was foremost and ahead of his party in advocating them, and thus he succeeded in winning the respect and confidence of that great party which was not successful in the late election. They made him their candidate, not because they were in sympathy with him in all his political views, but because of the position which he had taken. His memory will be held dear by all of us; and where shall we find his equal?

Mr. Murphy then referred to his personal relations with Mr. Greeley. They had been members of the same Congress, and of the late Convention called to revise the Constitution. He could bear testimony as to his patriotism and his untiring zeal in prosecuting the views which commended themselves to his judgment. Differing from him in some regards, he knew him to be faithful and sincere in all he undertook. He had a rare faculty of impressing his views on others, and sometimes did so with a dogmatism that seemed like uncharitableness, and which rendered it difficult for those whom he had vigorously opposed to support him in the late election. In conclusion, Mr. Murphy expressed the hope that all feelings of asperity toward Mr. Greeley from any source would be buried in his grave.

The resolutions were adopted, the Senate rising.

BY THE PESIDENTIAL ELECTORS OF NEW YORK.

At the meeting of Presidential Electors at Albany on Wednesday, the Hon. Andrew D. White, after alluding to the death of Horace Greeley, and speaking of his services, his high character, and the loss the country experiences in his demise, proposed the following:

The Electoral College of the State of New York, remembering that on this day the mortal remains of Horace Greeley are to be committed to the grave, desires to place upon the minutes of its proceedings an expression of the feeling of its members. The Electors have heard of the death of Mr. Greeley with deep sorrow; they remember him as one of those who labored at the foundations of the Republican party most devotedly, and who fought his battles most fearlessly; they recall with reverence his faith in right, his hatred

of wrong, his sympathy with the oppressed, his efforts to give courage to the struggling, his anxiety to better the condition of the poor, his unceasing labors to promote the moral and material advancement of his country, with the great body of his fellow-citizens of all varieties of opinions. They lament him not only as one from whom the country had received great good in the past, but also one from whom much thought, fruitful of good, was expected in the future. While the members of this Electoral College remain entirely firm in the conviction that in this their final expression, this day, of the will of the people of the Commonwealth, as to the choice of a Chief Magistrate of the United States, they are acting for the highest good of the nation, and for the continuance of a just, progressive, and pacific policy, they feel that the memory of the late opposing candidate is to be cherished tenderly. The College orders that its Secretaries make a record of this memorandum, and that they forward a copy of it to the family of the deceased patriot and philanthropist.

W. E. Dodge, of New York, and Barney R. Johnson, of Binghamton, seconded the resolutions in brief but feeling speeches, and they were adopted.

IN THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives on Wednesday afternoon passed unanimously the following resolutions on the death of Horace Greeley:

Resolved, That the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled, have learned the death of Horace Greeley with profound emotion. A son of New England, he became a citizen of the world; his origin was humble, but his fame penetrated alike to hovel and palace; his patriotism was fervid and unquestioned; his philanthropy was unlimited by space and as universal as the family of man; his energy was intense, his industry unwearied, his career was memorable and its close impressive; he stamped his influence upon the thought of the age and the current history of America; his benevolent, earnest, and eccentric character will command the respectful and affectionate remembrance of the present and succeeding generations of his countrymen.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor be respectfully requested to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the surviving daughters of Mr. Greeley, as an expression of the sincere sympathy felt by the Legislature in view of the surprising afflictions which have overwhelmed them with grief.

In moving the adoption of the resolution, Mr. Cogswell made an elaborate and eloquent eulogy of Mr. Greeley. The resolutions were sent to the Senate under a suspension of the rules.

THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN GENERAL COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Liberal Republican General Committee was held on Monday evening at the headquarters, No. 814 Broadway. The Hon. E. Stewart presided, George F. Coachmon and Weeks W. Culver acting as secretaries. There was a very full attendance. The Chairman stated briefly the object of the meeting and the loss the Committee and the nation at large had sustained in the death of Mr. Greeley. Gen. John A. Foster offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove to his everlasting rest our beloved friend and honored leader, Horace Greeley; therefore

Resolved, That, while our hearts are weighed down with affliction at our heavy loss, we are grateful to the Supreme Ruler of events that our friend was spared for so long a career of usefulness, and that the advancement of the great interests of humanity, civilization, and brotherhood among all men, for which he so long and so faithfully and disinterestedly labored, will not be hindered or delayed even by his death.

Resolved, That the history of his life, too well known to need recital here, is the bright, unstained record of an existence devoted to the good of others. Owing nothing to accidental advantages, having from his childhood to rely upon his own unaided exertions for his living, his education and opportunities for public usefulness, he rose by the force of native genius, guided by pure purposes and strengthened by the habits of industry acquired in early youth, and never relaxed until the finger of death touched him, from poverty to what would have been a condition of affluence but for his untiring generosity—from obscurity to fame. Recognized as the first in his chosen profession, a profession which he has done more than any other writer to elevate to the proud and honorable position it now holds—honored in literature in which he made for himself a name, and became a force by his unrivaled power to express in fitting language great and valuable thoughts—but recognized, honored, and worthy of honor, now that his work is done, most of all, in and because of this, that he was always the friend, the advocate, and the champion of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed. In the great events which have taken place in our country within his lifetime, and especially in those which resulted in the removal of the crime and shame of slavery, and the elevation to the rights of manhood and citizenship of a long-oppressed race, the services and influence of Horace Greeley were preëminent. His disinterestedness, purity, and statesmanship were demonstrated when, at the close of the long, bloody, and exhausting contest which distracted the nation, he who of all men had borne most obloquy, incurred most hatred from the defeated party, was the first to claim for that party the full and free restoration to all civil and political rights, and to advocate the reëstablishment of the Union in the spirit of fraternal affection. Always in advance of his political associates, he was the creature of no party. Advocating truths for no other inducement than that they were truths, he, even while he was yet with us, saw nearly all the principles for the avowal of which he was at first reviled, adopted by the people and en-

acted into laws, and soon the very doctrines which he last advocated will, by adoption, become the creed of a united nation, and in the fruition of the hopes he so earnestly entertained, and for the realization of which he so ardently labored, that the errors, the quarrels, and the bitterness of the past should be forgotten, and the people of his native land, in a spirit of fraternal kindness, proceed to work out the great career which is open to them, we will find consolation for his untimely departure.

Resolved, That as political supporters and associates of our lamented friend, we deem it due alike to our cause, to his memory, and to ourselves, to declare our continued faith in and adhesion to the principles represented and maintained by him in the late canvass; but we make this declaration in no spirit of partisanship, and in the hope and belief that the time is near at hand when those who have been opposed heretofore only upon issues which have been settled, will be able to meet and act together with exclusive reference to the public good.

Resolved, That we are profoundly impressed by the universal manifestations of the sorrow felt by all our fellow-citizens at our common loss, and gladly recognize in the general expressions of grief the proof that no differences of opinion have obscured the luster of our dead friend's qualites of heart or mind. The tears that flow upon his bier come from honest hearts, and over his grave men of all races and of all parties will offer the best tribute to his memory when they unite in obliterating past differences and striving together to carry on those great labors for the public good, for which he lived and for which he died.

Resolved, That we tender to the children of the deceased our deepest sympathy for the irreparable loss for which there can be no consolation or adequate reparation.

Col. Willis made a long speech in eulogy of Mr. Greeley, and alluded in fitting terms to his public services. Chas. T. Polhamus, Mr. Frankenheimer, Gen. Geo. Cochrane, and the Hon. Christopher Pullman followed in short and feeling addresses. Mr. Pullman said he hoped that when the vote was taken on the resolutions it would be done silently, the members rising.

KINGS COUNTY LIBERAL COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Kings County Liberal Committee was held on Saturday evening, in Sawyer's Hall, at Fulton and Jay streets, Brooklyn. The Hon. W. W. Goodrich presided. The Chairman read a series of resolutions, which he stated had been drawn up as a basis of action for the Committee. They are as follows:

The Liberal General Committee of Kings County, deeply impressed by the death of their lamented leader, Horace Greeley, and filled with a sorrow that finds no adequate expression in words, make this public record of our grief at the great public and private affliction which has fallen upon his family, his country, and the world.

We remember his charity, his gentleness, his simplicity of character, his long and unswerving fidelity to the cause of liberty to the enslaved, his unwearied efforts to ameliorate the condition of the oppressed of all nations, his faithfulness, and his consecration to his convictions of duty as he understood it.

We remember that, when wearied with the excitement and labor of a political contest, in which he was the central figure, he was called to wait the coming of death to his beloved wife. He watched night and day by her dying bed till strength and reason failed; that he bore his personal afflictions and his political defeat with a manly resignation, and then simply took up the labor and burden of his life again, till the overtaxed body and brain gave way, and he died in the vigor of his temperate manhood, to leave a nation in tears and a world in sorrow.

We dare not intrude upon the grief of his doubly-orphaned daughters. May the God of the fatherless comfort their mourning hearts.

We dry our tears, and over his dead body solemnly, and anew, consecrate our lives and our energies to the great principles of which Mr. Greeley was the exponent and advocate.

We will pay the last sad tribute to his memory by attending his funeral in a body.

Speeches were made by C. J. Maxwell, Joseph Reece, J. Pickett, Dr. Norris, Supervisor Harman, and others, eulogizing the deceased, and the resolutions were then adopted.

KINGS COUNTY DEMOCRATIC GENERAL COMMITTEE.

The Democratic General Committee of Kings County held a special meeting on Tuesday evening at No. 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, Tunis G. Bergen in the chair. G. W. Reid, in a few appropriate words, expressed the deep sorrow of the Democratic party at the death of Horace Greeley, whom it had earnestly supported during the late campaign for the Presidency. In conclusion, he said that by the death of Mr. Greeley his policy of reconciliation and peace would be carried out perhaps better than if he had become President. John B. Pitts, of the Second Ward, then offered the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Committee do deeply participate in the general grief at the death of Horace Greeley, to whom it so recently gave its most earnest support for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

Resolved, That highly as we esteem the private and public character of Mr. Greeley as shown by his whole life, we regard his noble and patriotic conduct during his last years as elevating him far above the realms of mere partisanship among the few illustrious Americans who have sought the Presidency on the broad platform of patriotism alone.

Resolved, That the cause of Universal Amnesty and Impartial Suffrage, of peace and unity between all classes of American citizens, of the equality of the

States, of local self-government, and of the supremacy of the civil over martial law, expounded in his last and grandest utterances, are rendered still more sacred by his sad and touching death.

Resolved, That this Committee do now adjourn, as a token of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead.

KINGS COUNTY REPUBLICAN GENERAL COMMITTEE.

The Republican General Committee of Kings County met on Tuesday at Commonwealth Hall, Brooklyn, Silas B. Dutcher in the chair. After some routine business had been transacted, Lorin Palmer arose and addressed the Committee in substance as follows:

I trust it will be deemed appropriate that this Committee should in some manner take notice of an event already known to every person throughout this land, and which has filled our hearts with sorrow. The pall of death has gathered over us. One has gone toward whom we have been accustomed to look with no common interest. The voice of one to whom we loved to listen for words of wisdom and encouragement has been hushed forever.

A name has been stricken from the roll of the living which has so long been associated with us as a nation, and was so identified with the rise and progress of the principles around which our strength has gathered, our hopes have centered, and our party has crystallized. We speak of the death of Horace Greeley as of one whose relations were those of a father to our organization. No words of mine can increase the interest and respect with which he has been regarded by the people of this whole country. Through his writings, perhaps more than any other man, do I confess that I have been led into the convictions of the true nobility and high purposes of the Republican party.

I deem it therefore a fitting thing that this committee should take such action as will recognize in a becoming manner the death of one who had been to us a leader; a powerful champion in the field of human rights; whose life and virtues have so long been our pride and strength. I would, therefore, move that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to prepare suitable resolutions, expressing the depth of our sorrow at his death and our esteem of his many virtues.

The chairman made a brief speech, in the course of which he said that the action proposed was very appropriate, and should be promptly taken. The resolution was then adopted, and the committee appointed included the Chairman, Mr. Dutcher, and Messrs.

Palmer, Perry, Williams, Johnson, Daggert, and Tanner. After a short deliberation the committee presented the following resolutions:

Whereas, An overruling Providence has removed by the hand of death our well-known friend and honest citizen, Horace Greeley, therefore

Resolved, That we bow in heartfelt sorrow to that sovereign decree which has taken from that large and influential sphere one so long identified with this people as an earnest and devoted supporter of those principles held in high regard by all men sympathizing in the elevation of their common humanity to equal rights; that we deem the death a national loss, his long and varied experience rendering him one truly capable of giving wise and sweet counsel in all public affairs; that we remember with pride his past efforts as the champion of universal freedom for all mankind. His instinctive hatred of oppression, his ready sympathy for the oppressed, his example to the earnest men in our land, presenting to them an industry and manly self-reliance calculated to encourage aspirations, under all circumstances, to a higher life by virtue of real merit, which always has its reward.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolution be entered upon the minutes of the Committee, and a copy, suitably engrossed, be forwarded to the family of the distinguished deceased.

THE APOLLO HALL DEMOCRACY.

The Apollo Hall Democracy, in the course of its meeting, on Tuesday night, adopted the following:

Resolved, That the Apollo Hall Reform Democracy have learned with profound regret of the sad demise of our illustrious fellow-citizen, Horace Greeley, and we take this opportunity of expressing our admiration for his great talents, his spotless integrity, his unflinching patriotism, and the noble charity which ever inspired his public and private conduct, and that in his death our country has lost one of her worthiest sons, philanthropy its most generous ally, and liberty its most devoted champion.

Resolved, That this resolution be entered upon the minutes, and sent to the journals for publication.

Daniel Lyddy paid a feeling compliment to the honesty and worth of Mr. Greeley, and declared that his life was a bright example to the youth of America. On motion of Roswell D. Hatch, a committee of fifty was chosen to attend the funeral of Mr. Greeley. The Chairman appointed the following committee of five in accordance with the resolutions:

F. M. Bixby, Roswell D. Hatch, R. D. Nooney, H. L. Clinton, and S. G. Courtney.

THE LIBERAL CLUB.

The members of the Liberal Club, of which Mr. Greeley was

President, assembled at the rooms of the Club, in the Plympton Building, on Saturday evening. W. L. Ormsby, Vice-President, was in the chair. Near the speaker's desk was a large photograph of Mr. Greeley, appropriately draped. A basket of beautiful flowers, intended for presentation to the family of the deceased, was on a table near by. Charles P. Whiteman offered the following resolutions:

Whereas, The sad announcement has has been made to us of the sudden death of the Hon. Horace Greeley, the President of our Society, and one of its first promoters, trustees, and incorporators;

Resolved, That we recognize in this event the loss, not only to our country but to the world, of one of its purest and most devoted and efficient servants of liberty, civilization, and humanity—one whose death the people at large may well mourn as that of a friend; that his noble and long-continued services in enlightened and independent journalism, in education, in the promotion of industry and labor, in science and art—indeed, in all that could add to the strength and glory of man—call upon the well-wishers of all to join with the slave and the oppressed in blessings upon his name.

Resolved, That this sad intelligence has fallen upon the members of this Society with the weight and sorrow of a personal affliction, for he was one of us, and many of us had learned to look to him as a father, defender, and friend. We can not forget that his strong name and hand sustained us in our infancy, and we cherish among our richest treasures the memory of his life, to the public so useful—to his friends so hope-inspiring and precious. We rejoice that it was our lot to know him—the tireless editor, the wise adviser, the liberal-hearted thinker and inquirer, and that in these qualities and their results he will continue among us, and live and work forever.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt condolence to his afflicted children and family, and venture to ask that they allow the bitterness of their grief to be softened by the sympathy of the people, who join in their sorrow, and the remembrance of a life which can not cease to bless the world and ennoble those whose privilege it was to minister to us and enjoy its love.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our minutes, and be presented to the family of the deceased.

Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Whiteman, Hitchcock, Gardner, Dr. Lambert, Dr. Shepherd (who gave reminiscences of Mr. Greeley), Evans, and others. The resolutions were adopted, and a committee of five was appointed to present them, with the basket of flowers, to the family of the deceased.

THE LINCOLN CLUB.

A special meeting of the Lincoln Club was held on Monday evening at the Club rooms, No. 20 East Twenty-first Street. Alderman D. D. Conover presided, and Asher. Barnett acted as Secretary.

General Palmer moved that a committee be appointed to prepare resolutions expressive of the feelings of the members of the Club in relation to the death of Mr. Greeley.

The chairman appointed as such committee General Palmer, ex-Judge Fithian, C. T. Polhamus, the Hon. Thomas E. Stewart, and General John Cochrane. The following resolutions were offered:

Resolved, That in the decease of our late fellow-citizen, Horace Greeley, the members of the Lincoln Club are called upon to lament and deplore the loss of an esteemed associate and friend, in whose honor and integrity they ever placed the most implicit confidence, and whose personal relations as member of the Club were of that most happy character which made his genial presence at their rooms ever hailed with the highest emotions of appreciation and pleasure by its members.

Resolved, That to the memory of Horace Greeley, whose purity of life, nobility of character, and integrity of purpose, were blended the warmest and most generous impulses of humanity, we owe and accord our highest tribute of esteem and respect.

Resolved, That the action of the Lincoln Club in extending to Mr. Greeley the use of its rooms as his home during the recent political canvass, and his acceptance of the hospitalities of the Club as its honored guest, will ever be remembered and cherished by its members as the brightest event chronicled upon the pages of its history.

Resolved, That, with the bereaved members of his family and the millions of mourning friends throughout the nation, we unite in expression of sincere regret and tenderest sympathy in their and our common loss.

Resolved, That, as an humble acknowledgment of our loss and a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of our departed brother and friend, the rooms of the Club be draped in mourning, and that the members attend in a body his obsequies.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the minutes, and be properly engrossed and framed, and placed in the rooms of the Lincoln Club in memoriam.

General Palmer and ex-Judge Fithian made feeling allusions to the memory of the deceased, recounting the main features of his life and the many public acts with which he had been identified. The resolutions were adopted unanimously. The members of the Club will attend the funeral in a body, wearing suitable mourning badges. The members of the Liberal Republican General Committee were invited to participate with the Lincoln Club in this duty. Suitable floral decorations will be presented to the family of the deceased.

THE ARCADIAN CLUB.

A special meeting of the Executive Council of the Arcadian

Club was held on Monday, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The Arcadian Club is again called upon to mourn the loss of another leader in American journalism, and that within so brief a period after the demise of the pioneer journalist of New York, James Gordon Bennett;

Resolved, That in the death of Horace Greeley, the founder and editor of the New York *Tribune*, the members of the Arcadian Club recognize, in common with their fellow-citizens, the necessity of paying a proper tribute to the memory of a good, true, and upright man, and especially deplore his loss to a profession which his integrity and adherence to principles so steadfastly adorned.

Resolved, That not alone does journalism sustain a loss in his death, but that, as the defender of the oppressed and the friend of common humanity, his taking off has been a loss to those who sympathize with the better instincts of mankind.

Resolved, That the Executive Council and the members of the Arcadian Club attend the funeral of the deceased in a body.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

A special meeting of the Union League Club was held at the club-house, in Madison Avenue, on Monday evening. S. H. Wales presided. Addresses eulogistic of the virtues of their late associate were delivered by Judge Fancher, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, the Hon. William Orton, Samuel J. Glassey, and James H. Titus. A committee of five, consisting of the Hon. William Orton, Jackson S. Schultz, Sinclair Tousey, Henry Clews, and J. M. Bundy, was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions. The Committee presented the following, which were unanimously adopted:

The members of the Union League Club doubly feel the great affliction which has visited them in the removal of one of their oldest and most distinguished associates, Horace Greeley. An early and prominent member of this Club, and one of the most earnest advocates of the great principles, in the support of which we have all labored, his death recalls to us the great work which he so largely aided to accomplish in the enfranchisement and elevation of an enslaved race, and in the enlightenment of public opinion. Among the great conflicts of the past generation, and in the support of all reformatory measures, we recognize now, as we always have recognized, the traits of mind and character which have made our departed associate a power in the land; his energy, industry, and unspotted moral character; his sympathy with the poor and oppressed; his

fearless advocacy of all good causes, and devotion to whatever tended to enhance the prosperity and to conduce to the general elevation and intellectual progress of his country. In the presence of the overwhelming affliction which has come down upon us, we forget all recent political events and discussions, and remember only the great services of our departed associate to the country and to mankind, and especially do we tender our warmest sympathies to the doubly-bereaved children of a great and representative American.

Resolved, That the President be requested to appoint a committee of twenty members of the Club to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Appended are the names of the committee appointed by the Chairman: Jackson S. Schultz, Isaac Sherman, Lansing C. Moore, E. L. Fancher, John H. Van Allen, George W. Blunt, Sinclair Tousey, R. M. Strebeigh, O. D Munn, J. M. Bundy, Peter Cooper, Charles Watrous, Elliott C. Cowden, Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas C. Acton, W. H. Fogg, John A. C. Gray, Levi A. Dowley, Dorman B. Eaton, D. F. Appleton, S. H. Wales.

THE HERALD CLUB.

The Herald Club met at the *Herald* office, on Saturday afternoon, to take action with reference to Mr. Greeley's death. Thomas B. Connery presided, and addresses were made by him, Dr. G. B. Wallis, D. A. Levien, F. G. de Fontaine. Messrs. Fitzpatrick, de Fontaine, and Flynn were appointed a committee to make arrangements to attend the funeral, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, A great and eminently distinguished American journalist has been removed from among us by the hand of death; and, whereas, in his death we deplore the loss, in common with the whole nation, of a great and a good man, a brilliant journalist, an eminent political philosopher, a Christian gentleman, and a good citizen; it is therefore

Resolved, That we, the New York *Herald* Club, sincerely offer to the family of the great dead, and to the nation, so untimely deprived of the presence of one of its most brilliant ornaments, our heartfelt sympathy; and

Resolved, That in the death of Horace Greeley, the founder of the *Tribune*, following so quickly that of James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the *Herald*, the country and American journalism have suffered a well-nigh irreparable loss.

Resolved, That, as a further testimonial of our respect for the memory of our distinguished and lamented co-laborer in the field of journalism, the members of this Club will attend his funeral, and that a suitably engrossed copy of these resolutions be furnished to the surviving members of his family.

THE LOTOS CLUB.

At a meeting of the Directory of the Lotos Club, held on Monday evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Resolved, That we have heard with the deepest regret of the death of Horace Greeley, the founder, and for many years editor of the New York *Tribune*, a life-long and earnest laborer in behalf of human liberty and social progress; that in this sad event journalism in the city of his adoption, and throughout the whole country, has sustained an irreparable loss, and that his career may be cited as a shining example of the great good that may be wrought by unwearied devotion to the highest interests of civilization.

Resolved, That we tender our most heartfelt sympathy to the relatives and personal friends of the deceased, and trust that the deep sorrow which has fallen upon them will be mitigated by the remembrance of the many great and good works he accomplished in his long and well-spent life. His death is not alone their bereavement, but is equally that of his country and of the whole human race.

THE JEFFERSON CLUB.

At a meeting of the Jefferson Club the following expression of respect for Mr. Greeley's memory was adopted:

With sad and heavy hearts the Jefferson Club unite in the universal expression of grief for the death of Horace Greeley. His life was an honorable record of the faithful and beneficent exercise of the highest qualities with which the Creator has endowed mankind. His great natural gifts were trained and cultivated by wide and persistent use, and he added to them a comprehensive knowledge, constantly gathered in the wide and useful field in which his talents were employed. To this great intellectual power, recognized wherever our language is spoken, was united an ever-present humanity, that knew no distinction of class, or race, or color, or creed. Whether it was the necessity of an individual or the welfare of a class, his heart was always open to any act or movement that would promote the interests of others. He labored for all; it is fitting that all should mourn for him.

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Tammany Society, or the Columbian Order, was held on Monday evening, at the Wigwam, in Fourteenth Street. Among those present were John Fox, Wm. C. Conner, Miles B. Andrews, E. L. Donnelly, J. W. Chanler, Judges Leonard and Barber, and many others. Augustus Schell presided at the meeting. The following declaration of the sentiments of the Society, offered by Algernon S. Sullivan, and seconded by the Hon. John Kelly, was adopted:

The Society of Tammany, or the Columbian Order, was organized to keep alive the patriot flame in the breasts of all American

citizens, and the Society has always been prompt to honor the name and fame of those who were eminent in their character and services in the State. A just tribute to the living and unfading laurels to the honored dead has ever been rendered in these halls, and now, when the death of Horace Greeley has been announced, we approach his tomb and reverently lay thereon our chaplet.

In the best and broadest sense of the word he was a philanthropist; his very patriotism was an expression of a desire to promote the happiness of his fellow-men. He loved justice, and therefore, of course, loved liberty and equality for every man. He was never a slave of party, but a man whose conscience gave him individuality and independence. The controlling characteristics of his life were rectitude and active effort for progress and benevolence.

For all this, and for his courageous, tender-hearted appeals to his countrymen to uproot the spirit of discord and to bring back the feeling of brotherhood in our beloved country, we to-night inscribe his name in bright letters on the scroll of America's most illustrious and patriotic dead.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of Horace Greeley we lament the loss of one of the great founders of modern journalism, who has done much to create that wonderful social and political institution; a public man of immense and varied intellectual powers, ever wielded with intense energy of conviction for objects which he believed for the good of mankind; a private citizen, virtuous in all the relations of life, humane, charitable, and full of kindly deeds; the crowning glory of whose career will remain that ever since the conflict of arms ceased he has inflexibly stood for a complete reconciliation among the people; and further

Resolved, That while we feel a profound sense of public calamity in the event we deplore, we condole with his relatives in their afflicting bereavement.

THE NEW YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A meeting of the New York Typographical Society was held on Saturday evening, at its rooms, to take action in reference to the death of Mr. Greeley. H. Bessy was in the chair, and T. C. Faulkner acted as secretary. The following were adopted:

Whereas, The mournful intelligence of the death of Horace Greeley, founder and editor of *The New York Tribune*, has elicited a spontaneous and universal expression of regret at his sudden removal from the scene of his long and useful labors; and

Whereas, The craft of which he was an early, diligent, and honored member owes to his example many of the incitements to that exertion which has secured its prosperity; therefore

Resolved, That the New York Typographical Society unites in the warm tributes which have been paid to the memory of Mr. Greeley, and hereby records its sense of his invaluable services, not only to the printing art, but to the journalism of the country, and to the vital interests which constitute the strength and insure the welfare of the American people.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Greeley we deplore the loss of a man whose courageous struggle with adverse circumstances in early youth, and whose diligent and well-directed efforts in maturer years, have taught a lesson to American youth which can never be unlearned.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of our late fellow-member, these preambles and resolutions be published in the daily journals of this city, and that a certified copy thereof be transmitted to the family of Mr. Greeley.

Resolved, That the banner of the Society be draped in mourning, and that the members attend the funeral in a body.

William Oland Bourne spoke as follows:

Mr. PRESIDENT: There are occasions in the experience of every life when silence, in its mute eloquence, is the best expression of the emotions of a heart moved with its joys or its sorrows, and especially is this the case when, in the order of Providential dealings, great calamities reach the deepest sensibilities of the soul. Some events move the sympathies of small circles of associations and relatives, but not infrequently an event occurs when the circle is measured only by national limits, or even world-wide interests. We have met to-night to take recognition of an event which affects us in common with our whole country, and in which—as the telegraphic line should flash the intelligence as it thrills around the world, and the countless winged messengers of the press should unfold the sad dispensation of an over-ruling Providence—new hearts will be burdened with sorrow, and new eyes will be dimmed with tears, until the wide circle of human sympathy shall be reached wherever the name of Horace Greeley has been learned as the heroic advocate of human rights, the generous and earnest pleader for the oppressed, and the ever-ready and ever-willing laborer for the lowly and the obscure.

Our friend and associate, Horace Greeley, rests from his labors. Born to poverty, with a rough and stern experience in his early years, he entered a printing-office to learn the craft, of which he became so eminent an ornament, and among whose distinguished names his own will ever stand as one of its most illustrious examples. With a mind that could not rest satisfied with the mere mechanism of the art, or the simple manual achievement of his

daily task, his hours were devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, which became in his hand a power of which we are witnesses, and of which we to-day are sharing the benefits. Step by step surmounting the difficulties before him, never daunted, self-reliant and heroic, he pursued his onward path until his great powers of mind and his treasures of acquired fact became recognized by those who knew him, and by the public who learned to read the productions of his pen. The effort to place himself in a positive position as an affirmative toiler in the great arena of our country's interests, and the hopeful tendencies of a better day, found experience in *The Tribune*, which has for thirty years wielded so vast a power in the affairs of the land of his birth.

Mr. Greeley's history is identified with the history of our country, in all the controversies of the last generation, and the decision of the grandest problem of an American civilization. His services in the cause of freedom can not be overestimated, and the boldness, firmness, and tenacity of purpose with which he advocated the policy of emancipation, and the justice, expediency and commercial advantages of free labor served to educate hundreds of thousands of the young men of the country up to the standard where they were prepared to meet the conflict when it came with the heroism that resulted in breaking the shackles of 4,000,000 of men, and placing them on the high plane of American citizenship. It would be impossible, in the brief tribute to his labors which this occasion can permit, to weigh with even approximate estimate the power which our honored friend has exerted on the mind of the country through his press, and his wonderful industry as an author and speaker. Whether on the platform, at political assemblies, or as a lecturer before lyceums and literary institutions, his labors were incessant, and the promptitude and fidelity with which his engagements were kept added to the influence of his political teachings, his profound views, and his benevolent discharge of these very often unrewarded services. Since he issued the first number of *The Tribune*, more than 300 men have filled the chair of Governor of the various States and Territories of the Union, and yet Horace Greeley, by the power of his pen, his press, and his tongue, has done more than all to elevate humanity, give momentum to lofty and progressive ideas, and stamp the impress of a better humanity upon his age. His work will live and be remembered long after this age shall have given way to another, which shall realize some of the fruits of his noble toil.

We enter sadly upon our records to-night the memorial of the departure of our friend and associate. The genial and sincere sympathizer with all who aimed to make his profession and his craft useful and more powerful and dignified; he who illustrated in his own life and character the highest and best aims of a truly self-made man; who braved all obstacles; who, true to his convictions, spoke them until the nation came up to the same standard; and who, at last, received from his bitterest enemies the homage of their surrender to him, and their adoption of the principles he had so long advocated; the tender and loving husband and father—the patriot, the philanthropist, and the friend of the oppressed—our friend, Horace Greeley, sleeps. His work is ended, and as we join in our tribute to his labors, we may well learn lessons of lofty aspiration, of endurance, and of virtue, from his life—and with profound sorrow do honor to the illustrious dead.

THE YOUNG MEN'S UNIVERSALIST ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Young Men's Universalist Association was held on Monday evening at the Fifth Universalist Church, Thirty-fifth Street, near Sixth Avenue. The following resolutions were offered by the Rev. Mr. Sweetzer in commemoration of their late associate, Mr. Horace Greeley, and seconded by the Rev. J. M. Pullman:

Whereas, in the all-wise Providence of God this Association has lately lost from its midst the earthly form and presence of one of its most honored members, the Hon. Horace Greeley, its first life-member, its steadfast servant, and its faithful friend; therefore,

Resolved, That while we recognize the hand of God in this event, and humbly bow to His righteous will, we deeply mourn for the loss which it entails upon us, not only as an Association called to part with a strong supporter and able counselor, but as individuals called to part with a beloved comrade and trusted friend.

Resolved, That we remember with gratitude and lawful pride the eminent services which he has rendered to the cause for which this body stands—his life-long devotion to the truth of Universalism; his constant willingness to do all in his power to promote its interests; his numerous contributions to its literature; his regular attendance at its place of worship; and, most of all, his open, manly, Christian life, so full of the spirit of our blessed faith that his countenance shone with it and his daily walk was ordered by it.

Resolved, That we rejoice to see as a sign of the times that clergymen of every school unite to speak his sincere praise and acknowledge his Christian character.

Resolved, That his efforts as a philanthropist, his consecration to the cause of human liberty, his championship of equal rights for all mankind, his out-

spoken hatred of all sorts of oppression, his tender sympathy with the weak and injured, and his increasing endeavors to bring about the reign of equity and peace on earth, deserve the attention of all men everywhere, and reflect great credit on his soul.

Resolved, That being dead he yet speaketh, and that we urge the young men of the land especially to give earnest heed to the lessons of his noble life, that they may learn to depend for success upon integrity of purpose, faithfulness in execution, and strict attention to the call of duty; not to despair in the day of small things, not to make haste to be rich or famous or great in a moment; but to bend to the work which lies before them, as he did in his early manhood, waiting patiently on the Lord and trusting in Him to reward at last with greater things those who are faithful in the least beginnings of what He has given them to do.

Resolved, That we sympathize with his orphan children in their bereavement, and that our hearts seek their hearts with a yearning to help them in their heavy burden, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Resolved, That the members of this Association attend the funeral of the deceased in a body, and that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Association, and that a copy of the same be sent to the afflicted family.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

A special meeting of the American Institute was held on Tuesday at the Cooper Institute, to take action in regard to the death of Mr. Greeley, its late President. Pres. F. A. P. Barnard (of Columbia College) occupied the chair, and in opening the proceedings commended Mr. Greeley's conduct of *The Tribune*, which he had made a power in the land by his conscientiousness and ability. *The Tribune* had prospered because, from beginning to end, it contained nothing that was base. Mr. Greeley, as a journalist, stood pre-eminent. Unlike many others, he wrote on nothing which he did not understand. This was because there was hardly anything which he did not understand. His zeal in acquiring information was remarkable. Dr. Samuel Johnson said of Goldsmith that there was nothing he touched he did not adorn. Of Horace Greeley it might be said that there was nothing he saw which he did not master. He was philanthropic, yet there was a good principle underlying his philanthropy, and that was this: "I will do all in my power to help a man to help himself." Summing up all his qualities, "He was a man, taken for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again."

The following resolutions were then read by S. D. Tillman, and adopted:

Whereas, The Supreme Disposer of events, whose ways are not our ways,

and whose thoughts are not our thoughts, in his inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to remove from among us by death our eminent fellow-citizen Horace Greeley, formerly President of this Institute—a man whose personal history has for the last forty years been intimately interwoven with the history of the country in every department of political and social life, in every branch of benevolent effort, and in every comprehensive measure looking to industrial improvement; therefore,

Resolved, That we, as members of an organization designed to cherish and improve the arts of civilization, and to encourage the advancement of practical science, objects to which Mr. Greeley was deeply devoted, desire to record our profound sense of the heavy calamity which society has suffered in his loss—a calamity which will be especially felt in the interests which our Institute represents, and of which he was the earnest, zealous, consistent, and persevering advocate throughout his busy and useful life.

Resolved, That the prominent traits in the character of Mr. Greeley, his simplicity, his sincerity, his kindness of heart, his honesty of purpose, his devotion to the right as he understood it, his passionate love of liberty, and hatred of oppression, his generous championship of the cause of the helpless and oppressed, together with the many striking facts attending his early self-training and subsequent remarkable career, his eager craving for knowledge and patience in its acquisition, his resolute struggle against difficulties, his manly self-reliance, his sturdy self-denial, his untiring industry, and his unconquerable perseverance, combine to make his example one proper to be held up to the youth of all coming time, as well worthy to be studied for profit in all things, and in most things for admiration and imitation.

Resolved, That in the fall of Mr. Greeley there has been extinguished a power for good such as has never before in the history of the country, or perhaps of the world, been wielded by a single individual in private station; a power which made itself distinctly felt and recognized in every hamlet within our wide national domain, and even reached, directly or indirectly, the remotest confines of the civilized world.

Resolved, That we respectfully tender to the surviving members of the family of our departed fellow-citizen and friend the expression of our sincere condolence and profound sympathy under the successive severe bereavements by which they have been visited, and of which the present is the crowning trial; hoping and trusting that some slight alleviation of the bitterness of their sorrow may be found in the reflection that a nation is mourning with them; and fervently praying that He who is a father to the fatherless and the only sure stay of the afflicted may compassionately pour out upon them a more adequate and enduring consolation—a consolation which the world can neither give nor take away.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect and honor to the memory of one who was so long a member of our body, who was for a time our presiding officer, and was above all so personally worthy, the members of the Institute here present will attend the funeral of Mr. Greeley to-morrow, at the Church of the Divine Paternity, and will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm for the period of thirty days.

Resolved, That a suitably engrossed and duly attested copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Secretary to the surviving members of Mr. Greeley's family.

Dr. Horatio Sheppard, who had been a personal friend of Mr. Greeley for forty years, gave interesting reminiscences. Dr. J. W. Richards, H. L. Stuart, and others also addressed the meeting. A committee consisting of the President and the following was appointed to represent the Institute at the funeral services: J. E. Gavit, Edward Walker, J. S. Sackett, J. W. Chambers, S. D. Tillman, S. R. Comstock, H. A. Burr, J. W. Richards, Dr. H. D. Sheppard, S. R. Wells, Dr. Q. R. K. Colton, Dr. Ott, J. S. Whitney, Robert Weir, Prof. R. J. Thurston, George Tinson, E. R. Dickerson, James Knight, Charles W. Hull, and George Paten.

THE FARMERS' CLUB.

The Farmers' Club held a regular meeting, at its hall in the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday afternoon. Nathan C. Ely, who presided, said, in part:

We meet here to-day with sorrowful hearts. Horace Greeley has gone to reap a glorious life in the hereafter as a reward for his useful life here. We shall no more see him or listen to his words of wisdom, but though he is dead his influence will never die. No man in our land ever influenced so many, and his influence was ever exerted for the elevation of all mankind. Not only in our land, but throughout the world will his memory be revered. What an encouragement is placed before the youth of our land by his career! Mr. Greeley was one of the earliest members of this Club, and we all award to him and *The Tribune* the credit of doing more for the Club for many years than all other editors and newspapers combined. You know how often, amid the avalanche of cares and business crowding his great mind, he came into our club-room bringing in his countenance a benediction for all; and his encouraging words here, from time to time uttered, have reached thousands of little family circles in the far-distant settlements of our widely-extended country, and given courage and contentment, where both were lacking, to many of the pioneer settlers.

The following resolutions, prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of our late associate, Horace Greeley, the Farmers' Club and the agricultural interest of the country have lost a friend and fellow-worker, a teacher whose words were always full of instruction, a sup-

porter whose efforts were never spared to elevate their condition, and one to the lessons of whose busy life they are greatly indebted.

Resolved, That we owe and gratefully pay our sincere tribute of esteem and tender regard to the memory of him whom we loved and honored during his life, and whose loss we now deplore.

Resolved, That we, for ourselves and the millions of farmers throughout the country whom we claim to represent, tender our warmest sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their and our common loss.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Society, and be suitably engrossed and framed and placed in the rooms of the American Institute as a memorial of our associate.

P. T. Quinn, in presenting these resolutions, gave interesting personal reminiscences of Mr. Greeley, showing the latter's intense industry, and his efforts to improve the methods of labor and to promote the welfare of farmers.

L. A. Morrell said: The resolutions which have been read wring from me the expression of an honest sorrow, and a heart-felt tribute to the memory of a true man, whose untiring industry, self-reliance, moral example, and philanthropy will be classed in all future time with those of Franklin and Wilberforce. My personal acquaintance with Mr. Greeley dates back to the period (1841) when the New York State Agricultural Society was formed. His pale and boy-like face, attenuated form, clad in the original drab overcoat, which for years was the mark for so much jesting, are now as vivid in memory as though it were but yesterday. But, in passing, let me say that it was an honest coat, like its wearer, and had been paid for from his hard-wrought earnings, at a period when "chill penury suppressed the noble impulses of his soul." His visit to Syracuse, when the first Fair of the Society was held, was for the purpose of reporting its results for *The Tribune*, which a few months previously had been established, and to which I was a short time after a subscriber. From its columns I learned the evils of intemperance and a hatred of slavery; the wisdom of fostering American industries; useful enterprises calculated to augment national and individual wealth; charity for all; and that to insure an honorable name in life, personal integrity, industry, and self-reliance were the levers to secure success. His personal example ratified the truthfulness of his pure teachings. His stern integrity, unostentatious charities, his tender, woman-like sensibilities, love for his household, were brilliants in the crown of his private character. Long, long after temples and trophies will have moldered into dust, the

Recording Angel will keep bright the memory of his usefulness and philanthropy.

Addresses were also delivered by H. E. Colton, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, S. R. Wells, and others.

THE RURAL CLUB.

A special meeting of the Rural Club was held on Tuesday afternoon, at Hall No. 24, Cooper Union, to take action in regard to the death of Mr. Greeley, who had been President of the Club from the time of its formation. Nathan C. Ely presided. A committee, consisting of C. T. Hulburd, A. B. Crandall, and F. D. Curtis, who had been appointed to prepare suitable resolutions, presented the following, which were adopted:

Whereas, By a sad dispensation of Providence, one of the original founders of this Club, and, when living, its President from the first, has been suddenly taken from us;

Resolved, That while deeply deploring this our loss, we feel assured every lover of rural life, where his great name and labors are known, will also feel this loss as that of a constant friend and advocate.

Resolved, That in the death of Horace Greeley the farmers and horticulturists of the world have lost one who was ever ready and desirous, by his voice and his pen, to promote and protect their interests, and while thus laboring for their good, by example and wise teaching, carried sunshine, contentment, and prosperity to the firesides of thousands.

Resolved, That in his death we have all lost a genial, warm-hearted friend, agricultural literature one of its rarest and richest contributors, and the friends of all science and true progress a generous supporter and most trustworthy champion.

Resolved, That we tender the bereaved children and family our most heartfelt sympathies, and trust their hour of anguish will be somewhat alleviated with the thought, that though his pen is forever laid away, and his mortal lips are mute in the hush of death, he still lives, and will ever live, in the cherished recollections of millions whose special burdens he strove to lessen, and whose lot of toil he ever sought to mitigate, when he could not brighten it altogether.

Resolved, That this Club do attend the funeral services of our deceased President.

Addresses were delivered by C. T. Hulburd, D. T. Moore, and others. A committee of three, consisting of the Chairman, F. D. Curtis, and Mr. Hulburd, was appointed to obtain tickets for admission to the church.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Associated Press, held on

Tuesday, the following resolutions, offered by Erastus Brooks, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we receive with feelings of very deep sorrow intelligence of the death of Horace Greeley, the founder of *The New York Tribune*, for more than thirty years its editor-in-chief, and one of the original proprietors in the organization of the Associated Press of the country.

Resolved, That the newspaper press of the United States loses in him one of its ablest conductors, a writer unsurpassed in the purity of his English, in clearness of expression, and in concise and logical conclusions drawn from the premises which he believed to be founded in truth. In his eventful life we see the success which followed earnest labor, courageous action, and manly independence, as well as the evidence of a temperate, orderly, and well-spent life. We remember him, in connection with our own calling, as the faithful apprentice, the good printer, the accomplished editor, and the liberal proprietor. Losing all this in one for so many years at the head of his profession, our loss is second only to that of the public, in whose interests, in the press of the country and in the forum of debate, he labored for more than forty years of his life.

Resolved, That our profoundest sympathies go out to the daughters of our late associate and friend in their double affliction of the loss of mother and father within a brief month, and that we tender to them, in their great sorrow, our sincere condolence and respect.

Resolved, That the recent death of three of the oldest and most distinguished editors of the journals of this city admonishes us of the uncertainty of life, of the instability of all human affairs, and that, as daily teachers in and chroniclers of the great transactions of the world, it becomes us to be ready to meet that summons which, only a little in advance of us, has called home our late friend and brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary of the Association, be forwared to the family of the deceased and published by the Associated Press.

Resolved, That the members of this Association will attend the funeral of the deceased in a body.

DAVID M. STONE, President.

I. W. ENGLAND, Secretary.

THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Directors of the American Press Association, Mr. Howard, of *The New York Star*, in the chair, and Messrs. Francis Wells (President of the Association), of *The Philadelphia Bulletin*, Robert C. Dunham, of *The Boston Times*, Robert Johnston, of *The Evening Mail*, Geo. C. Bartholomew, of *The News*, Feodore Mierson, of *The New-Yorker Journal*, G. Wharton Hammersley, of *The Germantown Chronicle*, and Sidney Dean, of *The Providence Press*, present, the following were adopted:

Whereas, The death of Horace Greeley has removed from the world a fore-

most champion of truth, the friend, par excellence, of his kind, a benefactor of the race, and an illustrious exemplar of the possibilities of his country; and

Whereas, The profession of journalism has great cause for grief in the loss of its chief, its sturdiest writer, its constant defender and brightest star; therefore,

Resolved, That the Directors of the American Press Association unite with other members of the craft in extending to the family of their dead friend their hearty and most respectful sympathy.

Resolved, That to *The Tribune* staff, and more especially to Whitelaw Reid and Samuel Sinclair, they express their appreciation of the great loss they sustain, and their sincere condolence with their sorrow.

Resolved, That the Directors attend the funeral services in honor of Horace Greeley's memory, together, and that these resolutions be published in the papers of the Association, and be sent also to the family of the deceased, and his late associates in business. JOSEPH HOWARD, Jr., Chairman.

G. WHARTON HAMMERSLEY, Secretary.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION NO. 6.

The New York Typographical Union No. 6, of which Mr. Greeley was the first President, adopted the following resolutions on Tuesday:

Whereas, Almighty God, in his supreme wisdom, having removed from among us the Benefactor and Philanthropist, Horace Greeley, we the members of Typographical Union No. 6, in convocation assembled, have hereby

Resolved, That while we most feelingly and sorrowfully deplore the death of one of America's noblest sons, our poignant grief is tempered with the sweet belief that He "who doeth all things well," hath but taken him to a higher and better sphere for some wise and beneficent purpose.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere and most heartfelt condolence to the daughters of the deceased in this their sore affliction; at the same time we can not but feel that their great sorrow is assuaged by the knowledge that He who holdeth the world in the hollow of his hand hath but called him to a blessed immortality, and that though dead he still lives, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and that the members of Typographical Union No. 6 attend the funeral of Horace Greeley, the first President of their Society, in a body.

Resolved, That inasmuch as Horace Greeley was a fellow-craftsman, the rooms of this Society be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days in honor of his memory. ROBERT MCKECHNIE, President.

R. O. HARMON, Secretary.

WILLIAM WHITE,	HUGH DALTON,	Committee.
M. R. WALSH,	CHARLES TAYLOR,	
GEORGE SHEARMAN,	JOHN C. ROBINSON,	

THE WESTCHESTER COUNTY BAR.

Ex-Judge Hart rose in the court-room at White Plains, Westchester County, on Monday, and in referring to the death of Mr. Greeley, said in substance:

He was known to us all, to many of us intimately. He distinguished himself by his advocacy of a great legal reform. His writings upon the subject have been read by every lawyer, and they have produced their desired effect everywhere. He was an active member of the Constitutional Convention which changed to a great extent the position of our courts, lengthened the term of our Judges, and in various other ways affected us of the Bar. He was a great journalist, eminent in his profession. He was a distinguished philanthropist and humanitarian; a great historian, distinguished in literature and in science. He was beloved in every civilized country. He was progressive. He was usually in advance of others in great reformatory measures. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness—make straight the way for some grand proceeding for the amelioration of the condition of men. His death will be mourned and wept over wherever civilization has imprinted its footsteps. He was long a resident of this county, and was much honored among us. He was kind, amiable, gentle, munificent, good-hearted. He began life poor. He always sympathized with the poor. Having a full heart, he always had a full hand. He invariably relieved the wants of the needy, when they were presented to his attention. I recollect reading a letter which he sent to a near relative of his, while she was in Europe, and in that letter he said: "I would have been richer had it not been my duty to help others. I had help in my early life, and I have always regarded it as my duty to extend help to those who needed it."

He might have ranked among our millionaires; but he was a bountiful man, and spread his munificence wherever it was needed. We can not but feel deeply here, in Westchester County, the loss of one so preëminent. Lately vast numbers of men cast their votes for him, that he might hold the highest office in the land, while thousands upon thousands of his friends refrained from voting for him, although they loved and honored him greatly. A terrible domestic calamity had fallen upon him. In his social relations he was pleasant and gentle beyond measure. I have seen him take temporary leave of the companion of his life, while she was lingering, wan and pale, upon a bed of sickness, and it seemed to me that

she appeared to him as though all the bloom and freshness and beauty of her youth were still with her. He spoke to her as though he was a young lover, and with all the tender affection of a father for a child. He had a good heart; he had a grand head. He has left his impress upon the age. In various walks he has distinguished himself; his name is one of the immortal names. Like the stars which shine in our firmament, and when once there, though they may be blotted out, the luster of his name will be forever.

I move that the Court appoint a committee to draft a series of resolutions appropriate to the occasion, and that such resolutions be presented to the Court to-morrow, and that in the meantime this Court adjourn out of respect to the memory of the deceased.

J. W. Tompkins, of White Plains, in seconding the motion of Judge Hart, said, in part: In the course of the last few years I have often met Mr. Greeley, and carefully observed his silent and peaceful manners; and I have felt astonished at the benevolent expression of his countenance, and the high intellect manifested. He was eminent in intellect, as he was in his life of love and charity for the whole of mankind.

Justice Pratt, after making a few remarks on the life, character, ability, and services of the late ex-Justice Strong, paid substantially the following tribute to the memory of Mr. Greeley: His name is a household word all over this country. I believe it is now generally conceded that the chief desire that he had in accepting the nomination for the important office for which he was recently a candidate, was that he might cement the good-will of the two sections of our country. In fact, he was the embodiment of peace and good-will in the late election. So far as the career of Mr. Greeley is concerned, I believe that his life is the best illustration of the institutions of this country that the age has ever produced. I think what can not be properly said of all newspaper men, may be said of him—that he established a journal upon the principle of giving to the people what they ought to have, instead of what they wanted. Instead of publishing that which would possibly make a newspaper sell, and would feed any morbid desire that there might be in the community, he aimed to educate the community up to what he deemed to be right.

Justice Pratt then appointed ex-Judge Hart, J. Warren Tompkins, and J. O. Dykman a committee to draft suitable resolutions, and adjourned the Court until the following morning. After the disposal of routine business in the Circuit Court at White Plains,

on Tuesday, ex-Judge Hart presented the following, which were adopted:

Resolved, That, although the Bar rarely gives voice to its sorrow upon the demise of any others than one of its immediate professional fraternity, yet when within our border is breathed out the last breath of the most illustrious son of our country, a great advocate of legal reform, one who taught our Senators wisdom, who instructed our legislators, and greatly aided and encouraged purity of the Bench and Bar, it can not be expected that we will entirely suppress our feelings.

Resolved, That Westchester proudly claims Horace Greeley as her son; that this Bar mourns his departure as though he were one of our brethren, and here gives public profession of profoundest grief.

Resolved, That in his love of his fellow-man; his sympathy with the oppressed, the poor, and the suffering; his devotion to his country; his efforts for its pacification and closer union; his struggles in behalf of freedom of speech and of conscience, and the great cause of human liberty; his energy, industry, perseverance, and purity of life and character, we present him as an exemplar, and hold him eminently worthy of imitation.

Resolved, That we find consolation in the consideration that though, like stars covered by a passing cloud, death may take him from our view for a moment, his light can not be extinguished, but will shine like the stars through all the coming ages.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this court, be engrossed by the clerk, and presented to the surviving members of his family, with expressions of profound sympathy.

THE BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

In compliance with the request of Commissioners Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., Samuel A. Lewis, and J. G. Holland, President Smyth called a special meeting of the Board of Public Instruction at 4:30 P. M., on Tuesday, to testify its respect for the memory of Mr. Greeley. Upon assembling, the following resolution was, on motion of Commissioner Lewis, unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the President and Commissioners Jarvis and Holland be appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions expressive of the sense of this Department at the death of the late Horace Greeley.

It was also resolved that the Board would attend the funeral in a body, and Messrs. Lewis, Sands, and Wood were appointed a committee to make arrangements.

A TRIBUTE FROM SOROSIS.

The ladies of Sorosis held their monthly social meeting at Delmonico's on Tuesday afternoon. The gathering was large, and the exercises were varied and spirited. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Club:

Whereas, To-day the nation mourns the loss of a great and good man, who devoted his giant intellect to Reform, and whose heart was always open to the cry of the oppressed;

Resolved, That we add to the sense of general loss a deep personal sorrow at the Providence which has deprived Miss Ida Greeley and her sister of a loving father as well as a tender mother.

Resolved, That, though words are insufficient to measure either their loss or the deep sympathy that we feel for them in their affliction, in such great grief the Divine hand which smites can alone administer consolation. Hoping that they may have comfort vouchsafed them such as the world can not give, we assure them that our hearts flow out in sympathetic tenderness for those so young, yet so sorely stricken.

TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

At a regular meeting of Liberty Division, No. 7, Sons of Temperance, held at No. 812 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, the following were adopted:

Resolved, That we regard the death of Horace Greeley as a national calamity, and as an event that shall mark an era in the history of the time.

Resolved, That in his death we recognize an irreparable loss to the community at large, and to the army of temperance laborers in particular.

Resolved, That in his demise we deeply feel the absence of that energetic and brilliant intellect which he ever threw into the balance in favor of total abstinence from all that would intoxicate; and of one who always pleaded earnestly and heartily, both by precept and example, in the cause of humanity, morality, and temperance.

At a meeting of the Father Matthew Parent Society, held at Brooks' Assembly Rooms on Sunday night, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We have learned with feelings of profound sorrow of the death of America's most illustrious son, the Hon. Horace Greeley; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the members of the Father Matthew Parent Society, deplore the loss which the nation has sustained in the death of the ever-to-be-revered Horace Greeley.

Resolved, That the death of the great departed has deprived us of a noble advocate of our cause, a warm friend and faithful counselor, and the world of a philosopher and philanthropist—a man upon whose like we fear it will not be given to us to look again.

Resolved, That we offer to the bereaved orphan daughters of Mr. Greeley our warmest sympathy in this the hour of their accumulated afflictions, and pray that the Great Father of mankind may enable them to endure their irreparable loss with fortitude and resignation.

Resolved, That a delegation from this Society attend the funeral of the lamented deceased, to pay the last sad tribute of our respect and affection to the memory of him whom we were wont to look upon as our patron and father.

At a special meeting of Phœnix Division, No. 68, Sons of

Temperance, held on Monday evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The all-wise Creator has removed from his sphere of labor on earth our esteemed friend and co-worker in the cause of temperance, Horace Greeley,

Resolved, That in the death of our distinguished champion we have lost a logical and brilliant exponent and a valiant defender of our principles. He invariably threw the weight of his vast influence and of his pure example in the scale of absolute abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and he never faltered on the platform or at the press to encourage the friends of temperance in their labors of love.

Resolved, That Phœnix Division deems it a great favor and honor that it enjoyed the personal aid and counsel of the great leader of the press, whose words of wisdom and whose profound philosophy have done so much toward educating a correct public sentiment on the subject of total abstinence.

Resolved, That while the shadow of affliction is upon our hearts, we dedicate ourselves anew to the good work which was so near and so dear to the heart of our departed brother, who will be known in history and in all future time as the friend of the poor and the oppressed and the champion of truth and justice.

Resolved, That we regard the death of Horace Greeley as a national calamity. He was a model of industry, of temperance, and of personal purity of character.

Resolved, That we drape our hall in mourning and wear the badge of mourning for thirty days.

THE UNITED NATIONALITIES.

The "United Nationalities" passed the following, on Tuesday, at a special meeting:

Whereas, We, in common with our fellow-citizens, have learned with mingled feelings of sorow and regret of the sudden and untimely death of the friend of humanity and liberty, Horace Greeley; and,

Whereas, In common with all, we are pained and grieved at the sorrowful occurrence; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Horace Greeley the country has lost the prince of journalists; the friend and benefactor of the human race; a man of the people; one who rose to prominence and distinction from a poor farmer boy to the proud eminence of the most successful and distinguished journalist of the age, through his own unaided skill, industry, and perseverance, and who to-day is acknowledged to have been the Humanitarian of the Age.

Resolved, That this Association do adjourn, out of respect for the memory of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and entered upon our minutes.

HONORS IN VERMONT.

The citizens of Rutland, Vt., testified their respect for the mem-

ory of Horace Greeley, on Wednesday afternoon, by appropriate and impressive memorial services at the Town Hall, which called together a large concourse of people. The American flag, draped in mourning, was suspended back of the platform; in the middle was a life-like portrait of the great journalist, and over it the words "It is done." The tolling of the bells of the village announced the hour of the gathering of the people for the sad services, and a deep solemnity pervaded the entire community. The exercises began with a chant, after which the 13th chapter of Romans was read by the Rev. Dr. William J. Harris, of the Episcopal Church, and a touching and fervent prayer was offered by the Rev. James Gibson Johnson, of the Congregational Church. The choir then rendered "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and an eloquent, appreciative, and critical memorial discourse was delivered by the Rev. William P. Aiken.

The speaker, in opening, made fitting allusions to the occasion that had convened the people, and paid a graceful tribute to the services and character of Mr. Greeley. A biographical sketch followed, in which the elements of character of his parents were analyzed, and the strong traits which distinguished his mother were brought out with skill, and to her was attributed the ability which so prominently marked the son. The starting point of the great influence the journalist wielded was traced to the campaign of 1840, and the sharp and incisive editorials which came from his pen during that exciting struggle. The establishment of *The Tribune*, wielding the widest influence of any journal in the world, was an outgrowth of the manhood and independence exhibited in his campaign publication. It was reserved for Mr. Greeley to be the first to put political conscience into the press, which previously had never exhibited any conscience, but from that period it has been a marked trait in leading journalism. His bold stand for temperance, morality, the workingman (to whom he had endeavored to teach temperance and the necessity of education), and his sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden, were treated in an eulogistic manner. A critical review was given of the late political contest and its causes, with allusion to the bitterness and vituperation which had characterized it, and which had fallen upon a sensitive nature and borne down the man under an oppressive weight. The speaker defended the character of Mr. Greeley against the charges of vacillation and recreancy to principle and party, declaring that no public or political

act of his has been inconsistent with the principles he had advocated for thirty years. Mr. Aiken closed with an eloquent summary of the grand life of the great journalist and philanthropist, with touching allusions to the appropriateness of the President, Senators, Judges, and eminent citizens of the nation standing by the coffin, and joining the funeral procession to the grave, of one who had done so great a work for the nation, the world, and humanity, as the distinguished American whom the people of two continents revered and honored.

The services, which concluded with prayer and benediction by the Rev. Dr. Harris, were very impressive, and gave striking evidence of the high esteem in which Mr. Greeley was held by the people of the State in which he spent his youth, and from which he went forth to gain for himself an honored name.

AT ELIZABETH, N. J.

The following resolutions were adopted at a public meeting in Elizabeth, N. J.:

Resolved, That we deplore as a national calamity the death of Horace Greeley, believing that the death of no American citizen, at this time, could have left a void so nearly impossible to fill.

Resolved, That by using to the noblest ends his almost unbounded talents, by his integrity, his industry, his benevolence, his philanthropy, his patriotism, his love of truth and right, his hatred of falsehood and wrong, his zeal in every needed reform, his sympathies with the suffering and oppressed of all nations, and, above all, by his persistent, unflinching, and successful advocacy of the cause of human freedom, he has made the whole world his debtor, and compelled mankind to recognize in him, in the largest sense, "an honest man, the noblest work of God."

Resolved, That as an editor we believe him to have stood preëminently at the head of his profession, and to have marked an era in American journalism by which he will ever be gratefully remembered and revered by every member of the profession, and by all lovers of a pure, high-toned, independent press.

IN THE TOWN OF GREELEY.

To the Editor of the Tribune—*Sir:* We got the news of Mr. Greeley's death to-day at 10 o'clock, and could hardly believe what we heard. I scarcely know what to think, so much have I been indebted to Mr. Greeley for sound advice in colonial matters. Besides, he has been a true friend to me. The large Colony flag has been at half-mast in the park, and other flags have trailed. The Board of Trade meets to-night to talk over the event. The whole town is solemn, and men shed tears. I doubt whether the nation

itself was so deeply moved on the death of Lincoln as it is now at the death of Mr. Greeley. This is one of the blows that shock and confuse, and I am sure I am so confused that I can not add more.

Yours, N. C. M.

GREELEY, COL., *Nov.* 30, 1872.

VOICE OF THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

[*From the Tribune, Dec.* 2, 1872.]

We print this morning, with a kind of melancholy pride, perhaps the most remarkable recognition of excellence and usefulness in life which the demise of any merely private citizen has ever evoked. Now that Mr. Greeley has left us, we begin to understand how large, and, we may be permitted to say, how honorable a place he filled in the public mind and in society. If the reader will be good enough to turn to our record of the allusions made yesterday to Mr. Greeley's departure by the foremost clergymen of all denominations in New York, he will see a concurrent admission of the beauty of Mr. Greeley's character, which comes from men professionally accustomed to make such estimates, and equally unaccustomed to make them according to any low or loosely liberal standard. Death always checks very sternly our frivolous and somewhat degrading habit of superficially rating distinguished men, of criticising their conduct with vulgar familiarity, of searching for mean motives and of suspecting selfish intentions. The pulpit yesterday considered our dead leader with a calm sobriety, and made up a judgment in which political differences, professional jealousies, and personal animosities found no place. It is, we firmly believe, the judgment which will stand of historic record. It recognizes as fully and as cheerfully as Mr. Greeley's nearest friends could have desired, both the goodness of his heart, for which most of all they loved him, and the robust and ready vigor of his intellect, which nobody ever sincerely disputed. Not one preacher of yesterday failed to discern the really Christian character of the man; for though creeds may widely differ, and though Mr. Greeley's theological opinions were not those which are entertained by most of his clerical eulogists, there is no religion worthy of the name which does not admit the value of noble work nobly done, and of a benevolence which embraces all mankind. It is encouraging, indeed, since it strengthens our faith in all that is excellent in human nature, to find the true

character of a good man admitted with such catholicity of spirit. During his whole career as a journalist, it was often the fortune of Mr. Greeley to be either misunderstood or misrepresented. He had his share of human infirmities, and he knew it, but selfishness was not most certainly one of those which fell to his share; nor was he the first whose occasional asperities of manner have concealed an almost feminine tenderness of heart, or whose boundless pity for the weakness of man has aggravated the truculence with which he sometimes upbraided it. Fit was it that the pulpits should speak kindly of one who scrupulously followed the divine and double injunction, and whose left hand knew nothing of the largess which his right so liberally distributed. Fit also was it that in the churches notice should be taken of the death of one who, in all his life, never deliberately did one deed which his conscience disapproved, unless we are to except those frequent acts of charity which his heart prompted while his better judgment condemned them.

We print also this morning a considerable number of the notices taken of Mr. Greeley's death by the newspaper press. It would be ungenerous and ungrateful, it would be inconsistent with those feelings which the loss of our chief has awakened in our hearts, should we fail here, and at this early moment, to acknowledge our sense of the kindly consideration with which (with some unimportant exceptions) our bereavement has been considered by our brother journalists. The death, within a comparatively short period, of three eminent New York editors, of men whose uncommon abilities conducted to permanent prosperity the newspapers which their enterprise and honorable ambition projected, may well remind us that life is too short to be wasted in unnecessary disputes. Much which we are in the habit of saying of each other, with careless prodigality of epithet, and without sufficient heed of the literal import of our words, seems, in the presence of such a death, to be unworthy of our own, or, indeed, of any honorable calling. If Mr. Greeley had been less fervent and positive in his opinions and his convictions, if he had been less devoted in mind and heart to what he believed to be right and the truth, he might often have expressed himself in words more guarded and with something more of conventional and parliamentary circumlocution. He was himself accustomed to receive hard blows, and it is no secret that he had a habit of returning them with liberal interest; yet no one had more of what the French call *ésprit de corps* than he. He liked to be upon good terms personally with his

brethren. There was a depth of geniality and of good-fellowship in his nature, of which the not infrequent humor of his writings gave indication. No man could be less indifferent than he was to the good opinion of others; no man could relish the approbation of his contemporaries more keenly, but he certainly did not think it worth the sacrifice of a single principle, or the abandonment of any opinion honestly entertained. It is because he was thus so nobly true that he did not fear even the bugbear of inconsistency that he is so universally honored and lamented as he sleeps in his coffin this morning. When the history of American journalism shall be written, the same page which records his labors will attest that he won the substantial respect of his brethren, and that, when his life was ended, they honored themselves by honoring his memory.

MR. GREELEY'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

[*Dr. Chapin, at the Church of the Divine Paternity.*]

Dr. Chapin, in closing his sermon, which was in reference to the power of Christian revelation, said: It is a power to inspire men nobly in the work of life; it is a power to sustain them triumphantly in the struggle of death. It was a power that inspired and sustained our friend, our brother, of whom two continents are speaking to-day, and of whom, if I do not say much now, it is because I can not speak adequately, and because there are occasions that transcend words. More competent tongues and pens than mine will delineate the life, will illustrate the character, will write the epitaph of Horace Greeley. His name will be pronounced with reverence, and love, and sorrow, by differing lips, for it was the peculiarity of this man that he filled many circles of human interest, and sent a potent influence through them all. The homes and hearts of those who knew him best will keep his acts and words in tender freshness; the political world, accordant or discordant, as it may be, with his peculiar views, will lament an honored leader; the workman will miss a fellow-workman who labored by his side, and for his cause; the Freedman will not forget him until he forgets the record of his scars and the breaking of his chains; the Pen, the Press, the Plow will be symbols of his memory. There is not a noble cause or kindly work of man that will not feel his loss and send its echo of regret; and a great nation that, when passion and transient excitement pass away, is a generous nation, will fix him in his place, among our truly great and good men.

Therefore, he needs no lengthened or elaborate eulogy from me. But upon one point I may speak, I ought to speak here and now, and that in close accordance with the theme of this discourse, Mr. Greeley was of our household faith; this was his chosen place of worship.

We shall miss him here as one of the most familiar links in our associations of the Sabbath and the sanctuary. I shall miss him as one of our most familiar links in connection with this church and people for twenty-five years. Looking through the vista of that time, among those of then comparative youth, who are now thinning and scattering away, I recognize him as among my earliest and truest friends.

He was no fair-weather Christian, but was always in attendance in storm and sunshine, health permitting. He was a faithful and humble worshiper. He gave his ready help in all kinds of charitable and denominational work. He was not merely a pew-holder or hearer.

He was a sympathetic co-worker. His was no holiday faith worn for a time-serving purpose. It was not put on him, it grew out of him, the earliest ingrain conviction of his youth and of his after-life. Had he aimed at popularity, he would have concealed it as many do under other names and worshiped it under other forms, for although this is a faith of the people, in a worldly and superficial sense it is not a popular faith, but even now is strangely misconceived and bitterly denounced.

With him conviction was an obligation. He firmly believed it and expressed it; and yet his large and hospitable mind could not hold its belief in any narrow limits, or cut it off from the great continent of truth. He was not a sectarian, but always said, and truly, that we, in our ecclesiastical position, had not put ourselves out of the church, but had been put out in the cold; but I say, with all this, this was his chief conviction of the Divine Fatherhood.

I don't say too much when I say the peculiar character of his work, his large-hearted interest in humanity, came from his faith in the universal Fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man. So it was his inspiration in life. We know, thank God! that it was his support in death.

When, worried and worn with life's conflict, he sank upon the field, and knew that all the life of good or ill was over, his last utterance was one of simple faith and trust. So he passed a peace-

ful victory. We always listen to catch the dying words of great men.

I know of none from a dying man so simple, so truthful, so grandly triumphant as those last words of Mr. Greeley: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." That is victory for life. It is true it does not prove the correctness of any mode of Christianity.

It may be no proof of Christianity itself; but, after all, remember that he did not revert to this truth in his weakness, but expressed in his hour of dying the whole conviction of his life. He had lived it constantly. And remember, too, it is this Christian truth after all.

There is a power in it which is not revealed in cold philosophy or flippant worldliness. He who can say in worldly conscience, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is strong in the faith and the assurance of God, and strong to do the work of this world, and strong when the work of this world is by him to be done no more, "for he that hath seen me," says Jesus, "hath seen the Father."

A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST.

[*Dr. Cuyler, at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn.*]

I had written much of the discourse which was intended for this day when I learned of the death of the great and eminent man whose memory is dear to every one within the sound of my voice. He was one of those noble sons of Christ who rose so brilliantly that all men wondered and admired; but his sun has now set forever.

Years of untiring labor—made up of nights and days of grand mental energy and thought and sincere purpose—had their effect upon a giant physical frame. The clock had run down before its time, and there was no one who could wind it up and set it again except Him who created it.

There is a great picture in my study, which I prize very greatly, and as I sit and look at the bright, intellectual face of Hugh Miller, I think of that sad, dark night's work which put a period to the work of an overtaxed brain. When God gives to any of his creatures brilliant minds sufficient to manage a great newspaper, He has bestowed the greatest endowment which humanity can crave.

The great mind of whom I speak moved New York for years, and through his newspaper created the opinions of a large part of the nation's population. This man of wondrous power was of the

humblest origin. He rose unaided to a greater prominence than any man of his generation. All of us, my hearers, depend upon the employment of our mental faculties.

The Lord gave to Daniel the brain power sufficient to raise him to the supremacy of Babylon, and to Paul wisdom and power sufficient for him to bring about great reformation in Rome and Asia Minor. As I have said, the mournful intelligence of Mr. Greeley's death reached me as if by some strange coincidence when I was at work upon the sermon of to-day.

It came as if to reaffirm the warning which is inculcated by the death of those who have overworked their mental faculties. The natural father gave very little toward the man's greatness. The poor New Hampshire boy began life without any bright prospects.

He began, as Webster, Clay, and Lincoln, at the cabin door. No man since Franklin, rising as a great Commoner, ever wielded such an influence. No sword ever cut more keenly than did the words as they came crisp and clear from his pen.

Of these words this is no time nor place to speak, but it is fitting to refer to his transcendent power. To me it is a cause for regret that one of such power and mental supremacy should condescend to accept any nomination for civil office, however high. How much grander the province of first creating and then directing public opinion!

He pointed out the noblest aim of journalism, and the highest point reached by any American was scaled by the man whose right hand has just forgotten its conning. His earliest and noblest utterances were for the cause of national purity, the freedom of the oppressed, and the unity of our country.

On two occasions he defended the cause of temperance from this very pulpit. His least elaborate and careful articles were on the subject of Fourierism; his strongest and most pungent on the laws of marriage. He was the best of husbands and fathers, as I know by personal acquaintance with his family.

It may truly be said that Horace Greeley died of a broken heart. It is a tragedy which goes to the bottom of every heart. For more than twenty years cordial friendship existed between the great editor and your pastor. I knew of him as a truly generous, warm-hearted nature; pure, just, and unselfish.

He has twice visited me at my residence, and on one occasion knelt at my family altar. He was of a very sympathetic nature,

and sometimes almost childish in his griefs. We last were in company as we went together to address a meeting of the humbler class of workingmen.

When I thanked him for coming to give us his aid, he said, "I would rather address such a meeting than the audiences which usually assemble at the Academy of Music or Steinway Hall. I am happier here." We parted that night at the corner of this street, and, save for a moment, I never saw him more.

His last words to me as we separated were promises to come over to Brooklyn some day in the future. The great word to be forever associated with his name will be "Philanthropy." He believed in the divinity of our Lord, but he held that all men would finally be restored to Divine favor.

He has gone beyond our right of judgment. His virtues and his philanthropic services for the down-trodden and the poor I shall always honor. I would love to speak much more of one with whom I differed so radically, and when fathers will in future desire to point out for their children the pathway to that true greatness which comes through the development of mental resources, I believe that they will select, without prejudice to either, Franklin, Lincoln, and the printer boy, Horace Greeley. Than the latter there certainly can not be found in history a purer and nobler model.

AN INGRAIN REPUBLICAN.

[*The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, at Lyric Hall.*]

Mr. Frothingham, in his sermon upon the text, "God is Love," mentioned Horace Greeley as a man whose life was guided by the sentiments shown in those words. This is not the place, he said, to speak of his career, the incidents of his life, or the events which made it conspicuous.

I have nothing to say about him as a politician or a reformer. Upon his private character I will pass no judgment. It is very difficult to judge of character. Those who are familiar with a man are blind to his follies. Those who are not intimate with him are blind to his virtues.

In the case of public men, the task is peculiarly difficult. His motives, his feelings, are closely identified with the career, with the positions he holds, with his attitude toward the great questions of the day. The battles that rage about the problems he discusses rages with equal violence about him.

We must be very careful how we judge the private character of men so conspicuous as Horace Greeley. We may put one construction or another upon the facts. Now as I look upon this man, speaking for myself alone, and speaking a life-long conviction, he seems to me to be one of those men who have illustrated what is commonly called the enthusiasm of life.

He had this very idea that I have been trying to unfold this morning, that God is love—not force, not power, but love. Not, possibly, with consistency in everything, but that idea was at the heart of his heart. It was the animating soul of his purpose. He was a republican in grain. He had labored hard as the hardest at the farm and at the printing-press.

He had known what it was to hunger and to be a nothing and nobody in society. He could sympathize with that large class of men who scarcely know where they are to lay their heads. He became distinguished, and finally moved among the most powerful. He knew what the rights of men were worth. He knew what manly qualities stood for. He had fought for them, and fought hard.

One of his first acts in public was to protest against one of those minor iniquities in Washington. He was a prominent advocate of every great reform, every great social movement which has characterized this generation. He pleaded first and last for peace, as the condition of progress, as its one guarantee.

He was the friend of industry. He pleaded against slavery as the curse, the root of bitterness and element of social discord, and possibly the cause of political destruction in the State, which must be removed, or republican institutions would come to an untimely end. He was unremitting in his appeals for emancipation. He bore his testimony against slavery in public and private with all the earnestness of a warm heart.

He pleaded for popular education as being the only means by which the people could become fully equipped for their mighty task. He said that this country was common to the Mohammedan, the Turk, and the Mormon, as well as to the Christian; that the State was responsible for no religion.

This was a bold ground to take, but he took it with a clear conscience that this ground was the only one for institutions such as ours, and the only safeguard against a possible persecution of some religious sect. He contended for the rights of all men, aye, and for women.

He never flinched, never equivocated. Enthusiastic was his devotion to human rights, to human equality. He used to run into what we should call amiable sentimentality; they came from his humanity, and he never, for the sake of humanity, took them back. In religion he was a Universalist; that is, he believed that men were to be redeemed and saved by the love of God; and he believed that the love of God was sufficient to do that thing.

I ascribe to this faith in the power and omnipotence of love, his earnest endeavors to avert a war which threatened the life of the nation. He was not timid, or, least of all, disloyal. It was his love of peace which made him go as far as the farthest in the direction of deprecating anything that should bring upon us the curse of civil war.

When the conflict was raging most bitterly, and party passions were running very high, I ascribe to that same love of peace his efforts to snatch the olive branch when it was presented by the other side, hoping and believing that the olive branch did mean peace.

When, at the close of the war, he boldly came forward and offered himself as a bondsman for Jefferson Davis, that showed no weakness of his soul, no purpose to cover up iniquity. He believed that magnanimity alone could conquer. His anxiety that all the Southern races should have equal chances with the Northern races; that the memory of the war should be wiped out as far as possible, was with him a feeling sincere and genuine.

I am deeply grateful to Horace Greeley. I look back to the day when I was a young man, crude and prejudiced, his paper first came into my hands, with its noble discussions, with its frank avowals, with its protests against inhumanity, with its sincere desire to better the world.

I know that what he did for me he did for hundreds, for thousands of young men in all parts of the country, teaching them how to live braver, and purer, and sweeter lives. I mourn his loss as the loss of a great teacher, a strong reformer, and earnest regenerator.

If he espoused the cause of truth, he sent it home to the mind. If he fell into error, he made the friends of truth look sharply to their weapons. Less than a year ago he stood in the midst of a large and distinguished company of men, in the prime of his life and strength, with bright eyes and grave countenance.

It was the culminating hour of his fame and influence. There was scarcely a man in the country who was more loved and re-

vered than he. Now he has gone, there are those who say that he owed his death to his fidelity to the same principles that made his life illustrious—the belief in social reform.

I will not say nay to that, though I was not one of those who advocated his election. I believe that in it he was sincere; that though his cause was repudiated by his countrymen, it was dear to his heart; that he hoped for it and prayed for it, only as a man powerful as he could. But the toil of being standard-bearer in the great struggle, which demanded all his force and concentration of purpose, was too much, even for him.

The excitement of the Presidential campaign, one unusually personal and ferocious, tried the strength of his mind and heart. The strong abuse and misrepresentation and calumny that poured for months upon his head would have crushed a man stronger than he was. Then there was the long watch by the bedside of his dying wife. Can we wonder that the man broke and fell?

In every character there is some fault. His chain of life may have broken at its weakest part. If he was very enthusiastic, very sanguine, very hopeful; if he was assailed by any vision of coming pride in the shape of power or influence, we must think that these infirmities are common to all. If he was ambitious, let us remember that while ambition is the vice of vulgar minds, it is only the infirmity of all wiser men.

If we are sometimes disposed to charge him with being enthusiastic, we must remember that enthusiasts are not so many that we can slander them. I always wish to welcome and pay tribute to any one who illustrates in his own fashion that manhood, justice, and love are the divine powers in the world. That man is my friend. I will cover over his infirmities with that perfect mantle of charity which covers the sins of the world.

HIS LIFE A LESSON OF HOPE.

[*The Rev. J. De Witt Talmage, at the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn.*]

Horace Greeley is dead. There ought to be in the life of this man a lesson for the struggling. Our young men sometimes think they have no chance, no money, no elaborate education. You have as much chance as this boy had.

Look at the lad in Vermont, in homespun clothes dyed with butternut bark, helping his father get a scant living out of a poor piece of ground. One who, with bare feet and tow shirt, helped his

father to raise a living for mother and sisters has a right to publish fifty books concerning "What I Know about Farming."

See the white-headed lad getting off the Albany tow-boat at the New York Battery, moneyless and friendless, and sitting on the steps of a printing-office waiting for the "boss" to come. Then look at him occupying the foremost editorial chair of the world! Have you no chance? He who has a good, industrious mother graduates from a university higher than that of Berlin or Edinburgh.

Many are waiting for institutions to make them and for friends to make them. Fool! Why don't you make yourself? Columbus was a weaver, Æsop a slave, Hogarth a carver of pewter plate, Horace Greeley entered New York with $10.75 in his pocket.

You say it was genius or eccentricity. No, it was work. Many a man has tried to copy Horace Greeley, but got nothing but his poor handwriting and his slouched hat. It was work that made the man. This providence ought to be a warning to overworked literary men. Mr. Greeley told me ten days before his nomination at Cincinnati that he had not had a sound sleep in fifteen years! Brethren of literary toil, we had better slow up—put down brakes.

We find in this solemn providence the doctrine of brotherhood. All parties feel it. The moment this death was announced it hushed everything and brought to a close the meanest chapter of personal vituperation. When this nation, next week, follows Horace Greeley to Greenwood, you will not be able to tell who were Republicans and who Liberal Republicans.

All the States will vote for him as a man worthy of honor, and by the electoral college of the world he will be proclaimed president of all the great reformatory republics of the last twenty years. How quickly the nation has grounded arms! The trumpets that sounded the triumph of his political opponent will deepen into the grand march for the dead.

Mr. Greeley was the champion of temperance principles and the foe of all intoxicating drinks. He saw the ruin intemperance had wrought among men in his own profession, and heard the snapping heart-strings of widows and orphans robbed by the fiend that squats in the rum-bottle and sweats in the brewery, the smoke of its torment ascending forever and forever.

The preacher in conclusion said:

Let the nation uncover its brow and carry forth its illustrious

dead. Along the streets where he once trudged a weary boy and afterward a weary man, let him be carried. Hang out signals black and white. Black for the woe and white for the resurrection.

Across the river bring him into our own midst, where he was always welcome, and then on to Greenwood. Toll long and loud the bells at the gates. Then lay him down to rest under the snow, the first good rest he has had in thirty years.

THE FRUITS OF A GOOD LIFE.

[*The Rev. E. C. Sweetser, at the Bleecker Street Universalist Church.*]

"Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth; while those who cheer to-day will often curse to-morrow." These are the words of one of America's most noble-hearted and clear-sighted sons, whose recent melancholy death has filled the land with mourning, and his own life-long experience, well known to all, clothes them with fresh significance and added power.

Horace Greeley had fame; he knew it for an empty vapor. He had popularity; it did not sustain him in his time of need. He gathered riches; but his own generosity lent them wings. He was cheered one day and cursed the next by the self-same men; and oftentimes the coming day brought forth events for him which all his wisdom could not foresee—sometimes pleasant and sometimes bitter—more often bitter.

And now he is gone, and the tomb will shortly claim its own. Oblivion may some time cover his name with the thick dust of ages, so that the eyes of men will no more decipher it upon the pages of history, and if so, his words, which I have quoted, will be all fulfilled. But that oblivion, if ever it comes, is far away. His memory now is fresh in the minds of all his countrymen, and of multitudes in distant lands, and wherever his name is spoken it is with tones of respect and sorrow.

A nation grieves for his departure. His character stands out in glorious colors before the world. Even those who were once his enemies speak of him now in words of esteem. In his death he has reaped a reward more precious far than any glittering earthly bauble or temporary place of power within the gift of his fellow-men.

The blessings of a united people follow him to make heaven

brighter and its enjoyments sweeter to his risen soul. And even while he was here on earth he found much happiness amid all his trials, toils, and disappointments.

"My life," said he, "has been busy and anxious, but not joyless;" and the reason follows, although he did not state it so. "I am grateful," he continued, "that it has endured so long, and that it has abounded in opportunities for good not wholly unimproved, and in experiences of the nobler as well as the baser impulses of human nature."

In those opportunities for good, not unimproved, lay the secret of his life's best joys, and of the tokens of sincere esteem which his death has drawn from every town and hamlet in the land—not in these earthly vanities of which he had so much experience, and which he understood so well.

A MAN OF POWER.

[*The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—in part.*]

The pall of death hangs over the community. Our thoughts are turned toward one who was the light of all our dwellings; a man of great and various powers; a man of very noble ambition; a man of enormous industry; a man that never undertook anything except that which in his judgment was for the good of the community; a man that has gone successfully through a rough and stormy life to an old age.

If you should write exactly the right word, write, a man that lived in a stormy time and threw his heart and soul into what he thought the best things for the whole world. By-and-by, when the excitement of the times shall have passed away, we shall say other things and form a better judgment. We should say many things, doubtless, which it would be unadvised to speak now.

THE PEOPLE'S SERVANT.

[*The Rev. Mr. Hepworth, at Steinway Hall.*]

A great sorrow has fallen unexpectedly upon the nation within the past three days. We never know how much we have learned to love great and good men until they are in their coffins. While they were with us we thought little of them, but when they had passed away we gratefully remembered them.

Every young man could learn a great and useful lesson from the great and good man who had so recently left us. Throughout the

country the flags had been placed at half-mast as a tribute to this great man, and bells had been tolled in honor of his memory.

Had he been born among the high and the noble, and had he pursued the even tenor of his way, he might have died unnoticed; but our hearts were moved because he began life fifty years ago in the depths where we are now beginning, our eyes turned on the lofty heights which he had attained. Circumstances were against him, but he fought and conquered them.

He had won by strict integrity, physical temperance, great self-control; by having a lofty aim, and never yielding until he had won the fight. Before he died his was one of the strongest influences, if not the strongest, in the land.

Agree or disagree with him, you had to acknowledge that. Men loved him who had never seen him. His electric influence flashed its presence over the land. Senates were influenced by him although he was not a monarch, but the occupant of an editor's chair—the power behind the throne which is greater than the throne itself.

He was loved and trusted by the whole people, even when they most differed from him. He had a warm place in the American heart, and twenty years from now he will have a still warmer place there.

A TOUCHING PERSONAL TRIBUTE.

[*From the New York World, Nov.* 30.]

A great light of American journalism, and perhaps the most remarkable American of his period, breathed his last a little before seven o'clock yesterday evening. It has never been our lot to record a death whose surroundings and antecedents impressed us with such a sense of mournful and even tragic pathos.

That of President Lincoln had, indeed, more of the horror of a certain kind of stage effect; but it fell short of this in the affecting appeal it makes to the deepest sympathies of our common human nature, and its power to touch those deep well-springs of feeling which are the fountain of unaffected tears.

We write these sad lines with a tide of emotion pouring into our swimming eyes; and although it hardly becomes a man, much less a journalist in the discharge of his public functions, to let his feelings get control of him, we can not dissemble the grief which takes possession of us at this afflictive termination of a great career, and this terrible smiting of two ingenuous young hearts, the virtuous, interesting, gifted, doubly-orphaned daughters, one in the bud and

the other in the opening blossom of a beautiful womanhood, who, with the little interval of a month, lose both their parents, under circumstances so fitted to crush the life out of their despiring hearts.

May God pity and bless them! In their credulous, confiding natures, their happy inexperience of the coarse ways of politics, and their filial love and reverence, we may find excuses enough for the fond visions with which their young minds were many months dazzled, of seeing their father the honored head of the nation, and enjoying the pride he would have felt in a nation's confidence.

The rude dashing of this cup from their lips was an affliction, but an affliction which they would easily have borne, caring little for it in their womanly fidelity, beyond their sympathetic grief in their father's disappointment. More prostrating strokes were in reserve for them to darken their young, innocent lives.

The loss of a mother who had doted on them, whose first and last thought in the long years of her physical infirmity and suffering was devoted to their welfare, filled them with such poignant grief that they no longer cared anything for the result of the Presidential election, except so far as they felt its bearing on the happiness of their father.

But when he is so suddenly taken from them, it must be a heart of stone that does not commiserate the fate of these guileless, most interesting, unprotected orphans. Their youth, their sex, their innocence, inexperience, and attractive personal qualities, must cause every feeling heart to bleed for them. Poor, yearning, forsaken, shorn lambs, to whom the fierce winter wind is not tempered!

Poor Mr. Greeley is gone; and no coveted appreciation can longer soothe, nor any censure wound him. Perhaps no kindly human heart ever so yearned for sympathy, or so eagerly coveted, or was so deeply grateful for, just appreciation. No man who was a great power in the politics of his time was ever so far removed from the character of a stoic.

Any friend who was free from all suspicion of interested motives, could easily find the way to the inner citadel of his gentle heart. Though an unsparing controversialist, he bore no malice, even in the heat of political contention; and no man ever responded more warmly to the personal esteem of party antagonists.

Even with Stephen A. Douglas his relations and intercourse rested on a footing of the frankest, heartiest good-will; and there

have been recent instances in which he gave his confidence to political opponents with a more trusting unreserve—if it were permitted us to mention them.

But in all such personal confidences he was a most uncompromising asserter of his own opinions, and his friends outside of his own party could never for a moment doubt that it was their persons, not their politics, which he tolerated. It was like the interchange of courtesies between the officers of hostile armies, wherein the tokens of personal esteem leave no sort of doubt that each side will do his utmost in the next day's battle.

Such mutual recognition of military ability and personal worth imply no sort of infidelity to the cause for which each party fights. Men of honor and stable convictions are under no obligation to deny the virtues or the abilities of their adversaries.

The heart of the present writer was never so deeply touched and moved, as when, amid the stray autumn leaves falling from the trees of Greenwood, while Mrs. Greeley's coffin, with its covering of black cloth (we remember that in our boyhood, in Mr. Greeley's native State, we never saw a coffin which was not black), was borne from the hearse to the opening of the family vault, through lines of reverent, uncovered heads—we say we can never forget the heart-breaking impression made upon us by Mr. Greeley's fixed and most wistful look directed upon us on that mournful occasion, as if craving the deep sympathy to which our long intimate relations entitled him, and which he could not doubt that, above all the other pall-bearers, we were ready to give to the bereaved husband, and the half-orphaned, stricken daughters, the pet-lambs of his fond, yearning, paternal heart.

It was the last time that his eyes and ours ever exchanged an affectionate, recognizing look; and we deplore our neglect to seek him out and pour our free sympathy into his craving, responsive breast, after that sad scene was over. The earnest, wistful looks he then fixed upon us will never be effaced till our dying day. We beg that readers will pardon us for this unseemly mastery which our emotions have got over an habitually cold pen. Something must be pardoned to the infirmity of our poor human nature.

We have really no heart for the duty which is laid upon us on this occasion. If our feelings would permit us to take the position of mere outside spectators, the fit thing for us to do would be to make a just, uncolored estimate of Mr. Greeley's character and ca-

reer. But the circumstances of his death strike us as so inexpressibly tragic and affecting that we have no command of our critical faculties.

It is difficult to think of anything beyond the grief-inspiring spectacle of such a death, following so swiftly upon the great eclipse and extinguishment of the hopes which Mr. Greeley had good reasons for entertaining during some stages of the recent crushing canvass. "The stars in their courses" seemed to fight against him.

He returned from that fatiguing tour in the West, in which his faculties shone out in a surprising blaze of culminating splendor, to find his poor wife in the last stages of her long decline; and with a devotion like that which he felt in the days of their early youthful love, before time and disease had impaired her beauty, or domestic trials had effaced the bloom of their first affection, he was constantly at her bedside, with the fidelity of a ministering angel, passing anxious days and sleepless nights which, under less exigent circumstances, would have been due to repose after his recent exhaustless labors.

The strain upon his physical endurance, and the more tremendous strain upon his quick, emotional susceptibilities, were too much for him. The bow was not only bent, but broken.

The strength of a constitution never weakened by any other excesses than overwork gave way; the chances of life which belonged to him by hereditary longevity (both his father and grandfather lived to be upward of eighty) were squandered; and the vessel so rudely tossed in these recent tempests was thrown upon the beach, an utter wreck. It is the saddest ending of a vigorously-useful life that we have ever known.

We must defer, for a day or two, the estimate which might reasonably be expected of us of Mr. Greeley's great career as a journalist, and his important relations to the public life of the country. How can we proceed to a cool, critical dissection of his character while his body is scarcely yet cold in the conquering embrace of death?

We hope to recover sufficient equanimity for this necessary task, but we do not possess it now. Had we been merely outside spectators of his life, this duty might not have been difficult; but having been admitted to his intimate confidence, having seen him for many years in his hours of relaxation, having known every member of his family in a constant interchange of pleasant hospitalities, it does not

lie in our hearts to coolly take his measure as we could easily have done if we were in the position of mere outside spectators.

Our grief and sympathy get the better of us, and our sorrow is too deep and sincere to permit us to utter anything now but this unrestrained outpouring of our feelings. Within a day or two, when we have recovered our composure, we shall recur to this melancholy subject, and try to do justice to a great reputation achieved in our own loved profession.

THE GREAT WORK OF A NOBLE LIFE.

[*From the New York World, Dec.* 3.]

Mr. Greeley lived through the most eventful era in our public history since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. For the eighteen years between the formation of the Republican party in 1854 and his sudden death in 1872, the stupendous civil convulsions through which we have passed have merely translated into acts, and recorded in our annals, the fruits of his thinking and the strenuous vehemence of his moral convictions.

Whether he was right or wrong is a question on which opinions will differ; but no person conversant with our history will dispute the influence which this remarkable and singularly-endowed man has exerted in shaping the great events of our time. Whatever may be the ultimate judgment of other classes of his countrymen respecting the real value of his services, the colored race, when it becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate his career, must always recognize him as the chief author of their emancipation from slavery and their equal citizenship. Mr. Lincoln, to whom their ignorance as yet gives the chief credit, was a chip tossed on the surface of a resistless wave.

It was Mr. Greeley, more than any other man, who let loose the winds that lifted the waters and drove forward their foaming, tumbling billows. Mr. Greeley had lent his hand to stir public feeling to its profoundest depths before Mr. Lincoln's election became possible. He contributed more than any other man to defeat the compromise and settlement for which Mr. Lincoln and his chief adviser, Mr. Seward, were anxious in the exciting, expectant winter of 1860–1, and to precipitate an unavoidable, bloody war.

It was he, carrying a majority of the Republican party with him, who kept insisting, in the early stages of the conflict, that the emancipation of the slave was an indispensable element of success.

Mr. Lincoln stood out and resisted, ridiculing an emancipation proclamation as "a bull against the comet." Mr. Greeley roused the Republican party by that remarkable leader signed by his name and addressed to Mr. Lincoln, headed "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," the effect of which the President tried to parry by a public letter to the editor of *The Tribune*, written with all the dextrous ingenuity and telling aptness of phrase of which Mr. Lincoln was so great a master.

But Mr. Greeley victoriously carried the Republican party, which he had done more than all other men to form, with him; and within two months after Mr. Lincoln's flouting reply to the "Prayer of Twenty Millions," his reluctance was overborne, and he was constrained to issue his celebrated Proclamation, which committed the Government to emancipation, and staked the success of the war on that issue.

This culminating achievement, the greatest of Mr. Greeley's life, is the most signal demonstration of his talents. It was no sudden random stroke. It was the effect of an accumulated, ever-rising, widening, deepening stream of influence, which had been gathering volume and momentum for years, and whose piling waters at last burst through and bore down every barrier.

Mr. Greeley had long been doing all in his power to swell the tide of popular feeling against slavery, and it was chiefly in consequence of the tremendous force he had given to the movement that that barbarous institution was at last swept away. It is the most extraordinary revolution ever accomplished by a single mind, with no other instrument than a public journal.

It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Greeley had many zealous coadjutors. But so had Luther able coadjutors in the Protestant Reformation; so had Cromwell in the Commonwealth; so had Washington in our Revolution; so had Cobden in the repeal of the Corn Laws. They are, nevertheless, regarded as the leading minds in the respective innovations which they championed; and by as just a title Mr. Greeley will hold the first place with posterity on the roll of emancipation. This is the light in which he will be remembered so long as the history of our times shall be read.

It may be said, again, that Mr. Greeley's efforts in this direction were aided by the tendencies of his time. But so were Luther's, and Cromwell's, and Washington's, and everybody's who has left a great mark on his age, and accomplished things full of consequences

to future generations. The first qualification for exerting this kind of fruitful influence is for the leader to be in complete sympathy with the developing tendencies of his own epoch.

This is necessary to make him the embodiment of its spirit, the representative of its ideas, the quickener of its passions, the reviver of its courage in adverse turns of fortune, the central mind whom other advocates of the cause consult, whose action they watch in every new emergency, and whose guidance they follow because he has resolute, unflagging confidence to lead. In the controversies in which Mr. Greeley has been behind his age, or stood against the march of progress, even he has accomplished little.

Since Henry Clay's death he has been the most noted and active champion of Protection; but that cause steadily declined until the war forced the Government to strain every source of revenue, and since the close of the war Free Trade ideas have made surprising advances in Mr. Greeley's own political party.

On this subject he was the disciple of dead masters, and hung to the skirts of a receding cause; but in this school he acquired that dexterity in handling the weapons of controversy which proved so effective when he advanced from the position of a disciple to that of a master, and led a movement in the direction toward which the rising popular feeling was tending. Mr. Greeley's name will always be identified with the extirpation of negro slavery as its most distinguished, powerful, and effective advocate.

This is his valid title to distinction and lasting fame. Instrumental to this, and the chief means of its attainment, he founded a public journal which grew, under his direction, to be a great moving force in the politics and public thought of our time. This alone would have attested his energy and abilities, but this is secondary praise.

It is the use he made of his journal when he had created it, the moral ends to which (besides making it a vehicle of news and the discussion of ephemeral topics) he devoted it, that will give him his genuine place in history.

If he had had no higher aim than to supply the market for current intelligence, as a great merchant supplies the market for dry goods, he would have deserved to rank with the builders up of other prosperous establishments by which passing contemporary wants were supplied, but would have had no claim on the remembrance of coming generations. But he regarded his journal not

primarily as a property, but as the instrument of high moral and political ends; an instrument whose great potency for good or ill he fully comprehended, and for whose salutary direction he felt a corresponding responsibility.

His simple tastes, inexpensive habits, his contempt for the social show and parade which are the chief use made of wealth, and the absorption of his mind in other aims, made it impossible for him to think of *The Tribune* merely as a source of income, and he always managed it mainly with a view to make it an efficient organ for diffusing opinions which he thought conducive to the public welfare.

It was this which distinguished Mr. Greeley from the founders of other important journals which have, in recent years, been taken from us. With him the moral aim was always paramount, the pecuniary aim subordinate. Journalism, as he looked upon it, was not an end, but a means to higher ends. He may have had many mistaken and some erratic opinions on particular subjects; but the moral earnestness with which he pursued his vocation, and his constant subordination of private interest to public objects nobly atone for his occasional errors.

Among the means by which Mr. Greeley gained and so long held the first place among American journalists, was his manner of writing. His negative merits as a writer were great; and it would be surprising to find these negative merits so rare as to be a title to distinction, if observation did not force the faults he avoided so perpetually upon our notice. He had no verbiage.

We do not merely mean by this that he never used a superfluous word (which in fact he rarely did), but that he kept quite clear of the hazy, half-relevant ideas which incumber meaning, and are the chief source of prolixity. He threw away every idea that did not decidedly help on his argument, and expressed the others in the fewest words that would make them clear.

He began at once where the pith of his argument began, and had the secret, possessed by few writers, of stopping the moment he was done, leaving his readers no chaff to sift out from the simple wheat. This perfect absence of cloudy irrelevance and incumbering superfluity was one source of his popularity as a writer. His readers had to devour no husks to get at the kernel of what he meant.

Besides these negative recommendations, Mr. Greeley's style had positive merits of a very high order. The source of these was in

the native structure of his mind; no training could have conferred them; and it was his original mental qualities, and not any special culture, that pruned his writing of verbiage and redundancies. Whatever he saw, he saw with wonderful distinctness. Whether it happened to be a sound idea or a crotchet, it stood before his mind with the clearness of an object in sunlight.

He never groped at and around it like one feeling in the dark. He saw on which side he could lay hands on it with the firmest grasp. It was his vividness of conception which made Mr. Greeley so clear and succinct a writer. He knew precisely what he would be at, and he hastened to say it in the fewest words.

His choice of language, though often homely, and sometimes quaint or coarse, was always adapted to his purpose. He had a great command of racy phrases in common use, and frequently gave them an unexpected turn, which enlivened his style as by a sudden stroke of wit or grotesque humor. But these touches were rapid, never detained him; he kept grappling with his argument and hurried on.

This peculiar style was aided by the ardor of his feelings and his vehement moral earnestness. Bent on convincing, he tried to flash his meaning on the minds of his readers in the readiest and manliest way; and he was so impatient to make them see the full force of his main points that he stripped them as naked as he could.

This combined clearness of conception, strength of conviction, and hurrying ardor of feeling, were the sources of a style which enabled him to write more than any other journalist of his time, and yet always command attention. But he is a model which none can successfully imitate without his strongly-marked individuality and peculiarities of mental structure. We have mentioned his occasional coarseness; but it was merely his preference of strong, direct expression to dainty feebleness; he was never vulgar.

Mr. Greeley has contributed to the surprising growth and development of journalism in our time chiefly by his successful efforts to make it a guide of public opinion, as well as a chronicle of important news. In his hands, it was not merely a mirror which indifferently reflects back the images of all objects on which it is turned, but a creative force; a means of calling into existence a public opinion powerful enough to introduce great reforms and sweep down abuses.

He had no faith in purposeless journalism, in journalism which

has so little insight into the tendencies of the time that it shifts its view from day to day in accommodation to transient popular caprices. No great object is accomplished without constancy of purpose, and a guide of public opinion can not be constant unless he has a deep and abiding conviction of the importance of what he advocates.

Mr. Greeley's remarkable power, when traced back to its main source, will be found to have consisted chiefly in that vigorous earnestness of belief which held him to the strenuous advocacy of measures which he thought conducive to the public welfare, whether they were temporarily popular or not.

Journalism may, perhaps, gain more success as a mercantile speculation by other methods; but it can be respected as a great moral and political force only in the hands of men who have the talents, foresight, and moral earnestness which fit them to guide public opinion.

In was in this sense that Mr. Greeley was our first journalist, and nobody can successfully dispute his rank, any more than Mr. Bennett's could be contested in the kind that seeks to float on the current instead of directing its course. The one did most to render our American journals great vehicles of news, the other to make them controlling organs of opinion. Their survivors in the profession have much to learn from both.

HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT.

[*From the New York Herald.*]

We have the sorrowful intelligence to communicate to our readers this morning of the death of Horace Greeley, late the distinguished editor of *The New York Tribune*, and but yesterday, we may say, the recipient of the suffrages of millions of the American people for the highest office in their gift.

The news of the sad event will profoundly impress the public mind throughout the country and civilized world, particularly in view of the heavy domestic afflictions and political excitements and misfortunes with which it is associated.

From day to day, for a week past, the announcements of Mr. Greeley's severe mental and physical prostration have left this community and the country not wholly unprepared for his dissolution; and yet we say of him, as the expiring Indian chief, Red Jacket, said of himself, that the news of his death will come upon his

people "like the sound of the fall of a giant pine in the stillness of the woods." In a quiet homestead by the Hudson, with a vail of virgin snow over the face of nature, as the evening shadows began to fall, his heart beat more and more faintly, and after a pause, broken only by feverish mutterings, he opened his lips to say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; it is done;" and then passed away.

He is only one of many examples of this character; but few against such obstructions have achieved so much as he in substantial and enduring honors. If he was ambitious, his was that lofty ambition of generous minds, whose highest aspirations are the good of his fellow-men; if he had his eccentricities, they were those of the genuine American Republican and the ardent philanthropist; if his political course is marked by some strange perturbations, they only bring into bolder relief his general consistency, strength, earnestness and intrepidity of character.

As a teacher of the practical, domestic economies, he may well be called "our later Franklin;" as a champion of equal rights, he was an advanced disciple of Jefferson; as the advocate of his American system, he was an advanced disciple of Henry Clay; while as a teacher of the science of agriculture, his name has become a household word in every farm-house in the country.

To the adopted citizen fresh from the trammels of less liberal governments across the Atlantic his name has been as potent as his wholesome advice and generosity were proverbial. When a mistaken fanaticism preached death, or almost death, to the foreigner, Mr. Greeley was ever to be found in this, as in other things, on the side of the humble and oppressed.

His character as a citizen, friend, and neighbor, is "*sans peur, sans reproche.*" As his life was admired, his death will be regretted by a countless host of friends in both hemispheres, and of all creeds and races of men; and his enemies will be disarmed in striking the balance between his merits and his failings.

In that broad field of journalism which embraces liberty to the slave, relief to the sick and unfortunate, comfort to the poor, knowledge to the ignorant, and the general elevation of the human family, we recognize in the loss of Mr. Greeley the loss of a powerful public benefactor. To sum up his merits in a word—he has, in the battle of life, fought a good fight; he leaves an honored name behind him, and the high reward of an encouraging example as an American journalist and a self-made man.

AN HONEST, FEARLESS MAN.

[*From the New York Express.*]

Of Mr. Greeley's career, for forty years, as a journalist in this city, thirty-one years of it on *The Tribune*, we do not propose to speak, as all this was discussed at length and frequently in the recent canvass. As a man, he had, as most great men have, marked faults, mingled with great virtues. No man ever possessed greater intelligence or industry in his profession.

He was honest in character, earnest in the assertion of truth, bold in the denunciation of error, and clear as light in the illustration of all subjects upon which he wrote. He was a great instructor from the platform, but without magnetism in his speech, and no orator. His English was of the very best, written or spoken—concise, compact, and logical.

If he imitated anybody in writing of himself or upon plain subjects, it was Benjamin Franklin; and at times he reminded us of the vigorous thought and words of Thomas Paine and Cobbett. He believed in hard words and hard blows, but, as in his two remarkable papers dissolving the partnership with Seward, Weed, and Co., and in his reply to the summons of the Union League for becoming bail for Jefferson Davis, he always had a reason for the faith that was in him.

He was impulsive and often eccentric, but in this line not all what his enemies often represented him to be. His generosity was only limited by his means of giving, and if not always wise, it was always from the heart and intended for good.

It is no disparagement to the living, or to the memory of the dead, to say that for thirty years he has been, as a writer of power and influence, at the head of the journals of the country, and there are few, indeed, in the profession, among the thousands who survive him, who will not own his worth and regret his loss.

His last words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." This is knowledge, indeed—the opening of the invisible world to human eyes in this tabernacle of flesh; the hope of immortality; the sight of one who knows, not in part, but as he is known, nor sees through the glass darkly; but, passing beyond the river of life, there sees, face to face, the one altogether lovely in the person of the Son of God.

How true, then, amid this Providence, which we call a calamity, it is the survivor dies, and that misfortunes come not singly, but

in battalions. In a brief month two loving daughters are made orphans.

The little son and brother, who was the great pride and ardent hope of father and mother, long ago led the way to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." These now rest from their labors, leaving our deepest sympathies for those who, for a time only, are left alone in the world. "May God temper the winds to his shorn lambs."

A MAN WITHOUT ENEMIES.

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser.*]

The whole land is saddened by the intelligence of the death of this distinguished man, and as the tidings make the circuit of the globe, under every sky there will be many to deplore a death which, to human ken, seems so untimely. Mr. Greeley had actually no enemies.

There were those who condemned, or criticised, or smiled at his theories and his works; but the man was the center of no great and settled dislike. The almost unanimity with which his life-long political foes, forgetting the sharp conflict he had persistently waged against them, came to his support in the late election campaign, is a singular illustration of the truth of our remark.

There was much in him to win the affection and esteem of others. His life was pure. He was thoroughly alive to every appeal of charity and every claim that suffering or outraged humanity might prefer. He always championed decency and good order. His pen and tongue never purposely countenanced wrong. Beside this, he was frank and outspoken in his judgments, whether of praise or condemnation.

No man failed to know precisely where Horace Greeley stood, or failed to comprehend the pith and persistence of whatever warfare he waged. It is as an editor and controversialist that Mr. Greeley is best known to the world. Ardent and impulsive, he early took sides on almost every subject of debate, and to some of the positions he then assumed he has clung with unabated ardor and steadiness.

His judgment has been most at fault on social questions, but during the last few years his opinions on these topics have been more closely in accordance with those that are ordinarily accepted. But upon the questions of Temperance, Protection, and Slavery, he

has never departed from his first convictions, and these, during a long and busy life, he has contended for with a force and vigor, a fertility of resource, and a plentitude of illustration never surpassed.

And it was precisely here that Mr. Greeley was chiefly conspicuous. He was a master of the English language. No one ever commanded a choicer or a richer diction. He was eminently forcible and pithy. His arguments were strong, compact, and earnest, and his pungent paragraphs were ever pervaded by a flavor of geniality that gave them raciness and zest.

It was Mr. Greeley's desire and aim to create a great newspaper, in all respects fully abreast of the great currents of thought and influence. The claims of politics had thwarted and shackled this purpose, but when, after the fatal 5th of November, he returned to his old chair in *The Tribune* office, he promised "to give a wider and steadier regard to the progress of science, industry, and the useful arts than a partisan journal could do," and, "sustained by a generous public, he would do his best to make *The Tribune* a power in the broader field it now contemplates."

Undoubtedly, in the future, Mr. Greeley would have given such direction to his journal as would have made it a power in the new field he proposed to occupy. But right here, at the close of his busy and contentious career, and at the dawn of what he promised should be a new life, he is cut down long before his usefulness had ended, and when years of industry and activity spread out before him.

At the age of sixty-one, with a constitution utterly uncontaminated by indulgence, temperate, moral, accustomed to out-door exercise, in the fullest vigor of his mental power, he was the last person one would think likely to succumb so soon.

Yet he had suffered much. Anxious vigils, weary days and nights, the sight of his wife dying before his eyes, the solicitudes of a fierce partisan campaign, the afflictions of those most dear to him, the results of the election, all told upon a sensitive organization, strained to its utmost tension, and giving way suddenly and unexpectedly. The great editor is gone, but his memory will be forever green in the recollections of his countrymen.

THE LOSS TOO GREAT TO BE REALIZED NOW.

[*From the New York Evening Mail.*]

After all, the final and comprehensive verdict upon the great

career which has just closed will not come soon. Not until the passions and prejudices that have sprung out of the many fierce contests in which Mr. Greeley has fought, with so much zeal and power, have subsided, will either friends or foes assign him his true and lasting position.

At present we can feel—ah! too keenly—how great a place has been made vacant that will "know him no more forever." That wonderful combination of soul and body which we have known as Horace Greeley has ceased, and we shall never see its like again.

When we remember how that stalwart and active spirit entered into the daily life and thought of a continent of newspaper readers, how it was felt as a constant power in politics and in all discussions of the day, how in tens of thousands of families it was ever present as a teacher and guide, how in all circles and among all conditions of men it was a living influence, and how every marked individuality of his character was known to all—we may begin to realize what has been with us and what we have lost.

A NATION'S LOSS.

[*From the New York Evening Telegram.*]

At 6:50 o'clock yesterday Horace Greeley died. The moment came at last when death bore away in triumph the life for which affection and science had been vainly battling, and to-day the whole nation mourns over the great loss which it has sustained in the death of Mr. Greeley, journalist, philosopher, politician, gentleman. The qualities of Mr. Greeley's mind were of too lofty a nature to admit of hasty notice. The time will come when a proper estimate of the man will be made by one qualified for the task. Now we can but praise and mourn. In the shadow of death the virtues of the deceased shine transcendently forth and invite the admiration of the world.

His life was one of sturdy struggle. From early boyhood he has had to breast the waves, and win through hard struggle the place which he gained at last.

But Mr. Greeley dead will cease to reign none the less in the hearts of his countrymen. The lesson taught by such a life as his has been can not but have a beneficial effect upon the minds of the youth of the land.

In life we honored and admired the man, and when he was called upon to lead a new movement in American politics, we sup-

ported. his claims. In death we mourn his loss, and think that many years will elapse before the nation is gifted with such another son, at once so gentle and so great, so modest and yet so brilliant, so widely known and so much respected.

HIS PLACE IN HISTORY YET TO BE FIXED.

[*From the New York Bulletin.*]

No event since the death of Abraham Lincoln has so deeply touched the nation's heart. Mr. Greeley was greater in his political defeat than most men are in their greatest victory.

He astonished his warmest friends and disarmed the resentment of his opponents by the marvelous eloquence and intellectual resources of his speeches during the political campaign which none could have anticipated would prove only a campaign of death.

His brain, always worked to its highest tension, could not endure the enormous additional strain; and this, combined with the demands on his always powerful emotional nature, proved too much for even his robust constitution. The news of his death produced a deep and unusual sense of personal loss and bereavement; for the individuality of the man was enormous, and was constantly manifested in all his writings and speeches.

He died in the full meridian of his powers, and when he still seemed to have a future before him worthy of, and commensurate with, his past career. We may criticise this or that particular act of his life, or wish that he had adopted a different line in certain matters of public policy.

But the time has not yet come to fix his true place in history. For an entire generation he bore a prominent part in the great events that attracted the attention of his countrymen and of mankind.

And it is scarcely too much to affirm that, saving only Washington and Jefferson, no single American had made a deeper, broader mark on his country's history than Horace Greeley. The future of every child that may be henceforth born in our country will be more or less affected because of this one man that has passed away from us to be seen no more forever.

A TRUE HERO.

[*From the New York Dispatch.*]

A busy, useful, and honorable life has ended. Horace Greeley is

dead. For upward of thirty years he has held a foremost place in the eyes of his countrymen, and in all that time he has struggled with a devotion unsurpassed for the elevation of his fellows, the amelioration of the condition of the poor, the destruction of caste, and a higher individual and national purity.

His has been an active life, full of noble effort, and marked by a moral courage which feared no detraction and scorned all unworthy applause. His death will be mourned as sincerely as that of any man whom this country has possessed for years. He has had many opponents, but few enemies.

Even those who most bitterly opposed his views had always a kindly thought for the man who dared, in the face of obloquy and misrepresentation, to stand by the right, as God had given him the light to see it—for the man who was never swayed from his devotion to principle by ignoble motives, and whose whole life was an example of personal and public righteousness worthy the admiration and imitation of mankind. He lived the life of a true hero—of one

> "Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
> Whose glory was redressing human wrongs."

At last the true and loyal heart has found the quiet which it never felt in life; for while human wrong existed, while tyranny oppressed the weak, while there were poor who needed succor, or while there was injustice anywhere, the kind heart of Horace Greeley could have no peace. He has gone from us in the ripeness of his intellect and the fullness of his usefulness, and the people mourn his loss as they would that of a near and dear friend.

GREAT AND GOOD.

[*From the New York Star.*]

The touching tribute of *The Tribune* to the memory of its illustrious founder is the key-note to a chorus of testimony throughout the continent. The greatness of Mr. Greeley was only equaled by his goodness.

Of great men the world has had many, and of the number the young Republic has furnished its full quota; and of good men the records speak volumes, but the distinguished dead, of whom it can be truly said, "He was great as well as good," can be counted on the fingers.

His family claim our earliest and most tender sympathy. Rarely

do afflictions so poignant, so continuous, fall to the lot of the very young; and it would be idle for the most careful, the kindest of the dead man's friends to hope to assuage, even in degree, the grief which fills the hearts and baptizes the very life of the two young girls, sole survivors of a happy family, remarkable for the strength and devotion of its affectionate intercourse.

To the profession of which Mr. Greeley was the acknowledged chief, the loss is irreparable. Within a few years the editors of *The Commercial*, *The World*, *The Times*, and *The Herald* have passed away, until Mr. Greeley remained alone of the names great in the journalism of to-day.

To him many a weary eye has turned, finding in the open story of his marvelous success an inspiration for future struggles, a balm for past disaster. To have built up a great power like that of *The Tribune* was indeed a matter of pride and comfort, but to have succeeded with honor to bear still the unstained reputation of his youth, to find the inner history of his inner life untouched by his harshest critic, and to know that honest dealing and purity of living had really been the touch-stone of his career, was an added glory which few, if any, of his rivals could parallel.

It would be impossible for the most intimate of his friends and associates, not employed on his staff, to enter appreciatively *The Tribune* circle to-day. In every room his friends remain, in each department much sorrow reigns. The close companions of years loved him with a love unknown in many great establishments.

Perhaps the late editor of *The Times* more nearly approached Mr. Greeley in his power of magnetism than any other of his contemporaries; but it is doubtful if the death of any other chief could cause such heartfelt grief as that which burdens every member of *The Tribune* corps to-day.

Mr. Reid and his associates knew the mental power of the man, felt the quick pulsation of his genius, and were inspired to greater effort by his very presence. Mr. Sinclair, who for many years has been the confidant and close communer with his partner, felt for him the devotion of a lover and the interest of a brother.

And so it was in the composing-room, the press-room—everywhere were men with whom the close intimacy of years had built up, not alone admiration of intellect, but affectionate regard and personal interest.

The poor and the despised have cause of gratitude that he was

born, the profession he honored has cause of gratitude that he was guided to its ranks and found its very van, and the great party of which he was the corner-stone, whose path to conquest and glory was hewn by him, has every reason to shout praises in his honor, closing the feverish chasm of the later past with the palms of recognition and the myrtle of remembrance.

A nation will do his memory honor, the President of his native land will join his voice to those of millions in his praise. The profession of his choice will cheerfully accord him the merit he deserved, and we doubt not the object of his affectionate pride, the building of his best and manliest efforts, will in long time to come feel the grand influence of his memory and renew his labors for humanity for his very name's sake.

NO EVIL TO LIVE AFTER HIM.

[*From the New York Sunday News.*]

Censors shall look in vain for any evil that Horace Greeley has done that shall live after him; a sorrowing nation will attest that he has done much good that shall not be interred with his bones.

In times when political antagonism was of the bitterest, we were his political opponent; but, however bitter the strife, we opposed him without personal antipathy, even as brothers have struck brothers in battle, with violence in their arms, but with good feeling in their hearts.

Latterly it has been our fortune—one that we shall never regret—to sustain him and his principles in political conflict; but though we had remained his partisan foe to the last, we would have felt to-day the same honest sorrow for his passing away from earth.

His life has been one of honorable motive, of effective toil, of earnest endeavor, of beneficent practical results. Shame upon the man who will remember his eccentricities and call them faults when, in the shadow of the tomb, his virtues, his nobility of nature, his rare kindness of heart, and the many services he rendered to his generation, outshine all the uncertain and changing lights that glimmer upon the paths of partisanship!

There is one class of our fellow-citizens that will learn to honor his grave more than they appreciated him while living. No man in the world did more for the cause of the abolition of slavery; no man in the world labored more zealously, more intelligently, more disin-

terestedly for the advancement of the interests of the negro population of our country.

We will not say that they betrayed their benefactor; for, no doubt, they erred only in their judgment of the man who had done more than all others for their race. The fair robes of liberty were new upon their limbs, and they scarcely had time to realize who was foremost in clothing them in that priceless apparel.

When they shall have become as free from the tyranny of demagogues as they are from the bonds of the slaveholder, they will understand the error into which they were entrapped, and the memory of the chief champion of their cause will be revered by them when too late to give him the thanks that he deserved.

Mr. Greeley was our candidate for the Presidency because we knew that he was an able and an honest man, and because we believed that his political principles were not so much at variance with ours but that his ability and honesty would harmonize the opposing elements. To-day the idea of partisanship has no force in regard to him. It is lost in the contemplation of the loss of a great journalist, a great statesman, a great and good American citizen.

A LEADER OF MEN.

[*From the New York Sunday Mercury.*]

Three of the great editors who have made the press of New York famous throughout the world, and a guiding star and bright exemplar to the journalistic fraternity everywhere, are now no more. The relentless harvester, Death, has gathered them to his fold, and those who for a brief period survive them remain to mourn their loss.

Raymond and Bennett preceded Greeley on the dark and unknown voyage to the Hereafter. But neither of the two former has left such a void as the last and greatest of the three.

There is something philosophical, peculiar in the thought that, as in trigonometry, three united in one complete a problem, so in the rise and progress of American journalism to its present unapproachable high and commanding position the genius and labors of these three eminent men occurred, each in his own characteristic and individual way.

While Henry J. Raymond inculcated a style of controversial discussion elevated in tone, terse in argument, mild in reproof, and rich in facts, James Gordon Bennett threw his whole inventive, rest-

less energy into the domain of news, and challenged the world to follow him in this his well-chosen path, from which he never deviated.

Horace Greeley combined in himself the earnestness of conviction and quickness of comprehension of Raymond with the ceaseless activity and daring courage of Bennett, excelling both in genius that molded his faultless sentences, in heart which beat in warm sympathy with every human wo, and in moral bravery that struck for the loftiest aims in utter disregard of personal results.

Thus the three journalists complemented each other, and together they presented to the world a triumvirate than which no country on earth was ever blessed with a greater, capable of achieving more lasting results.

Yet in one respect—and to his never-waning fame be it remembered—Greeley's memory in the hearts of the people has sunk deeper and spread firmer roots than his career as a journalist could alone have done. Raymond and Bennett will live in the journals they have founded.

Sharing with them the same degree of immortality, Greeley is, moreover, a grand historical figure, whose very thoughts are indelibly imprinted upon the pages of the history of his country for nearly two generations.

There lives not now a man, there did not die a man within the last twenty-five years, whose solitary efforts, whose intellectual power, whose own giant strength, contributed a tithe of what Greeley did to shape the events of this Continent and influencing the destinies of the Republic.

With Senatorial heads, Presidents in the seat of almost imperial splendor and power, Cabinet Ministers with thousands of menials ever ready to obey their whispered wishes, Congresses and Courts—all felt the trenchant sword which that one man wielded above them, and whose shining brightness sent its hopeful glimmers of light to the very verge of civilization, from the glittering palaces of the rich to the cabins of the weary toilers and the huts of the down-trodden and manacled slave.

It was he who, more than thirty years ago, sounded the shrill tocsin of war for freedom to every human being that breathed the air under the American flag; and although he was not the first who spoke fearlessly for the rights to liberty of every man of every race, the genius, the force of his individuality soon made him the foremost leader of all who thought like him.

Indeed, without Greeley, the history of the country for the last quarter of a century would go to posterity a vastly different one. The judgment of his contemporaries, of those who struggled unsuccessfully against him, may vary as to the genuine wisdom and perhaps even the patriotism of his course in the earlier years of his career. But none can deny the greatness of mind, the force of genius, with which he combated every foe, overcame every obstacle, and brought triumph within his reach. In this view of the man, he was far more than a journalist and an editor, more than a mere organ of public opinion.

He was the leader of men of a strong, powerful, and at last victorious party, created by himself and kindred into action by the fire that burnt within him. He was eccentric, as all men who do not sluggishly tread in the beaten path of the multitude, and who cleave their own destiny through the rocks of adversity, always are.

His eccentricities were no blemishes on his character; they rather contributed to his greatness, and never before to such an extent as during the closing years of his life. His love of mankind was one of those eccentric qualities of his heart, and his hand was ever ready to extend help to the needy.

Fiery, fierce, and unrelenting while wrestling with an enemy, he relaxed his anger and held out the hand of friendship and brotherhood to the vanquished as soon as the contest was decided. No personal hatred, no savage desires to glory in vengeance over a fallen foe rankled in his bosom.

With the statement of the cause of strife he cast its sad memories behind, and hailed as a brother him who had been his enemy during the turmoil of the contest. It was this intuitive leaning to the side of mercy and paternal benevolence which, in the eyes of thousands of his earlier friends, appeared as eccentric, as a weakness, but which met the heartiest approval of his former antagonists.

It was the proverbial divinity of forgiveness that captivated the broken heart of the conquered South—that brought millions of his Democratic opponents enthusiastically to his support, and to reverence him as a cherished leader in the cause of reconciliation, of genuine peace in the land.

The effort failed, though determinedly made. But the support he gave it, his devotion to the cause, and the surpassing ability he displayed, have still more endeared him to the people; and now at his grave, into which he so suddenly descended, stands a nation in

mourning, with no discordant echoes to disturb its grief, no dissenting voice to mar the general sorrow.

It is almost providential aptness, that with the failure of the great move of which he was once the originator and the leader, he himself should step from the stage and be buried in the grave to which his last and most humane ideal of national brotherhood and reconciliation has been unhappily consigned.

The drift of his mind, when, at the last moment of his earthly existence, it had returned from its wild wanderings in illness, seemed to indicate that a spirit of devout resignation had filled his heart. "It is finished!" were the last words that came from his lips and winged his soul to its untraced flight, the same words that were uttered by his Redeemer on the cross.

With our appreciation of the character of Horace Greeley, as it developed and became crystalized in later years, we could not say less than we have. For many years we have used every known journalistic weapon to parry his thrusts, and in the heat of battle blows were exchanged that left their marks on both contestants.

His later fervent appeals to the humane sentiments of charity and magnanimity have made us forget our former antagonisms, and now standing, in thought, beside his corpse, we join the entire American people in their sorrow.

We hope that all will agree that the fittest mode to do reverence to his memory is to adhere to the benign principles in the advocacy of which death overtook him, and to renew all legitimate efforts to secure their final success. The policy of reconciliation, once triumphant, would be the grandest monument the people could erect to the memory of their departed leader and statesman.

HONORED ABOVE HIS ASSOCIATES.

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Dec.* 3.]

To-day all that is mortal of our late lamented brother in the ranks of journalism lies in state at the City Hall. To the memory of no other representative of the Press have such honors ever been awarded as those which await the memory of this fallen giant. Here, where his busy life was chiefly spent—in this, the theater of his greatest achievements, it is meet that surpassing demonstrations should be made. And yet from all parts of the land, of which the telegraph or exchange lists give us information, comes sufficient evidences of profound sorrow and heartfelt, appreciative tributes to

show that the whole nation joins in a noble emulation of the spirit in which New York does homage to the genius and virtues of her illustrious dead.

ONE OF THE BEST REPRESENTATIVES OF HIS COUNTRY.

[*From the New-Yorker Journal.*]

On Saturday evening, ten minutes before seven o'clock, Horace Greeley departed. The intelligence of his death will give rise to mourning throughout the land. With the friends, admirers, and party associates of the deceased, the greater part of those who, a short time ago, were his political opponents, will be united to honor his memory, and pay him the tribute of just appreciation.

The American people lose in him one of their best and most capable men, an earnest patriot, a great journalist, and a high-minded friend of humanity. While, for many years, he exercised a mighty influence on public opinion, he has done his country great and memorable services, notwithstanding his manifold errors.

The prominent position which he occupied during the last few months made him liable to numerous and, to him, severe attacks; but it secured for him many new friends, conciliated many former opponents, and, notwithstanding his want of success, gave him the opportunity to secure new and permanent honor, by his activity in favor of harmony and reconciliation. His name will go to posterity as that of one of the best and most distinguished representatives of this country and this age.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

[*From the New York Sunday News.*]

"It is done!" were the last words of Horace Greeley. Nothing left for him to complete—the purpose of his life was fulfilled. He rested from his long labors; he had overcome a world of wrong; the great principles of human rights had, in him, triumphed. His part, at least, was secure. That had gone into history—and now he is entirely historical.

Silence is our safest—surely our deepest and most touching—eloquence, when we stand by the coffin of the recent dead. Yet the heart will speak. It is not of the statesman, the writer, the controversialist, the politician, or the great editor, that we think today.

It is the man, the "good Samaritan," that passed not the wound-

ed by; the kindly neighbor, and the firm, constant friend, that occupies our thought. There, in the lone house of sorrow at Chappaqua, he lies cold and dead this bleak December; but around that house and its orphaned children the warm sympathies of this nation center and speak comforting words to them.

In a few days "his body will be committed to the earth, in the hope of a blessed resurrection." Then it will be timely to estimate his intellectual worth; to describe his characteristics; to enumerate and value his labors in full and in detail.

But, at this moment of his descent into the grave, let us, with heads reverently bent, and breathing low, in silent thought, muse upon "what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," and how the mighty ones fade away from our sight into the world that shall endure forever and ever.

He has an abiding-place in the tenderest memory of this generation, who knew him and esteemed him. But after this generation shall have moldered into the common dust of those who have preceded it, the figure of Horace Greeley will be conspicuous among the line of great Americans that illumine the pages of history, and will be as familiar to coming centuries as that of Samuel Johnson or Benjamin Franklin is to us; and his beloved Chappaqua can not be passed by the traveler, even from foreign lands, without a feeling akin to that which is now awakened in the presence of Sunnyside or Mount Vernon.

THE FIRST JOURNALIST OF AMERICA.

[*From Le Messager Franco-Américain.*]

The death of Mr. Greeley is a national event, not because he was a candidate for the Presidency, but because he was the first journalist of America.

As such he has probably been invested with a greater power, and he exercised, perhaps, a more decisive influence on the destinies of his country than many of the Presidents of the United States. Voltaire has said: "We owe respect to the living; we only owe truth to the dead." This is true as a general thesis.

Nevertheless it happens that, before a tomb which is yet open, recent adversaries, less indulgent, manifest a commiseration, a sudden sympathy for him whom they have vanquished; and they desire to treat him with more consideration than when he was able to defend his own cause. We are among those adversaries.

The principal title to glory of Mr. Greeley is that he has been elevated by his talents and by his honest labor to the rank of the first journalist of the United States. He was able to acquire a large fortune without a suspicion against his integrity.

As a husband and the father of his family he appears to have been worthy of all praise. The ideas of political and social reform which he sustained, his temperate habits, and the simplicity of his tastes, have secured him the title of a philosopher.

THE GREATEST INTEREST EXCITED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

[*From Der Deutsche Correspondent.*]

The death of this prominent journalist and politician has excited the greatest interest throughout the entire country. Both his friends and his opponents, in all places, unite to pay the tribute of esteem to a man, who, if he has frequently erred, has nevertheless earned an honorable position in the memory of his contemporaries and of posterity.

In Horace Greeley there has departed one of the most distinguished citizens of the United States, a man of unusual capacities, rare perseverance, restless energy, and, without doubt, of the most upright principles.

Coming from destitute circumstances, he presented a worthy example of a self-made man, who, in the last Presidential election, appeared as a candidate for the highest office in the republic, and for whose personal character no one can withhold his esteem.

THE GREATEST OF HIS TIME.

[*From the Brooklyn Eagle.*]

His last articulate words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth—it is done," are words which fit the impressions mankind desire to associate with the struggle with the universal enemy—words which could not have been more cheering to the worn and wasted sufferer than hopeful and comforting to his most extraordinarily bereaved children.

The two daughters who survive Mr. Greeley have lost within a month both parents, and lost them under circumstances extremely impressive and afflictive. Those parents were endowed with very great gifts of heart and mind, and both idolized and were idolized by their ingenuous, happy, admirably accomplished, and most affectionate children.

Can condolence compass calamities like unto these? The world which is stunned into wordless pity and grief by such a series of suffering, can best step back and leave the orphans with their dead and with their God. Vain is the help of man, and a hollow inadequacy strikes through his sincerest sympathy.

We only now can think of Mr. Greeley at his best, as the apostle of peace and reconciliation, as the amazing and sincere readjuster of many of the mistakes of his life, as he who at the last gave to mankind what he had devoted to party. His place in history is sure, and will be high.

To-day he is mourned as a great American, and we mistake, if, when reason yields to panegyric, he be found greater than men now regard him, and not to have been the greatest in the time when he rose to the level of peace and good-will, and strove to weld together the hearts of a people, in the division of which he had been probably the mightiest agent of the malign events during the most active part of his life.

NO STAIN UPON HIS MEMORY.

[*From the Newark Advertiser.*]

When a journalist dies the impersonality of the press ceases. Mr. Greeley never claimed that sure hedge and defense of impersonality which other natures, not more sensitive, would assert. He was without personal faults, other than those which appertain to a highly emotional nature. In all the walks of life he went in purity. There is no stain upon his memory, no doubt of the high emprise which dictated every action, and it is with a feeling akin to tears that we record his tragic death, and the high but sacred sorrows that attend it. His strong and robust nature broke under an accumulation of disappointments of personal ambition, and of family and financial disaster. But he leaves a clean name.

No man of heart or true sense of what is noble, manly, generous, and only too confiding in human nature, can have any other emotion on the death of Horace Greeley than one of profound regret for this untimely ending of a noble life, and of honest sympathy with the two heaviest yet proudest mourners, the daughters whom he so loved, and who have borne such fearful bereavement in the loss of both a mother and father at a time when life opened before them with most brilliant promise.

NO SPECK ON HIS CHARACTER.

[*From the Newark Journal.*]

Of Mr. Greeley's life and character it is unnecessary to speak. Little could be said, if indeed a word, which has not already been well said before by those best able to speak. There is not a schoolboy in the land, and certainly no reasonably well-informed adult, who is not familiar with the interesting and instructive story of the New Hampshire printer-boy, who forms the greatest example of self-made men even this nation of self-made men has produced. Looking back over his busy life, and recognizing the great fruits which his commanding natural abilities have ripened into fullness, we fail to see that he was fortunate in a high degree in but one respect. He, a great journalist, and long the recognized opinion of millions of people, for years and years surrounded by temptations and opportunities to barter his talents for unworthy means, for the vile dross that perisheth, came out of the fire of thirty-odd years of public life without so much as a speck on the personal purity of his character. If ever the word "honest" was fitly and justly appended to a public man's name, it was when people spoke of Honest Horace Greeley.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE PEOPLE.

[*From the Newark Register.*]

The nation mourns the dead statesman and editor. Flags fly at half-mast in the principal cities, the New York Stock Exchange, Chamber of Commerce, and various other public-spirited bodies of men publicly recognize the loss which the country has sustained, and the President of the United States himself takes semi-official notice of it by declining an invitation to the reception of one of his Cabinet ministers for this reason. New York is prepared to testify her regret for one who did as much as any other of her citizens to advance her prosperity, and Mr. Greeley's funeral will be the occasion of general and public demonstration of respect, for "a great man has fallen in Israel." He was so perversely uncompromising in the defense of labor as something not entirely at the beck of capital, of manhood apart from its accidents, of the truth at the largest personal sacrifice; in a word, he was such an erratic, simple-minded, and "impracticable" man, with so keen a contempt for claptrap, the main chance and the music of party shackles, that politicians could hardly be expected to love him. But the people will

miss one of their champions, not the less so because he sometimes struck an ill-advised or left-handed blow in their cause. Their friends are few, their flatterers many; the blunt-spoken man that lies in his coffin served them faithfully through a long and useful life; they will not forget him.

MOST HONORABLE OF HIS TIME.

[*From the Boston Courier.*]

The death of Horace Greeley takes from American journalism the most famous of its early leaders, and one of the ablest workers ever enrolled in its ranks. The brief record of his life, which we print elsewhere, gives only a faint idea of the extent and influence of his labors, and the most elaborate review could not well overstate them. He was, moreover, rarely beloved in his profession, and the part he bore in the Presidential canvass so lately closed, despite all the asperities it engendered, has tended to deepen and widen the impression long ago prevailing in narrower circles. The circumstances attending his death are of a nature to awaken sympathy and dull the edge of criticism, but it is safe to say that no man of his generation, not holding exalted office, will occupy a surer or more honorable niche in our country's history than Horace Greeley.

THE FOREMOST REFORMER.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

The sudden death of Horace Greeley will cause a profound sensation throughout the country, the more because of the prominent position he recently occupied as a Presidential candidate. Yet that candidacy scarcely increased his fame. His name had been a household word in the land for almost a generation. He was for more than thirty years one of the busiest men in a busy age. He took an active part in every contest of his time, shrinking from no issue, but dealing his blows manfully for what he believed to be the right. Few men make so much of an impress on the age in which they live. It is perhaps enough to say of him that he made *The New York Tribune* for many years the most influential journal in America, and in the main wielded its influence in behalf of whatever was highest, noblest, and best. By his great talents and remarkable industry he made *The Tribune* a power, and though his journalistic work was the most important of his life, and that for which he will live in his-

tory, this was only one sphere of his mental activity. He was a voluminous, intelligent, and effective writer, having more strength than grace of style, and caring nothing for literary ornament in dealing directly with his subject. He made many warm friends and many bitter enemies. With him there was no such thing as neutrality. He was emphatic in his likes and dislikes, and frank even to bluntness in his expression of them. He lived and worked in the eye of the public, and all his peculiarities and eccentricities were matters of common report. Scarcely a newspaper was published in the country for years which did not contain his name. If an intelligent foreigner had visited New York at any time within the last quarter of a century, and wished to see two or three representative men, one of them would have been the editor of *The Tribune*. He represented his country in the capitals of Europe more constantly, and generally with more wisdom, than our accredited Ministers residing in them. Few Americans were so well known by name in Europe as he. Whatever his political enemies may say of his desire for office, he will be a foolish man who disputes his ability, his zeal, or his honesty. He was a man of large sympathies, which made him frequently the dupe of swindlers. He was impulsive, and this characteristic sometimes led him into uncomfortable situations which men of colder blood and more groveling natures would have avoided. He was always in the van of every true work of reform, but not so far ahead as to lose the support of the main army. He seems to have been a man of excellent common sense, not seeking the glory or the notoriety of martyrdom, taking the best attainable advantage with equanimity, and never losing his confidence in his cause or in humanity. He was equally disliked by the fossil Conservatives, who are always holding back the progress of the age, and the one-idea Radicals, who are never satisfied without tearing down that which is established. The Garrisonian Abolitionists were always complaining of him, though he did more to abolish slavery in this country than any of them. The slaveholders abused him, but his was the wisest conservatism; and recent events have shown that he entertained the broadest views of the great issue which divided the country so long, and to which he contributed the larger part of his public life. Had Mr. Greeley been a mere money-getter, he might have become immensely rich. Had he been a mere partisan, he might have enjoyed the highest political honors. He cared little for money and nothing for office except upon his own terms.

He was too generous to hoard wealth, and too independent to rest easy in the shackles of a party. He had faults of temper and judgment. If he had not made mistakes in a life of work so constant, so zealous, and so public, he would have been more than human. Like Martin Luther, he was a born controversialist; every contest he engaged in was an earnest one, and he always handled his subject without gloves. His private life was pure and above reproach. His service to his country, including his great labor in behalf of liberty, justice, and education, was rounded and completed by his last equally important service in the work of reconciliation between the sections. He was fortunate in his opportunity for applying the healing balsam to the wounds caused by the civil war, and in winning the confidence and esteem of those who had all their lives blindly opposed him. Though defeated for President, he triumphed in the work of reconciliation, and his country will be the happier hereafter because of the part he took in that work. His life's work was done; and among those who rest from their labors is no truer man, none more faithful to his convictions of right, or more indefatigable in working for them, than Horace Greeley, "Founder of *The New York Tribune.*"

GREAT IN PUBLIC WORTH AND NOBLE IN PRIVATE VIRTUE.

[*From the Boston Post.*]

The death of Horace Greeley, which is imminent, and may have already occurred ere this meets the reader's eye, will be a real misfortune to the nation. The causes of so mournful an event are no secret.

Between Mr. Greeley and his late wife there existed the most intimate affection and sympathy, and during the long, weary days and nights of her last illness he watched at her bedside with such sleepless fidelity that even his robust constitution gave way under the effort.

It was exhaustion and grief, consequent upon his devotion and love for the partner of his struggles and successes, which brought him to the bed from which, probably, he will never rise again; and while the succeeding political defeat may have added somewhat to the heaviness of his burden, in the presence of death his bitterest enemies will scarcely ascribe his decease to the disappointment of an unworthy ambition.

The passing away of a man of Mr. Greeley's character and ser-

vices must soften the harsh judgments of his later public course, which were so freely bestowed during the recent campaign; beside his coffin all asperities must pass away, all differences must be forgotten, all voices of blame must be hushed, and those who railed most bitterly against him but yesterday, must to-day yield the homage which his purity, his bold and self-abnegating honesty, his brave warfare against corruption, his dauntless and unconquerable perseverance, and his great ability deserve.

Even the causes and manner of this distinguished man's death must command the reverential respect of every man and woman in the land. He was a martyr, not to political ambition, not to vainglorious self-seeking, but to those precious domestic affections which are the crowning virtue of American homes. He loved faithfully, and died for his love.

The spectacle of death by a broken heart—a heart broken for the sake of the purest and most sacred of affections, is not so common among the great of the earth but that the nation may well pause to honor it, and to cast garlands upon the grave of one who, if not chosen to be the ruler of the people, was the devoted and affectionate father of a loving home.

In the campaign, Mr. Greeley bore himself as one convinced, and proud in the conviction, that he was right, and that he represented a great and good cause; and so, departing from custom, he appeared in public, and delivered a series of addresses so broad and statesmanlike, so full of dignity, so enhanced in their power by the earnest accents of conscientious truth, that they will be remembered long after his candidacy shall have passed into obscure tradition.

If there is or can be a consolation for the decease of Horace Greeley, it is that now no obstacle will remain to the universal recognition of his great public worth and his noble private virtues. His clear and industrious brain, his kind, benevolent heart, his active sympathy for the suffering, his eloquent indignation at injustice, his homely truth and honor, his genial nature, the strength of his friendships, the pertinacity and purity of his aims, the high ideals for which he strove in every department of life, and the touching significance of his too early departure from earth, will embalm his memory in the grateful reverence and respect of his countrymen among the ever-increasing roll of their illustrious dead.

GREAT IN HIS GENERATION.

[*From the Boston Transcript.*]

Preëminent as a journalist, he was in many ways a distinguished American, and one who, as a thinker and writer, exerted no small or narrow influence on his generation.

His weakness wherein he was weak, and his strength wherein he was strong, were alike patent; and the recollections of his busy life, almost every hour of which was autobiographical, either in present activities or recorded reminiscences, are nearly as vivid to the public as they were to himself.

For the much there was in him of noble struggle and endeavor, of generous impulse, indomitable industry, capacity for unremitting labor, wide and varied information, rare gifts of expression and diction as a writer, he was honored while living and will be honored in the memory cherished of his exceptionally remarkable career.

His sudden decease is something very sad, and suggests of itself comments no words are needed to express. He died of overwork, severely tried in many respects, and from a prodigal expenditure of vital force, the fatal effects of which could not be avoided even by the greatest simplicity and temperance in caring for the body so constantly taxed by the toiling brain and nervous excitement.

His countrymen, of all sections and parties, will join the host of his mourning friends in recalling the numerous bright, instructive, beneficent, and efficient portions of his years of faithful enforcement of what he believed to be for the good of his kind, and unite with them in sincere regret for the loss of one whose large claims to esteem and affection are beyond all cavil.

THE CROMWELL OF HIS TIME.

[*From the Philadelphia Inquirer.*]

"Horace Greeley died at fifty minutes past six o'clock this evening. He was conscious at the time, and his passing away was peaceful."

In those words the telegraph last night flashed over the country, over the ocean and the world, the death of one of America's foremost, most honored, useful citizens—the Cromwell of his time, surged up from the depths of our noble Democracy to lead vast reforms along the way to success, to smite great blows against human slavery, and, not blessing as he smote, to witness its downfall; to see the land it disgraced forever free from its accursed influences.

That was the work that his strong hands and brave heart and wise brain were set to do, and that was the work that, under a beneficent Providence, they accomplished.

Dead, at sixty-one, and as noble duty as man ever did, nobly discharged. If during these later days disappointments, sorrow, and pain touched him sorely, in the infinite mercy of God they were all swept aside at the end, and his passing away was full of peace.

There is no American journalist, sincerely honoring the profession of journalism, who will not find in the announcement of the demise of Horace Greeley cause for the profoundest regret; there is no American citizen honoring the lives of those who have made the country strong and great who can regard the death of Horace Greeley with any feeling inseparable from sorrow.

He was the head and front of wise, reliable, honest journalism; he was the first of living journalists. He was a statesman, a patriot, and a humanitarian. A great man; great in his wisdom, in his honesty, in his devotion to his fellow-men.

At the last, an unsuccessful man. Possibly. But who can say that? The ambition of his last days was honorable to him, as it was honorable to his country that a man who had fought his own way from abject poverty to such aspirations as his had been born to and reared by it.

There was no dishonor in his failing to reach the goal for which he tried. He made his best endeavor, and having done that he could have waited had he lived, and now being dead his memory can wait for the wise future to decide whether he was right or wrong in seeking to be President.

We can not praise such a man. What he has done puts to shame the weakness of what we may say. In his "Recollections of a Busy Life," he said that he should like, after he was gone away to his rest, to have it remembered that he established *The Tribune*. That was to keep his memory green among his countrymen.

He might also have said to keep it always in greater reverence. Like all men who do their work well, no matter what their work may be, he knew that he had done this well, and in his wise sincerity he asked that he might be kept in recollection by it.

To appreciate it all, we must recognize the service to country and to mankind that the journal he founded did during the thirty-one busy years in which he made its policy and controlled its affairs.

There was no reform suggested that it seemed wise to him to

favor that he did not favor in the columns of *The Tribune;* there was no improvement projected for the mechanical department of a great newspaper which was not given a trial in the mechanical department of *The Tribune;* there was no public enterprise, no scheme of charity or Christianity planned for the good of mankind that was not helped by *The Tribune;* there was no question of politics or statecraft that it did not fairly and intelligently discuss; and, while it neglected no minor issues of the time during all the period of its existence, it fought Slavery with such power, skill, and honesty that Slavery was abolished, and by no means more surely than by the indignant protest of humanity created against it by *The Tribune.*

For thirty-one years he was *The Tribune.* He stamped upon it indelibly his strong personality of thought and feeling. As a writer he was vigorous, lucid, and convincing; not always polished, yet always forcible.

His editorial utterances bristled with thought and fact, and, however they may have erred in judgment, they still commanded attention by reason of their author's established integrity of purpose.

He was too pure a statesman to be a good politician, too frank a man to command the sympathy or support of partisans. He placed great reliance upon the honesty of others, and was often deceived by them. But unto the last he kept his simple faith in the truth of mankind. In his death journalism has lost its ablest representative; the country an honest, wise patriot; humanity a true friend.

ALWAYS A SINCERE MAN.

[*From the Philadelphia Ledger.*]

The intelligence of the decease of Horace Greeley will be received with deep regret throughout the entire country, for his fame was commensurate with the extent of the American Republic.

It was not even limited by that, as he was widely known abroad as one of the ablest, most conspicuous, and influential of American journalists. It is not improbable, now that he has been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, that he may be remembered mainly in some remote countries in that relation; but within the limits of our own country his memory will be chiefly connected with his character as a great editor, and as the founder of a newspaper which he made at one time a power within the lines of the parties with which he acted.

Mr. Greeley was truly a great journalist. As a writer he was remarkable for the vigor and transcendent ability with which he discussed all questions that he made the subject of his pen.

In everything that he wrote and published he presented his peculiar ideas and turn of thought with such clearness and cogency as to have the most convincing power with those of the same general leanings, and to make their aggressive force felt by his adversaries.

Although he has been represented as being a waverer at times, halting unsteadily between two opinions, and even changing front at important political crises, it is nevertheless the fact that he was always able to give clear and forcible reasons for his course on these occasions, and that, upon nearly all other occasions, no one adhered more steadily to what he regarded as the cardinal principles of his political life.

Mr. Greeley, in his private relations, was one of the most amiable and kindly-hearted of men. His closest friends were warmly attached to him, and while his decease will be almost universally regretted by those who did not know him personally, the sorrow of those who were near to him will be very deep indeed.

THE BEST KNOWN OF AMERICANS.

[*From the Fireside Companion.*]

Before these lines will fall under the eye of the reader, the sad news of Mr. Greeley's death will have traversed the circuit of the globe, and be known, not only to his own countrymen, but to the inhabitants of every land which has any contact or communication with civilization. It was a common saying that Mr. Greeley was the best known man in America; it would be hazarding little to assert that he was the best known of all living Americans everywhere. This was due, not to any charlatanry or effort of his own to foist himself upon the world's attention, but to great talents, profound sympathy with all the hopes and fears and struggles of his fellow-man, and unwearied labors to promote those arts and habits by which national welfare and individual comfort and happiness are increased.

In his personal history, Mr. Greeley has left a precious legacy to all coming generations. Born in obscurity and poverty, he rose solely by virtuous industry and economy. Occupying for many years an exalted position, he bore himself as the humblest, and no man, however poor or unknown, was ever abashed by an assumption

in Mr. Greeley's dress or demeanor. His generosity was proverbial, and the prudence and economy of his own personal expenditure enabled him to lend a helping hand to many whose necessities arose from their own imprudence, but who did not meet with a refusal on this account. Among the thousands who will mourn for him, there will be few who have not in some way benefited by his labors, and his friends have the sweet consolation in knowing that the world is truly better for his having lived in it.

A LOVER OF HIS FELLOW-MEN.

[*From the Albany Times.*]

We can not add one word to the already written history of Horace Greeley. It is known to every reading man and woman in the land. His eventful career calmly closed at Pleasantville on Friday night at ten minutes before seven o'clock. He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, Feb. 3, 1811, and was, therefore, not quite sixty-two years old. His history is written up to the hour of his death. He was a man of integrity and unquestioned ability. In these he was truly great. That he was always right in his views and positions can not be assumed, because that would make him something more than human. That he always sought to be right is undoubtedly true. Added to his intellectual greatness was a simplicity of character that made his life exemplary and commendable. He has marked the age in which he lived. For forty years he has been one of the most intense brain-workers in the country. He has lived in a world of active thought and active work. He has written much in addition to his labors in connection with the great newspaper which he founded, and which became almost inseparable from his name. He has not lived wholly for himself or for the present, but for his race and for the future, and we are pained to know that his death will cause a void not readily to be filled. Mr. Greeley was a lover of country, a lover of liberty, and, above all, a lover of his fellow-men.

It was his active brain and comprehensive intellect that made the Republican party. He made it and gave it victory; but when he conceived that its leaders were untrue to the cause of liberty, justice, and right, in which he had sought to mold and sustain that party, he turned against them and sought to keep inviolate the faith that was in him. It was no party action on the part of Mr. Greeley. He had no party ambition to gratify. It was a conviction of duty

which he could not put off, nor would not if he could. We are not to stand over his open grave and discuss whether his conceptions of duty were right or wrong. We leave that for history to decide. To our view they were eminently right, to the views of others they were all wrong; but whether right or wrong, they were honestly entertained by Horace Greeley, and no human influence could deter him from acting in obedience to their demands.

But the scene has now closed. The long years of party conflict are over, and all the bitterness of party feeling must cease. His has been a life of astonishing activity and boldness of purpose. That he has done much good, no one can or will deny. That he has sought to be the benefactor of his race—that he has sought to make men better and truer in their lives and conduct, admits of no doubt. If he has done wrong, let that be interred with his remains.

A GREAT-HEARTED MAN.

[*From the Syracuse Standard.*]

The greatest editor America has produced is dead. Horace Greeley is no more. Peaceful was his end, and profound will be the grief of his countrymen. The asperities of the recent political contest will be forgotten, and men of all parties will hasten to do homage to the memory of the illustrious departed.

Since journalism has been elevated to the dignity of a profession, it has had no worthier or more stalwart representative than he who for thirty years controlled the columns of *The Tribune*, and educated the masses into habits of correct thought and wise action.

There have been, indeed, more versatile and enterprising journalists than Mr. Greeley; there have been men of more classic culture, and, perhaps, of more varied information.

There have been better newspapers than *The Tribune;* but there has been no journal which has wider influence than it, as there has been no editor to compare with Mr. Greeley in sincerity of purpose and directness of expression.

A wrong, or that which he deemed to be a wrong, he pierced through and through with weapons of logic, invective, and ridicule, until it became a thing of shreds and patches. He had an object in everything he did.

He saw the weak points in his adversary's case and exposed them, with nothing of remorse, and, perhaps, little of delicacy. He thoroughly believed in his mission as a teacher. Clear-sighted, sa-

gacious, earnest, he saw and attacked an evil before the majority of the citizens had learned that there was aught in it save good.

He had convictions, and he uttered them as fearlessly, as conscientiously. Journalism is apt to destroy convictions. It never had this effect upon Mr. Greeley. In a certain sense, he was a one-sided man, as believing that his side was the right side.

He comprehended, in order that he might the clearer argue, all that could be urged against his views of public policy and public justice; but this comprehension never conquered him; it but nerved him to fortify his own case.

He wrested from an enemy all his fallacies, and, in the consciousness of his own assured strength, held them up to public ridicule. He scorched them with invective; he crushed them with sarcasm; he annihilated them with facts.

A great editor is not alone a man of convictions, of courage, and of tenacity of will. He must be able to enunciate those convictions, to vindicate that courage, to exemplify that tenacity of will through terse methods of expression.

He must wield the pen of the ready writer. This Mr. Greeley did. No purer English than his has been written; epigrammatic when necessary; resolute as occasion required, often eloquent, always vigorous, nervous, emphatic.

When Mr. Greeley said anything the people knew what he meant. There was with him no twisting of sentences, no burying of ideas beneath flowers of rhetoric, no prevarications, no tautologies, no doubtful construction of words. Blunt he was, but never finical.

Honest thought through him found honest modes of enunciation. He never excused the defects of systems, and rarely apologized for the foibles of men.

He might be mistaken, but the integrity of his opinions was never seriously questioned by any American until within the last few months, when he was subjected to a storm of calumny and abuse which hesitated not to affirm the insincerity of his political faith.

Up to the hour when he became a candidate for high civic trust, the country trusted him, and a majority of his fellow-citizens implicitly followed him; for he was both pioneer and crusader.

In the long-drawn struggle between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery forces, Mr. Greeley was unquestionably the leader of the

latter. In the fore-front of the battle, his plume was ever waving; above the din of the conflict rose his clarion voice of command.

He had the largest hearing of any man in the land. His words, read in stately and refined homes, scattered in the houses of the lowly, devoured in the cabins on the frontier, became the inspiration of thousands. They aroused and concentrated public sentiment.

If the curse of slavery has been removed from the Republic, thank many earnest men for it, but thank, chief of all, Horace Greeley. He was the captain of the army which vanquished the demon. He was our St. George who slew the dragon.

Domestic afflictions had unnerved him before the election. Tenderly watching by the death-bed of his wife, he refused sleep, and watched unceasing to the end. Then came the political misfortune, involving much of trial and something of mortification.

Though he seemed to bear up bravely, and reassumed his chair in *The Tribune* with manly philosophy, he must have keenly realized the shadow that had fallen upon his hearthstone and the blight that had fallen upon his ambition.

Over his shattered hopes we would draw the vail. We do not desire to enumerate his faults of disposition or his errors of judgment. He had these in common with his kind.

We but enumerate his virtues, for, in comparison with them, his faults were but as spots upon the sun. A great-hearted man is gone; the labors of a chivalric spirit are ended. A nation speaks his eulogy.

A GREAT-SOULED MAN.

[*From the Rochester Union and Advertiser.*]

The halcyon days of the nation are darkened for the moment by the shade of gloom. The reverent voice of autumnal thanksgiving is choked by the sobbings of grief. Death has stricken down one of our ablest and noblest citizens. It is as if the simoom had singled out the mightiest oak of the forest and blighted it with its noxious breath. In the midst of his usefulness, and at the not over-ripe age of sixty-one, Horace Greeley has suddenly closed his earthly career. A deep and inexpressible sadness attaches to all the details of this event. Mr. Greeley had led a life of strict rectitude and untiring industry. His indomitable energy had been devoted almost entirely to the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-men. The whole aim of his life had been to make the country more prosperous and mankind better. His eminent public services had, long before his

death, become matters of historical record. He was a man of great soul—of genial, generous heart. In every species of social and political reform his had been a leader's part. He has made a record that will outlive his country's history, while the insects which have stung him to death are mere ephemera. The story of Mr. Greeley's life and public services is familiar to every school-boy, and need not be recited here. The future reader of history will pass his eccentricities by and take cognizance only of his great deeds and sterling virtues.

GREAT AND GENEROUS.

[*From the Elmira Gazette.*]

The great, generous heart of Horace Greeley is stilled. Done the work—finished the course—ended life's long and busy contest. When the record of the year fast closing is made by the historian, then will be written on the annals of 1872, teeming with memorable events, the deaths of two men, illustrious in the self-same avocation or profession in life. The year is marked by the deaths of James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley, eminent editors and builders of two most successful journals. Associated with the death of the latter are incidents which invest his departure from the active scenes of life with a peculiar interest. Conspicuous for nearly half a century, by the course of events, he was brought within the last few months by his Presidential candidacy into especial prominence. That he comported himself with a nobility of mind and spirit, during that exciting period, is attested by the praise of even those who opposed him, and higher still he rose in the respect, admiration, and affection even of that great portion of the American people who believe in the great principles he represented so bravely and well. As we are prouder to-day of that six months' fight for his success and the supremacy of the principles at stake, so our heart is the more oppressed with sorrow now that the chieftain who so gallantly carried forward the banner sleeps low in death.

THE FRIEND OF THE MILLION.

[*From the Utica Observer.*]

After an unusually severe and stormy struggle with the world for nearly sixty-two years, Horace Greeley, founder of *The New York Tribune*, one of the few giants of American history, is peaceably at rest. The announcement of his death will come to the millions of

our people with more of pain, perhaps, than could the tidings of the loss of any other man in the nation, for he was all American, a thoroughly representative Republican citizen, a pattern of the possible product of free institutions and self-culture to whom we could all point with pride. He left no American of such commanding stature behind him.

Mr. Greeley will be missed by the millions because he has been conspicuously the friend of the millions. Constantly on the alert, armed at all points, and almost irresistible in strength, he looked forth from the tower of his mind, seeking opportunities to succor the oppressed and distressed of all colors, races and creeds. His knightly humanity will be embalmed in the memory of men when many a statesman and warrior, now regarded as the exclusive property of fame, are forgotten.

HIS GREATEST LESSON.

[*From the Utica Herald.*]

The busy life of Horace Greeley has ended in tragedy. Disease made a plaything of his iron constitution. His strong mind, which never before yielded one inch to excitement or depression, glided quickly under a cloud from which it never emerged. The unheralded death is made the more terribly solemn and significant by the events which foreran and precipitated it. A great people, who have stood to him for thirty years in the relation of pupil to instructor, will find itself to-day a sorrowful, sympathizing, aghast, and thoughtful community of mourners. There is sorrow at their own great loss. There is sympathy for bereaved friends, whose numbers are narrowed within the pale of no family circle. Mingled with and almost overshadowing these feelings are those others, which read instinctively and unerringly, in the story of this life and this death, the lesson which most of all we needed as a people to learn—the lesson which, if Horace Greeley shall have thoroughly taught it to us in his dying, will come in time to stand as the greatest of the many great services he did for the people among whom and for whom he lived and labored.

A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN.

[*From the Buffalo Courier.*]

There is something inexpressibly sad in the circumstances attending Mr. Greeley's death. It is but a few days since he laid his wife

in her grave; and following close after that came his defeat for the Presidency.

Mr. Greeley was preëminently a representative American. His life was a splendid illustration of the beneficence of our institutions, and of the generous possibilities which they scatter in the pathway of every citizen. Sprung from the humblest walks of life, and without any adventitious aids to success, he achieved a position second to none in the land.

With comparatively few of the graces of scholarship, he became famous in a profession which embraces all the departments of human learning, and lays them all under contribution. In doing this he relied chiefly upon strong logic, and a vigorous use of rugged English to express rugged ideas. As a journalist, Mr. Greeley excelled in strength rather than grace.

His style was Gothic rather than Ionic, and his character was in many respects like it. Of course we can not undertake a direct analysis of such a character now, and we very much doubt if such an analysis be needed at all. The American people probably knew Mr. Greeley better than any public man of the time.

His name, his ideas, and even his eccentricities, have become familiar through nearly half a century of daily labor in their behalf; and now that he has so suddenly passed away, it is the most affecting tribute which can be paid to his memory to say of him—what can be truly said—that the great body of the people feel that they have lost a friend.

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

[*From the Troy Press.*]

On Christmas night of 1871 the writer of this article sat beside Horace Greeley at Steinway Hall, New York City, where was being given Handel's great oratorio of "The Messiah." During the major part of the performance he sat apparently lost in thought, if not in a doze, and seemingly oblivious to all that was going on.

But when Miss Kellogg appeared and sang the great soprano solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," he raised up, his face was suffused with joy, his bright eye was dimmed with a tear, and he listened with that steady and intense earnestness so peculiar to him when interested.

When it was finished no hands more loudly applauded than his, no face beamed forth such great satisfaction, and he murmured to

himself those grandest of all the words of the world, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then again came the absent, preoccupied look, nor did it change until Miss Sterling sang the contralto recitative, "Then shall come to pass that which is written: Death shall be swallowed up in victory," when the same joyous look of satisfaction lighted up the face no one could look upon and not love.

A few days ago he turned wearily on his bed of pain, and the old light came back as he muttered, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" a few hours more, and "It is done." Death was swallowed up in victory — the victory of a lifetime, fighting for the right over wrong; for truth over error; for reason over prejudice; for peace and love over war and hate—the victory of a well-spent life, entitling a soul to life eternal after death. This is his victory, and he needs no eulogy or monument. The heart-beat of the nation is the one, the imprint of our footsteps on the face of time the other—more lasting than marble, more enduring than brass.

HE HAS JUST BEGUN TO LIVE.

[*From the Springfield Republican.*]

"The country is gone, *The Tribune* is gone, and I am gone!" If we may credit a New York paper, these were the last rational words of Horace Greeley.

Perhaps he really uttered them; perhaps he did not. As a rule, the last words of distinguished men belong in the Apocrypha. There are exceptions, however, and we are inclined to put this down as one of them. Both sentiment and language are so natural that we have little difficulty in accepting them as authentic. Mr. Greeley, like many other men of the same temperament, was lacking in the equal mind. Ardent and sanguine in whatever he undertook, he was ever prone to magnify a reverse into a rout. He was eminently susceptible to moral panics; the first frost of ill-fortune set him shivering; the first outset of calamity was apt to take him off his feet. After a while he pricked himself up again, and renewed the fight as hopefully as ever. Doubtless he would have done so in this instance if disappointment had not been reinforced by disease; if the soul had had the rugged, indomitable physique of former years to fall back upon. Yet the disappointment, by itself, would have been very hard to bear. Mr. Greeley loved his country truly and deeply. He was American through and through. *The Tribune* was his first-born child, and dear to him as the apple

of his eye. He was ambitious for himself also; his nature craved appreciation; knowing that he deserved well of his fellow-citizens, that he had done them good service, that it was in him to do greater things yet if only the chance were offered, he was restless and uneasy for some conspicuous mark of their confidence. He desired recognition for the past and opportunity for the future. In his nomination for the Presidency he saw both. His sanguine temperament asserted itself; he discounted success and reveled in dreams of an Administration that was to be made memorable for justice, for honesty, for kindly feeling, for common-sense statesmanship, for abuses corrected, for benefits conferred upon a tranquilized and reunited nation. The waking-up would have been very bitter at the best. Add shattered nerves to shattered hopes, and what more natural than that the great editor, sick unto death, should cry out that everything is gone—the country, *The Tribune*, himself?

But God forbid that we should mistake this passionate cry, wrung from a worn-out and disappointed man lying upon his death-bed, for a true statement of the fact. We can see what those filming eyes could not. We know that nothing is gone. The country? Its forehead is still glistering with the dews of its mighty youth. It has survived the Washingtons and Jeffersons and Franklins; it will survive the statesmen and patriots upon whom in our generation their mantles have fallen. It has survived the Burrs and Yanceys and Slidells; it will survive the Camerons and Mortons and Butlers.

The Tribune? Mr. Greeley's death is undoubtedly a severe blow to it. But no one need fear or hope that the blow will prove fatal. A great newspaper is not killed so easily. It has a wonderful vitality. It acquires an individuality, a life of its own quite apart from and independent of that of its creator. It develops distinctive traits; it accumulates traditions; it gathers around it a clientage of readers; it becomes the owner of that most intangible but most valuable of all properties—a "good will." The death of Mr. Greeley will no more kill *The Tribune* than that of Mr. Raymond did the *Times*, or that of Mr. Bennett did the *Herald*. The money interests at stake are of themselves an ample guarantee that so valuable a property will not be allowed to run down for the want of proper care and management. Then, with all its foibles and mistakes, *The Tribune* represents, and is generally recognized as representing, the best elements in our national character and life—the moral earnest-

ness, the advanced thought, the instinct of progress, the openness to new ideas, the propaganda of social and political reform. It is this that has made it the greatest of American newspapers. Let it preserve the character stamped upon it by its dead founder, let it be true to the traditions he has bequeathed to it, and the best writers in the country will be attracted to it by the law of moral gravitation. The late Henry J. Raymond once complained to a radical friend of the trouble he had in finding men who united conservatism with an ability to write good leaders. "All the clever fellows," he said, "are on your side." He hit the nail on the head, too. The clever fellows, the men of brains and earnestness and ambition, are always and everywhere on the side of progress. We expect presently to see *The Tribune* a better newspaper than Mr. Greeley ever made it, or could have made it. The times demand a new journalism, differing in several important respects from the old. As a personal, partisan journalist, he does not leave his equal behind him. He constantly put himself into his paper; he could not help it. Old *Tribune* readers and his brother journalists everywhere will miss him sadly. But after a little we shall look to see the paper thrive all the better for the removal of this overshadowing personality.

* * * * Horace Greeley? He is only beginning to live. Every year now will add to his power; will round and heap the measure of his fame. The mistakes which marred his work are already half forgotten; the work itself remains, and will remain forever—an indefeasible possession, an imperishable monument.

So, too, the foibles, the weaknesses, the pettinesses which obscured his character scale off now and drop out of sight. The man himself is coming into view at last—the real Horace Greeley, with his great active brain and tender heart, his grand hatred of wrong and charity for the wrong-doer, his restless benevolence, and his warm human interest in everything appertaining to humanity. As the years pass he will loom up taller and taller. He did not need the Presidency for a pedestal, though he thought he did. That was his mistake. The office might have belittled him; it could not have added a cubit to his stature in the remembrance of his countrymen or in the history of his country. It is pleasant now to remember that his last words to us, while yet in health of body and mind, were of forgiveness and love. It is pleasant to believe that by that brighter light which now shines upon him he has already

discovered how sadly he misjudged in supposing anything was gone, or lost, or destroyed—that he already sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

> "His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest.
> His name a great example stands, to show
> How strangely high endeavors may be blest."

A GOOD MAN AND A TRUE PATRIOT.

[*From the Hartford Times.*]

Mr. Greeley may not have been the greatest, but he was undeniably the most remarkable man in the United States. Nor is it easy to designate any survivor who is his superior, on the whole, in intellectual ability. His character was a very peculiar one. To a singularly transparent sincerity and simplicity of his nature, he added a native shrewdness, in many things, which was scarcely less remarkable. Generous to a fault, he would share his last dollar with the seedy-looking adventurer who intruded upon his privacy and his busy work to solicit pecuniary aid; and the next moment he might make "a blue streak" with the vitriolic and not over-particular emphasis of his disapproval of some blunder, or oversight of the printers or office attachés. His organ of what the phrenologists would call "perfectiveness"—the requirement of neatness, order, and a symmetrical and harmonious relation of the various parts of a piece of work—must have been, incredible as the statement may appear to those who judge him by the chronic disarray of his own garments, a marked and distinctive element in his strange and eccentric character. This desire for perfection, never to be gratified in any mortal work, was conspicuously manifested by Mr. Greeley throughout his busy life, in two things—and both were part of the great newspaper with which his name is inseparably associated. One was an impulse to infuse his own written articles, even the plainest, coarsest, and most brawny of them, with a certain governing law and spirit of æsthetic correctness and symmetry; and the other was to make *The Tribune* the neatest and most symmetrically arranged sheet, in the manner of its mechanical arrangements, of any paper in the land. In both points he succeeded. Even his more colloquial writings are admirable specimens of terse English, developing what we may call the most distinctive American spirit; and *The Tribune's* orderly and symmetrical arrangement of its various departments is

one of the features in which Greeley has stamped his own impress upon that journal.

We do not care now to dissect or discuss Horace Greeley as a character, or even as a power in American politics. He wielded as wide and strong an influence as any man in the country. And this, too, in the face of his erratic championship of strange and unpopular ideas. He was a good man and a patriot at heart, and he was the most unselfish of men. We have found him a vigorous foeman, whose blows were not to be despised. In the newer phase of our political affairs we have recognized him as an honest man and a patriot. He has been shamefully maligned, but he will be prized now that he is gone; and he will have his wish—his monument will bear this inscription:

HORACE GREELEY,
Founder of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

A NATION HIS MOURNER.

[*From the Washington Chronicle.*]

The enmities of party are buried out of sight; its storm of passion is hushed. Republican, Liberal, and Democrat alike, remember only that the great journalist, whose name is so closely identified with the country, and whose journal is known wherever the nation is known, is dead. Thus suddenly and unexpectedly to the country closes the life of one of the most industrious and untiring of men. The nation would not make him President, but it will attend as a mourner at his grave. It did not see its interest in gratifying his darling ambition, but it is ready to believe that he meant well for the country when he consented to place himself in a position that his old friends believed fraught with a peril not apparent to him. Of the illustrious trio who have figured so largely in the political history of New York and the nation, two have passed away within a very short interval. The third (Mr. Weed), forgetting all the bitterness of an alienation that has continued for a few years, hastened to the death-bed of his old friend to tell him that there was nothing but love in the heart of the living toward the dying. With heavy heart we turn away from the stiffening form to meet as we may the duties that are imposed.

HIS PLACE SECURE ON THE ROLLS OF FAME.

[*From the Baltimore American.*]

If the lessons of an untiring industry, of an honorable ambition,

of a brain that never ceased to plan, and a hand that was never stayed from executing until the forerunner of death palsied their activity, are worth anything to men who dream of success in life and reward in heaven, there will be few who will not pause this day to study the story of the existence that has vanished from among us, and to sorrow that it is ended on earth. There was not an American boy or girl who had stepped over the threshold of the primary school that had not heard of Horace Greeley. There was not a youth

> "Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet,"

and cherishing noble longings for a brave and righteous voyage down the current of life, with the prizes of labor and honor beckoning him onward, who had not read the history of those years that were begun in wearisome toil on the ungrateful fields of New Hampshire, and ended in the possession of the power of guiding, and largely helping to control, a vast public influence. It has been said that Mr. Greeley was the best known man in America. The fact is both a testimony to his substantial qualities of greatness, which created the admiration and respect of his country, and to those peculiar mental characteristics which gave him a reputation for eccentricity, and inspired that curiosity which greedily swallowed all the details of his life.

As the chief exponent of that journalism which seeks to make the newspaper a safe guide and director of opinion on political, moral, and social topics, Mr. Greeley holds a secure place on the rolls of fame. Every man of average intellect can comprehend the inherent power, resolution, and industry required to build up *The Tribune*. While that lasts Mr. Greeley has a more worthy and enduring monument than any that might be wrought in marble or in bronze. It is the living and proud testimonial of his life. In every line that it sends forth to the world, in the click of each type that falls into its printer's hands, in each revolution of its presses, there speaks the voice that preserves his memory green and precious. He created and wielded a mighty power, in the exercise of which he stood fully in the fierce light of criticism and controversy. There was not an atom of moral cowardice in his body. As an editor, who never became disheartened when some good end was to be served through his instrumentality, he invited attack and returned its shafts with an inexhaustible vigor. No man could crowd

more into life than he did. Rest was almost unknown to him. His active mind spurred him at a race-horse speed through life, and gave him no respite. The teeming brain, the busy fancies, and the toiling hands are all alike laid to rest now, and bending reverently above his grave, we can pluck from it the deathless flowers of lessons of industry, honesty, and energy that shall bloom forever, and be fragrant to the multitudes who shall take example from him.

ONE OF HIS COUNTRY'S GREAT MEN.

[*From the Providence Journal.*]

The tidings of Mr. Greeley's unexpected death have fallen upon the country with startling suddenness, and have everywhere awakened a feeling of public loss. He had long been conspicuous as a journalist, a politician, and reformer, and had wielded a power over public opinion equaled by that of few other men of his time.

But in addition to this, and in addition to the very wide extent to which the American people had become familiar with his character, his opinions and habits of life, he had just been standing before them as a candidate for the highest office of the Republic.

Every citizen, since the present month began, has been called to give a judgment for or against his election to the Presidency, and now to learn that he has so soon been cut down by death, makes a deep impression on every mind. Whether accepted or rejected as a candidate, he stood among those who, by common consent, have been pronounced the great men of the country.

In the midst of the excitement attending the Presidential election, though probably not till his defeat was well-nigh certain, it became plain that his wife would never rise from her sick-bed.

Mr. Greeley immediately betook himself to her side, and there devoted his entire attention, by night and by day, to her care and comfort till the melancholy end came. Her death and his own overwhelming political defeat came nearly together. They found him with strength exhausted, with digestion impaired, and with his nervous system thoroughly disordered.

It was confidently hoped that he would soon rally and be restored to his accustomed strength. But it has been otherwise ordained, and he has passed from among the living almost at the very moment when his name is upon all lips, and his remarkable career is especially familiar to all minds.

The circumstances in which his death has taken place make it an

event of world-wide interest, while the fact that it was caused by the sacrifices which domestic affection prompted him to make, will awaken a respect for the man and the husband such as the journalist and the politician alone could not have commanded.

INTENSELY A REPUBLICAN.

[*From the Providence Press.*]

The decease of such a man is a national calamity. Identified as he has been with everything ennobling and progressive for the country; bold and courageous to strike the wrong with the strength of a Hercules; a true patriot; an able journalist; a warm-hearted philanthropist; a tender and sincere friend and benefactor of the poor, his death brings sadness to all, and kindles in every honorable heart a regret that the world is called to suffer such a loss. The fiat was inexorable; the best, the strongest, and those most needed and most endeared must bow to the decree of displacement, and accept this great condition of existence.

His life, so eventful, was purely an American life, and only the genius of our institutions could have brought it to such a development. He was intensely a republican after the American model. To him the purity, the simplicity, the beneficence of our institutions were vital to the prosperity of the country. While he builded all upon the citizen and his divine endowment of inalienable rights, he, nevertheless, claimed for the State all of power requisite to make sacred the law, demanding only equal rights, equal privileges, and equal responsiblities for all. Politically, his whole life confers upon him the just title of a Democratic Republican. He believed in a State where the citizen retained the largest liberty, and granted the same to every other citizen.

In the advocacy and defense of these views he became one of the ablest journalists, if not the ablest, in this country. *The Tribune* is his monument—a noble and appropriate one. From its columns he has spoken to the American people and to the civilized world, and his words have carried conviction to the public mind. He has been as honest, brave, and truthful to himself and his principles, through those columns, as he has been fair, just, and able. His ripe experience in journalism was based upon a princely mental endowment, and a great and varied culture. He had his vagaries, his Utopias, and who, great or small in the world's estimation, has not?—and yet they were all on the better, the progressive plane, and looked to the

improvement of the condition of the race and the world. His life has been one of incessant toil, for, blessed with an unusually hardy constitution, he has taxed its powers to an extent which would have brought most of his fellows to an earlier grave.

BEST LOVED OF AMERICANS.

[*From the Louisville Courier-Journal.*]

Notwithstanding the many copious bulletins which have come from Mr. Greeley's bedside the last few days, the country will find itself ill prepared to read the tidings of his death, which we publish this morning. This is one of the instances where the heart feels most when the pen moves not; for of Horace Greeley it may be truly said that silence is most eloquent.

He is dead, and what remains to be said of him? That he was a man of extraordinary mental capacity, that he was a man of extraordinary emotional activity, that in every relation of life he excelled, is known to all men. He had a nature abundant to overflowing in all the forms and aspects of human kindness.

He was large-hearted and sincere—a kind man. As a journalist, as a book-maker, as a lecturer, as a writer, as a speaker, he was unwearying and diligent. His life was given to useful industry, and his death will be regarded as in some sort a personal bereavement by every American citizen, for in spite of the result of the late election no man in the country was better loved.

Throughout his career, Mr. Greeley was before the public every day of his life. He was more widely and universally known than any American of his time. He will certainly be as universally lamented as any one of the great men who have preceded him.

Nor will this spontaneous sense of public regret be confined to any quarter of the country. It will be as general and heartfelt in the South as in the North.

THE NOBLEST AMERICAN.

[*From the Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

Through all the length and breadth of the land the intelligence which our columns contain this morning will carry sorrow and tearful regret. Horace Greeley is dead.

The hope that his active mind and muscular body would successfully combat the combined attack of disease and sorrow—though indulged by all who knew that the man whom all the world respected was *in extremis*—was without even a shadow.

Of all the deaths that have come upon the country this is inexpressibly the saddest. None of the elements which beget universal sympathy are lacking. It is not within the power of one man, nor the limits of any one journal, to record, with justice and exactitude the merits of the great man whose life was yesterday extinguished.

For nearly forty years he was a part of the Republic which we honor to-day, and to his vigorous mind and active words the people owe more than they will ever recognize, much less pay.

A plebeian by birth, he lifted himself through his own exertions to a position greater than that of President, and in his industry, morality, progressive spirit, and comprehensive views, he was, without doubt, the noblest type of an American citizen. His life-work will go down to posterity, and in posterity's keeping it will be honored.

Politically we have been at variance with Horace Greeley throughout the greater portion of our existence as a public journal, but his genius we ever admired, his integrity we ever indorsed, and we honor him and his memory for his humanity.

As a journalist, philosopher, statesman, and philanthropist, he was worthy of all honor and respect, and the roll which is set apart in the country's fame for the preservation of the names of deserving men will be all the brighter for the addition of his.

He may have been a man of varied opinions; his variety of opinions may have assumed the shape and volatility of vagaries; he may have made many mistakes; but his great heart was always right, and his best efforts were always directed to the advancement or amelioration of the human race.

His life was spent in turmoil and political strife, and it ended in sorrow, but his last pages were brightest, and his last works better than his first.

It was something to have built a *Tribune*, but the man who was the first of a conquering people to break down the barriers of hate which years of hostility and bloodshed and bitterness had raised; who was the first to extend his hand and the first to plead for forgiveness and reconciliation, wove for himself a chaplet which can never wither.

The people who had once hated him became his friends, and the men whom he had carried to honor hurried him to his grave.

He survived the bitter memories of the great struggle which he

aided so much to inaugurate, and, as in that day when he perceived his great duty, with all the sincerity, honesty, and earnestness of his nature, he devoted himself to a restoration of fraternal feeling among brethren who are decreed one nationality.

It has been said that Mr. Greeley was an ambitious man, and that he connived to secure for himself the Presidency. Without that true and ennobling ambition which is the adjunct of worthy manhood, he could never have been Horace Greeley; but that he obtained the nomination of the Liberal party through adventitious means is an undoubted slander.

His friends and admirers secured the honor for him. To him it was unexpected. He accepted the trust as one who felt that his cause was good, and that he deserved well of the people.

The speeches which he made during his Western tour constitute a monument as grand as any statesman ever won, and prouder far than those which extol warriors.

THE FOREMOST IN LOVE FOR HIS FELLOW-MEN.

[*From the Cincinnati Commercial.*]

A few weeks ago Mr. Greeley was full of strength, animated by a vast and generous ambition, confident of himself, inspired with the highest faith in humanity and the surest trust in the universal goodness of God; and, even as it was seen that he was doomed to defeat as a candidate for the Presidency, there was plainly growing in the public estimation the serious and tender respect due to his exalted character and the immense scope and exceeding brilliancy of his faculties, as they had been made better known than ever before during the campaign.

Horace Greeley, born at Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811, died at Tarrytown, November 29, 1872. Forty-one years ago he appeared as a journeyman printer in New York city, and ten years later founded *The New York Tribune.* His genius as an editor made him famous through the whole country. He has been a celebrity for nearly a quarter of a century. His face is better known to the world than that of any living American, the President's not excepted.

There are half-a-dozen historic figures so marked and familiar that they can be drawn by school children with a few strokes of pen or pencil so as to be unmistakable. One of these is that of Greeley. This very familiarity may not always be flattering, but it proves that the man has stamped his image upon the world.

On the morning after the nomination of Mr. Greeley in this city for the Presidency, we gave the deliberate judgment we had formed of him, in terms that we have pleasure in reproducing, as follows:

We have from the beginning believed in his doctrine that with impartial suffrage should be associated universal amnesty, and we share the popular faith in his perfect integrity.

His temperate and modest life, his incessant industry, his hatred of shams, and warfare upon wrongs, his courageous candor, and abounding generosity, have commended him to the heart and conscience of the American people; and in whatever their confidence may be shaken, he can safely defy the ingenuity of malice—even through the torments of a Presidential campaign—to affect his reputation as an honest man.

It was in full confidence of the absolute accuracy of that estimate of the man that we supported him in his candidacy for the Presidency. In whatever he might be misrepresented or misapprehended, we were sure that he was true as gold and steel in heart and brain.

It seems strange that of the four New York editors, of whom a few years ago all men had heard, and whose reputation gave them national influence, Raymond, the youngest of the four, was first to die, and that Bryant, the eldest of them all, alone survives, Greeley and Bennett dying within the same year.

As a news collector and vendor, and in general newspaper management, Bennett distanced competition. As a literary man, as a poet of genius, and a gentleman of breadth and delicacy of cultivation, Bryant stood alone. As a man of the world, with accomplishments that fitted him to adorn public life, Raymond was without rivalry. As a vigorous writer of English, clear cut and meaning business, as a man of thoughtfulness upon subjects of the greatest gravity, and of strong convictions upon questions of public moment, and of unflinching nerve in doing the immense work that his hands found to do, and, above all, as one who labored for the good of his fellow-men, unselfish and lovingly, Horace Greeley was not only first in his profession, but the foremost man of his time.

THE OPPONENT OF HUMAN INJUSTICE.

[*From the Chicago Tribune.*]

Mr. Greeley was, by nature and by education, opposed to every system of human injustice. He tested all questions by inquiring whether it

was for the general good, and whether it involved the oppression of others. It was immaterial whether a measure or policy was proposed by his party, by his personal friends, or by his adversaries; if it involved injustice, if it recognized human oppression, if it degraded one man to elevate another, he rejected it, and no efforts of friends or exigencies of party could induce him to swerve from his convictions of right.

Hence it was that, from the very earliest days, he was regarded as an uncertain party man. He was accused of eccentricity, charged with moral cowardice, and frequently branded as an apostate, because he would not yield his judgment and approve what he felt to be wrong, nor blindly follow party in a cause he was convinced was unjust.

It is popular, we know, to accuse Mr. Greeley of a propensity to separate from his friends just at the moment when his services were most needed, and this has been attributed to an excessive personal vanity, and to an erratic, experimental disposition that was never at rest

But it should be remembered that this estimate of Mr. Greeley has been taken in every case from the standpoint of party; it presupposes that the party was, in all instances, right, and that he was wrong, and it of necessity rests upon that greatest of all monstrosities of doctrine that, when a man belongs to a political party, he must have no opinions or judgments of his own, and much less express them, but must follow wherever he may be led, without asking a question or doubting the wisdom of his leader.

So long as the infallibility of party is recognized, the judgment that he was erratic will hold good; but among men who concede that parties may be wrong, and that parties have no lawful control over the consciences and intellect of even their own numbers, the question will be, Was Greeley or the party right?—or, Ought Greeley, honestly convinced that he was right, to have surrendered his judgment to that of others, whose primal object was party success, without reference to considerations of right or wrong?

Mr. Greeley was intellectually great. He was an incessant student. The whole realm of knowledge was explored by him. His range of information was extraordinary. He was familiar with all practical subjects. His knowledge was rarely superficial. Whatever information he acquired, he sought to make useful to mankind. His mental organization was extremely active. He was incessant in

his labors. He had traveled much, and each day's journey was to him a lesson filled with information, of which he made practical use.

Nothing escaped his notice; nothing was forgotten; his mind was a storehouse, from which he constantly drew facts for the instruction of others. His addresses on non-political subjects have been not only numerous, but have been as popular in one part of the country as in another. Like his editorial writings, they have always been marked by vigor of thought and fluency of expression.

Mr. Greeley, however, is best known, and his name will be remembered longest, in connection with *The New York Tribune*, not as a Whig organ, but as the fearless opponent of Slavery. In spite of his independence, his association with the Whig party hampered his intellect and chained his energies. When that party went down in the defeat of 1852, he was emancipated, and at once gave freedom to his battle against Slavery.

The New York Tribune was no longer a party organ; it became the champion of freedom, the champion of the men held in slavery, the champion of a Free Republic. As such, it found ready audience. In the years following the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, until the Republican party was an organized body and installed in power, *The New York Tribune* was a power in the land.

Restrained by no platforms, by no considerations of mere expediency, by the hopes of no candidates, it made the direct fight in behalf of the principles of Truth, Freedom, and Justice. It fired the Northern heart; it roused the slumbering instincts of human justice; it tore men from old party associations; it placed the question in the light that men had to choose between right and wrong; it revolutionized public sentiment, and revolutionized parties, and brought about that grand decision that it was possible to elect a Government which was under no obligation to uphold Slavery or permit its extension.

That was the time for which Horace Greeley was fitted; such was the conflict in which he was calculated to participate with honor and glory. And the men who have since professed to mourn over his decay and the loss of vigor of his paper, must remember that, during that memorable period, he fought not as a member of a party, but in behalf of principle, and far in advance of all parties.

With the accomplished success of the Republican party came the old bondage, requiring him to follow men who were slow to follow when he led the fight against odds. Intellectually great, per-

sonally honest, and governed always by conviction of right, the discipline, the restraints, and the despotism of party were extremely irksome, and often disgusting.

He sacrificed much of his honest judgment for party sake, but there were times when he refused to submit. While his long services were overlooked, these instances of insubordination have been carefully treasured against him, and an attempt has been made to dwarf his intellectual and moral greatness by presenting this or that revolt against the ignorant and degrading commands of cau cuses.

The last chapter in the political history of Mr. Greeley was the late Presidential election. In the flush of victory, and in the debates over the distribution of the spoils, men may forget to do justice to the vanquished Horace Greeley; but the time will come when his whole action in that campaign will win the admiration, if not the approval, of the American people. Mr. Greeley was made a candidate at Cincinnati, not by the tricks of politicians, but in spite of them.

His nomination was opposed by every person to whom the term politician may be applied. His nomination was never contemplated by those who called that Convention. It was an involuntary tribute to his intellectual greatness and personal integrity. It suggested itself to men's minds that, in a contest for reform, these were commendable qualities.

While they did commend him to one class, they perhaps repelled from his support a body of men who, desiring Reform, could not overcome their personal prejudices, and their dislike of the man who for thirty years had held the scales of justice evenly balanced, and had not failed to discard all that was spurious, fraudulent, and criminal.

That campaign is too recent to require that its events should be rehearsed; but it may be said that, during it, Mr. Greeley displayed intellectual powers that surprised even those best acquainted with him. His speeches and his letters, all breathing the spirit of Union, Peace, and Universal Brotherhood, will remain among the brightest gems of literature so long as patriotism has a place in the hearts of the American people, and intellectual superiority can claim an admirer.

Horace Greeley is dead! The words will fill many a heart with pain. While filial affection and friendly hands may entomb the

body and cover it from sight, the name of Horace Greeley, with the long record of his useful life, will remain to his countrymen, and be by them cherished with that affection which an intelligent people will ever entertain for patriotism, rectitude, and genius.

HIS DEATH HARD TO REALIZE.

[*From the Richmond Dispatch.*]

The news of Horace Greeley's dangerous illness shocked the whole country, and the tidings of his death will be received with profound sorrow throughout the civilized world. Death, always appalling in its visitations, seems to be more than ever so when its victim is the honest citizen, the great journalist, the eminent statesman, whose name has been of late on every American tongue, and who, a few short weeks ago, was the proud standard-bearer of millions in a political struggle in many respects unrivaled in our history. Rarely is it harder to realize the presence of the dread destroyer than in the case of Horace Greeley. America has never seen an abler journalist, a more zealous philanthropist, a sincerer patriot, a more honest man than Horace Greeley, whose loss the country mourns to-day.

MOST PROMINENT OF AMERICANS.

[*From the Bangor Whig and Courier.*]

The abrupt termination of the career of a man who for a quarter of a century had been one of the most prominent characters in American politics, and who had but recently occupied the conspicuous position of a Presidential candidate through an exciting and remarkable campaign, can not fail to create a deep impression throughout the country. Perhaps no name in the United States has been more familiar in every section during the past decade than that of Horace Greeley, and the short period which has elapsed since it was passing from lip to lip in every hamlet of the Union as a party slogan in a great national canvass, brings his death home to the minds of the public with a most vivid reality. The voice of partisan bitterness and reproach had already been hushed by sympathy with sickness and suffering, and it becomes silent in the presence of death, while friend and foe unite in sadness at the sudden stroke which has smitten down a gifted and distinguished American citizen.

HIS LIFE FRUITFUL OF GOOD.

[*From the Pittsburgh Post.*]

Mr. Greeley was emphatically a great man, a gifted citizen, a born journalist, and such was his integrity that the name of "Honest Horace" is accepted as the typical honest man of this busy and intriguing generation for thirty years. But now that the great founder of *The Tribune*, the sage of Chappaqua, the grand, gifted, political gladiator of a former generation is at rest, who will dare say that his "busy life" has not been fruitful of beneficent results to mankind?

For more than a quarter of a century he warred with pen and tongue against what Charles Sumner called "the sum of all villainy"—human slavery; and during all that eventful period he was ever the friend of the poor, the weak, the down-trodden; the friend and champion of labor, and of every object for the amelioration of the race, the slashing and defiant enemy of rings and rogues, whenever found.

Thirty-one years ago, Mr. Greeley founded that journal which, for three decades, has been the controlling power in American politics, and concerning which the illustrious dead wished inscribed on his tomb, "Founder of *The New York Tribune.*" For a quarter of a century this pupil and adviser of Henry Clay has stood in the front rank of social, industrial, and political reformers. That he made mistakes is certain. That he made enemies by his enlarged and liberal views, and his frank, outspoken advocacy of temperance, free speech, and free labor, can not be denied; but taking the aggregate result of his life and works, both have been a grand success, and now that he is no more, we shall probably realize that a great and good man has passed away.

ONE OF THE BEST AND GREATEST SELF-MADE MEN.

[*From the Indianapolis Journal.*]

Death silences all criticism, and before the grave men stand with uncovered heads. The news of the death of Horace Greeley, though not altogether unanticipated, by reason of the painful preparation which the public mind has undergone, will nevertheless be received with feelings of real grief throughout the length and breadth of the continent.

That so gentle and healthy a character should have passed from among us—that so capacious and well-informed a mind should have gone out in darkness—that so distinguished and upright a citizen

should have been suddenly smitten down—furnish sufficient cause for national mourning.

The mutations of politics recently placed us in an attitude of hostility to the great departed journalist, and we omitted no effort to defeat what we then thought his dangerous aspirations; but in the presence of death all bitterness is forgotten, and in bending over the grave we think of nothing but the poor boy, the industrious apprentice, the temperate journeyman, the struggling publisher, the rising editor, the successful journalist, the maker of Presidents, and the dictator of policies, the friend of the oppressed, the defender of liberty, the advocate of virtue, the leader of reform, the warm-hearted philanthropist, and the open-handed friend.

He had his faults and his weaknesses—as what great man has not?—but, take him for all in all, we shall not soon look upon his like again. He was one of the very best and greatest of our self-made men.

GREATER THAN HIS GENERATION.

[*From the Indianapolis Sentinel.*]

In that essential essence of a Christian life, which best reconciles God's handiwork to his inscrutable requirements, Mr. Greeley was a preëminent illustration.

He accorded the largest liberty to all, and demanded the same for himself. The great ministers—indeed all men struggling for the building up of such things as enlighten mankind, or alleviate human woes—received instant, hearty coöperation from the untiring philanthropist. He lived to see his three great rivals buried, Bennett, Raymond, and Seward.

The last two he was largely instrumental in making. Raymond's first efforts were under his guidance; and Seward was largely his debtor for his early political triumph.

It is a suggestive lesson—in recalling the marked events of the busiest and most eventful life in all the annals of public men, that he never received an office of emolument from the people. He made Governors, Senators, Presidents. Yet himself, put up for inconspicuous office, Congressman and Comptroller of New York, was rejected. He never craved these offices. It is one among the many calumnies that degraded the infamous campaign just ended that his life was a continual thirst for office.

He was fond of being before the public, but he never craved an office, and never asked one. Does any one suppose that at any

time within the last ten years he could not have dictated his desires to the Republican party? Greeley was greater than office; he was greater than his day and generation, and no better tribute can follow mortal man than that his living illustrated his time, and his life was an incalculable, inextinguishable debt to the nation.

THE MOST MISSED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN.

[*From the Missouri Republican.*]

The swift sequel to the Presidential contest of 1872 is the almost tragic end of one of the distinguished leaders in the struggle.

Horace Greeley is dead. The fierce resentments of which he was the object, and which were slow and sullen to subside, even after the canvass of which they formed a part, will now at least disappear, since the object of them has departed, and men will be permitted to reconsider and correct their estimates of the actors and their motives in the struggle.

There is something mournful and touching in the abrupt and untimely death of this distinguished citizen, who, in addition to having been a recent candidate for the Presidency, has been, for twenty-five years, more actively and persistently before the eyes of the American people than any other man, living or dead.

The death of his wife in the heat of the Presidential battle, his own crushing defeat in that battle, the unanswerable shouts of the victors over his discomfiture, and the demands for measures of ostracism against him, the spirited card in which he announced his return to *The Tribune*, the ominous inactivity of his pen that followed, and the dismal, half-suppressed rumors of his mental illness which then reached us—all conspire to make his fate a more cruel one that he deserved, and to extort even from his enemies the justice they denied him while living.

Whatever may be the estimates of Mr. Greeley's character formed by his opponents—whether they concede or deny that he was a statesman, a reformer, a patriot, and a useful partisan—it will be admitted by all that he will be more missed by his countrymen than any other public man that could be named.

He certainly lacked the rugged insensibility that should be the attribute of a trained statesman; had he possessed it, he would still be living; for there is little doubt that the mortification of defeat, and the pitiless mockery of his motives in daring to be the Democratic candidate, were the cause of his death.

When we remarked the admirable composure and self-possession which he exhibited on his campaign tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, we hoped the exigencies of a great occasion had developed in him an equanimity that was the promise of many years of usefulness.

This hope was strengthened when immediately after the election, he addressed himself to his old editorial duties, in a manner that seemed to show that his defeat had left no mark upon his spirit.

But it soon became evident that he was not sustaining the defiant part which his card exhibited. The bruises and wounds which he sought to hide were doing their fatal work; and when the first whispered rumor of his illness was sent over the country, it was felt that his usefulness, if not his life, was ended.

Horace Greeley was a vehement partisan, but he was neither selfish nor remorseless; on the contrary, he was gentle and generous, and this is the true explanation of the singular fact that he was, for the greater portion of his life, the leading champion of anti-Slaveryism, and for the last few days of his life the accepted leader of the Democracy in a Presidential contest.

He was not an accomplished supervising journalist, but he was an unsurpassed newspaper writer; and though *The Tribune* has for many years past been under charge of a managing editor, who had discretion over all things prepared for it except what Mr. Greeley wrote, it is what Mr. Greeley wrote that first founded and afterward sustained its character.

His habits were industrious, and the amount of labor he was capable of and willing to do was prodigious. His vital powers were, no doubt, impaired by the excessive work he gave to an exacting and harassing profession; but it was the defeat in the late election that broke down his vigor and ended his life.

THE FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

The Military and Civic Officers of the United States in this and adjoining cities;

The Officers of the Government of the State of New York, and of other States, now in this city;

The Mayor and the Members of the Common Council of this city, and the heads of the several Departments of the Municipal Government;

The Mayors and Members of the Common Councils of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Long Island City, Newark, and other neighboring cities; the several officers of the County of New York, the Judges of the Supreme, Superior, Marine, Common Pleas, and District Civil and Police Courts are hereby requested to meet in the Governor's and Common Council's Rooms, in the City Hall, on Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 9 o'clock A.M., where they will be received by the Committee, preparatory to proceeding to Dr. Chapin's church, corner of Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, and participating in the funeral ceremonies. In consequence of the short space of time allowed the Special Committee to make the necessary arrangements for viewing the body of the deceased while in state in the Governor's Room, and arranging for the obsequies, they are precluded from extending personal invitation to the persons, corporations, and officials above-mentioned, and they are hereby respectively invited to attend without the formality of a personal invitation.

Being the day set apart for solemnizing the funeral rites and ceremonies, it is recommended by the Common Council that our citizens close their respective places of business, and refrain from any secular employment; that the owners or masters of vessels in the harbor, and the owners or occupants of dwellings in the city be requested to display their flags at half-mast from sunrise until sunset. The Committee direct that the flags on the City Hall and all other public buildings be also displayed at half-mast. The offices of the Corporation will be closed.

It is particularly requested by the Committee that those who have charge of the church and Fire Department bells in the city will cause them to be tolled from 1 o'clock P.M. until the close of the procession, about 3 P.M.

It is also requested that the houses along the route may be suitably draped in mourning emblems.

The streets through which the procession will pass are reserved from curb to curb for the funeral cortége. On arriving at the church the guests will enter in the same order, and be seated as directed by Alderman Falconer and Assistant Aldermen Geis and Connor.

After the services in church, they will resume their seats in the

carriages in the same order as they arrived, and move in procession, subject to the order of the Chief of Police.

JOHN COCHRANE, Chairman, JENKINS VAN SCHAICK,
DANIEL D. CONOVER, JOHN FALCONER,
THOMAS COMAN,
Special Committee Board of Aldermen.

NICHOLAS R. CONNOR, FRANCIS J. GEIS,
MICHAEL HEALY, JOSEPH P. STRACK,
JOHN GALVIN,
Special Committee Board of Assistant Aldermen.

FRANCIS J. TWOMEY, Secretary.

By request of the Mayor and Joint Committee of the Common Council, Superintendent of Police James J. Kelso will supervise the processional arrangements, who has provided as follows:

The remains will be privately removed from the City Hall on Wednesday to the house of Samuel Sinclair, Esq., and will thence be privately removed by friends and *Tribune* staff and employés to the Church of the Divine Paternity (Dr. Chapin's), on Fifth Avenue, corner of Forty-fifth Street. The funeral services will occur in the church at eleven o'clock, and the body of it will be reserved for the immediate friends of the deceased, and for those connected with *The Tribune* establishment, and also the invited guests. Private societies and citizens generally who expect to take part in the procession (which will move as soon as the services conclude) will please station themselves in Fifth Avenue, north of Forty-fifth Street. No music will be allowed. The route of the procession will be through Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, Fourteenth Street to Broadway, Broadway to Hamilton Ferry.

The guests of the City authorities will assemble at the City Hall at 9 A.M., and will leave at 10 A.M. peremptorily.

Heads of civic bodies, civil functionaries, and military officers will promptly on their arrival apply to F. J. Twomey, Secretary of the Committee, at Room No. 8, City Hall, office of the Clerk of the Common Council, for tickets for seats in the church, to the number allowed by the Special Committee.

Each holder of a ticket for a seat in church will then be furnished with a coach ticket by the Secretary, on application.

George W. Roome and Edward Van Ranst will superintend seating the guests in the coaches, which will proceed in the following order from the City Hall:

Mayor and Common Council of New York.

Heads of Departments, Judges, and other New York City officials.

Mayor and Common Council of the City of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Long Island City, and other adjoining cities.

Military and civic officers of the United States.

Officers of the Government of the State, and of other States, now in the City.

Officers of the County of New York.

The citizens generally are respectfully invited to join in the funeral procession, after the line of march is taken up from the church, after the service.

OTHER PREPARATIONS.

Superintendent Kelso, who will act as Grand Marshal of the funeral procession, summoned the Captains to Police Headquarters, on Tuesday evening, and gave orders in respect to the placing of the men under their command along the route. Capt. Gunner, of the Nineteenth Precinct, was placed in command of 250 police from the upper precincts, who will assemble around Dr. Chapin's Church, at Forty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Capt. Burden, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, and Capt. Williams, of the Twenty-first, were ordered to guard Fifth Avenue to Madison Square. From Madison Square to Fourteenth Street, the route was given in charge of Capt. Sanders, of the Sixteenth Precinct, and Capt. Cameron, of the Sixteenth Precinct. In Fourteenth Street and Union square, Capt. Walsh, of the Seventeenth Precinct, will guard the procession.

From Fourteenth Street, to the City Hall, Broadway will be lined with the men of Capt. Byrnes, of the Fifteenth Precinct, Capt. McCullogh, of the Eighth Precinct, Capt. Clinchy, of the Fourteenth Precinct, Capt. Petty, of the Fifth Precinct, and Capt. Kennedy, of the Sixth Precinct. At the City Hall, Capt. Levy, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, will have charge.

Below the City Hall to the Battery will be ranged the men of Capt. Williamson, of the Third Precinct, Capt. Caffrey, of the Second Precinct, Capt. Ward, of the Twenty-seventh Precinct, and Capt. Van Dusen, of the First Precinct. At the Battery there will be 250 men, under the command of Capt. Copeland, who will guard the ferry. Capt. Ullman, of the Fourth Precinct, will escort the procession, and Capt. Wilson, of the Mounted Police, the Boards of Aldermen.

A special order was issued on Tuesday night by the Fire Commis-

sioners, detailing eighty-eight men to act as a funeral escort to Horace Greeley. The men are ordered to report at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning at Fireman's Hall, in full uniform and white gloves. The men will form in companies under the command of Foremen King, Van Orden, Walsh, and Griffiths, and Assistant-Foremen Murry, Cushman, Bresnan, and Pettigrew; the entire battalion, under the command of Assistant-Engineer O'Shay, will proceed to the Church, and there take their place in the line. The Commissioners have resolved to attend the funeral in a body.

A large number of organizations will join the line after the services in the church.

AT THE CITY HALL.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 4.]

There has never been, within the memory of men now living, a more touching, a more impressive testimonial of popular grief and affection than that with which New York yesterday consecrated the first sad scene in the obsequies of her departed citizen. The mourning for Mr. Lincoln, it is true, was held in the midst of more splendid demonstrations. Beside the coffin of the murdered President stood military guards and officers of state; martial trappings glittered among the drapery of woe, and strains of melancholy music mingled with the tramp of the multitude, as the nation crowded around the martyr's remains. Yesterday there was neither official parade nor the ostentation of a state funeral. The body of Horace Greeley, editor, farmer, philanthropist, plain, honest citizen, familiar friend of us all, was brought quietly in the early morning light to the City Hall, and there all day and far into the night, the rich and the poor, the old and the young, fathers with their little children, maimed soldiers on crutches, generals, merchants, lawyers, beggars, came to take a last look at his kind face. It was not so much the greatness of the multitude which made this demonstration impressive; it was not splendor in the ceremonies nor richness in the funeral decorations. But it was the purely spontaneous character of the tribute to a good man's memory, and the unaffected sorrow which stamped the countenances of the throng, and found expression many a time in tears and cries. It was a fitting scene to be enacted around the bier of Horace Greeley. He gave up his life to the people, and the people are his mourners.

The body was taken to the City Hall at an early hour yesterday

morning, and the removal was made as quietly as possible. Mr. Wood, the sexton of Dr. Chapin's Church, brought the hearse to Mr. Sinclair's house in West Forty-fifth Street by seven o'clock. No notice had been given of these proceedings, but in a few moments the place was surrounded by a large crowd of spectators, who silently looked on while the coffin was placed in the hearse and rapidly driven away. A number of Mr. Greeley's nearest friends followed it to the City Hall. There, at 7:45 A.M., it was received by the sexton's assistants, Mr. Roome, the keeper of the Hall, and various other officials, and borne at once to the Governor's Room, where the ceremony of lying in state was to take place. The storm of the night before had interfered a great deal with the external draperies of the building, many decorations put up by Mr. Roome having been swept away; but since daylight workmen had been busily replacing what had been destroyed. The columns of the vestibule were wound about with black. Long black festoons drooped over the façade; and the well-known life-size photograph of Mr. Greeley, by Fredericks, representing him seated and reading, was placed over the balcony, heavily draped. Beneath it were the words, "We remember with Pride his Busy Life." A strong force of police was already on the ground. The approaches to the Hall were strictly guarded. Visitors were kept at a distance until the hour appointed should arrive; and so with only a few friends to bear him company, Horace Greeley was carried through the iron gates and up the main stairway.

IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

The Governor's Room, in which the coffin was deposited, was a fit place for the purpose. How many of the great men whose names will be associated hereafter with his have stood in that room to receive the honors of their countrymen; how many illustrious histories speak from the portraits which cover the walls; how many patriotic memories haunt the antique furniture ranged about the chamber! At the foot of the coffin is the broad mahogany table used by Washington when the Government was established in New York. Behind it is the broad fauteuil, with its row of gilt stars, which used to be set apart for the Father of his Country, and next to that is the chair of Vice-President John Adams. The office-desks of Washington and his private secretary are also here, and along the sides of the room stand the arm-chairs used by the first

Congress under the Federal Constitution, which assembled in New York in 1789. The shadowy forms of Roger Sherman, and Fisher Ames, and James Madison, and Richard Henry Lee, of Muhlenburgh, and Langdon, and Boudinot, and Robert Morris, seem to speak from these venerable relics of patriotic times, and to welcome the spirit of the departed statesman and philosopher into the company of the great who have passed away. From one end of the room the portrait of Jefferson gazes down upon the assemblage. From the other looks out the strong face of Morgan Lewis, signer of the Declaration, Quartermaster-General in the Revolution, and third Governor of the State of New York. The portrait of Seward, painted in the flower of that statesman's manhood, when he and Horace Greeley were great powers in New York politics, is still draped in the mourning which was hung about it two months ago. Here, too, are the faces of De Witt Clinton, and Throop, and Yates, and Marcy; of Tompkins, known in his day as "the Farmer Boy of Westchester," at whose recommendation the bill was passed in 1817 forever abolishing Slavery in the State of New York; of Bouck, famous in connection with the Erie Canal; of Silas Wright; of Martin Van Buren; and of the later Governors who are still living, and of whom some were among the throng yesterday. Here, too, are the portraits of historic Mayors—Duane who received Washington when he entered New York to be inaugurated President of the United States, Varick, Livingston, Willett, Hone, Harper. Here are Presidents, and generals, and discoverers; Columbus and Hudson, Washington and Steuben; Jackson, Monroe, and Taylor; Lafayette, and McComb, and Scott; Perry and Decatur; Hull and McDonough. It is a noble company, and in the midst of it Horace Greeley rested, not the least of the illustrious assemblage.

The funeral draperies were appropriately simple und unpretentious. The thick red curtains, faded and worn, were drawn across the immense windows. Black hangings drooped from the central window, and intertwined with the national flag about the principal door. At either end of the room the double doorways leading into the adjoining apartments were similarly hung with black. In front of the portrait of Gov. Lewis was a quaint design sent by people of Chappaqua—a shield of black serge bearing a wreath composed of ears of wheat, with the legend "It is done" above, and an ax and a pen crossed below. Inside the wreath were the following memorial verses:

Work! while bright daylight on thy path is beaming,
Work! while 'tis day;
Despond not, thou, although thy task is seeming
To last alway:
Trust when the dusky shadows o'er thee flying
Obscure the sun;
Though Duty's task is ended but by dying,
Let it be done.

Work! while bright daylight on thy path is beaming,
But not for gold;
Fame proves a phantom, and our idle dreaming
Is a tale that's told:
But cherish ever with a grand emotion
A zest for strife:
Our earthly birthright is the wild commotion,—
This three-fold life.

Work! while bright daylight on thy path is beaming,
For night palls down;
Work! while the luster in thine eye is beaming,
To win the crown:
Work with thy hand, and thy many talents,—
Aye! with thy soul!
Thy three-fold life, weighed in the eternal balance,
Demands the whole!

BLANCHE D'ARTOIS (JULIA LAYTON).

The daylight was not smothered, but only softened. The bright sun struggled through the half-concealed windows. The gas burned dimly in the three chandeliers overhead. There was just that subdued religious atmosphere which disposes the mind to reverence, but not to gloom; and the pale, careworn, emaciated features of the dead were plainly distinguishable. The coffin is a black cloth-covered casket, richly but not elaborately fitted with silver handles and silver rims, and lined with white satin. Mr. Greeley was dressed in a full suit of black. His right hand rested on his breast; his left arm was extended by his side. The withered fingers, the pinched features, the sharp-set mouth, so different of what we remember of him in life, told more forcibly than words could tell it the story of his sufferings, his weariness, and his happy release. The coffin lid was thrown back upon its hinges, leaving the whole of the body exposed to view. A narrow dais, perhaps a foot and a half high, covered with black drapery, received the casket. There were no lights about it, no ornaments of any kind, no guards but the police,

who patiently, courteously, and faithfully did duty all day long. It stood in the center, lengthwise of the room, and tables at the head and foot—relics of the Congress of eighty years ago—held the beautiful offerings of flowers which reverential and affectionate hands kept bringing from morning till the day was far spent. The Common Council (represented in this matter by Assistant Alderman Connor) sent two magnificent structures of flowers; one, placed at the foot of the coffin, was a huge disk of white and green, on which was represented, in purple everlastings, the coat of arms of the City of New York, with this legend around it: "The city mourns its loss;" the other, at the head, was a cross and crown, resting on a white pediment which bore the text: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Behind this, draped with crape, was an imperial photograph of Mr. Greeley; and behind and above the photograph towered a rich cross and crown, the gift of Mayor Hall. Graceful strings of smilax, mixed with tube-roses twined about the edges of the coffin and crept along by the body, and the place was redolent of sweet perfumes and bright with pure and beautiful blossoms. Later in the day came offerings from many other sources. The girls of Grammar School No. 9 sent a large anchor of flowers with the motto, "Fama semper vivat." Mrs. Thomas N. Rooker and Mrs. Benjamin F. Manierre sent rich tributes in appropriate forms.

THE MULTITUDE.

Long before the simple preparations were complete, the crowd in the Park had swollen to enormous proportions. Captain Leary, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, with a detail of one hundred men from various parts of the city, took charge of the arrangements, and under his supervision the most perfect order was maintained. The people were formed in line, two abreast, from the front gates of the Hall, across the esplanade, westward to Broadway, and thence up-town. Officers at various points along the line prevented unnecessary crowding, and kept the queue unbroken. The whole space in front of the Hall was soon filled with idle spectators, and before long it became necessary to clear a wide space, put up chains, and close several of the pathways. Nine o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the doors to be opened; but the multitude increased so rapidly that ten or fifteen minutes before that time the head of the line was admitted. The people passed up the main staircase, through a double line of police, entered the room in single file, passed rapidly around the

coffin, and went out by the western door, down the narrow stairs by the chamber of the Board of Aldermen, and through the basement, and so out on the Broadway side. No one was allowed to loiter; and so quietly and expeditiously was the passage made, that it was found by actual count that from forty to fifty persons passed through the room every minute, or nearly three thousand an hour.

A guard of honor had been appointed to watch the remains while the people came to look upon them. It comprised Gen. John A. Dix, the Hon. Wm. F. Havemeyer, Thurlow Weed, George W. Varian, Wm. Butler Duncan, A. T. Stewart, Abraham R. Lawrence, Wm. J. Hoppin, Wm. Cullen Bryant, Henry Nicol, Peter Cooper, Wm. B. Astor, Thomas E. Stewart, Horatio Seymour, John McKeon, Samuel Tilden, Sheppard Knapp, John T. Hoffman, A. Oakey Hall, Moses H. Grinnell, Charles O'Conor, Emil Sauer, Augustus Schell, Wm. M. Evarts, Chas. P. Daly, and William C. Prime; and to these were added, by the request of Miss Ida Greeley, Mr. John B. Stuart, of Tarrytown, and Mr. Edward J. Carpenter, of Chappaqua. The first to arrive, early in the morning, were Gen. John A. Dix and Mr. Augustus Schell. All through the day and evening several members of this guard of honor, relieving each other, sat about the room. Committees from the Aldermen and Assistant Aldermen, and deputies from the guard of honor of the Typographical Society were constantly present. These, with the officers on duty, and representatives of the editorial staff of *The Tribune*, were the persons appointed to keep watch over the departed chief.

In less than an hour from the time of opening the gates, the double line reached through the City Hall, through the Park, and four blocks up Broadway. And what a multitude it was! Much as we all knew of the popular esteem for Horace Greeley, much as we expected of the demonstrations on such an occasion as that of yesterday, we were not prepared for this immense outpouring of the people. For it was, in the truest sense of the word, the people who crowded yesterday about the bier of their champion. The millionaire walked side by side with the crossing-sweeper. Famous lawyers kept step with ragged bootblacks. Ladies in silk and fur came behind the shop-girl in her faded worsted shawl. It can not be said that any one class predominated in this extraordinary multitude, unless it be that the working-people were more numerous than the well-to-do and the idlers. But all classes were there, and all seemed to feel the sorrow of the day. An old lady approached the coffin,

gave one quick glance at the poor, wasted face, then raised her hand to her eyes and hurried away, with tears streaming down her cheeks; she could not trust herself to linger even for an instant. An old gentleman leaned over the coffin and placed his hand reverently upon the dead man's brow. Many stooped to kiss. Several gave way to extravagant outbursts of grief. Men brought their little children, and lifted them up that they might look at the good Horace Greeley, and then hurried away, blinded by their tears. Stalwart policemen, not on duty, fell into line, and came out from the room with moist eyes and quivering lips. Once or twice loud cries of sorrow were heard, and some of those most deeply affected could hardly be induced to pass on and leave the way for others. There was little of the vulgar curiosity, or the rude insensibility to emotion, which almost always mars the impressiveness of public funeral displays. If it was only the few who paid to the deceased the eloquent tribute of tears, it can at least be said of the many that they came with reverent step and sorrowful countenance, breaking the solemnity of the ceremony with no light chatter, or unseemly haste or eagerness, and showed by every motion that they shared in the universal mourning. If Horace Greeley could have chosen how he should be mourned, he would have asked for just such a testimonial of the popular affection; he would have begged that drums and banners, and all the pomp of bayonets and regalia, should be kept away, and that the people, for whom he had worked so unselfishly all his life, should come around his coffin with these touching marks of love and appreciation, their sad faces, their hushed voices, their trembling lips, and reverential step.

Early in the morning the working-people were in the majority. Professional men, merchants, merchants' clerks, and others, including a great many ladies, were mingled with them; but the poor were by far the most numerous. And yet many of them could ill afford the time devoted to this last mark of regard. Few succeeded in reaching the Hall until they had stood an hour or two hours in line. Thousands, after long waiting, were obliged to abandon the attempt, and go disappointed to their work. Yet from a quarter before nine in the morning until ten o'clock at night, there was no interruption in the ever-moving stream. Until near evening the end of the queue was still in the neighborhood of Duane Street, and in the meantime a second line, exclusively for women and men escorting them, had been formed on the east side of the Hall, reaching across the espla-

nade nearly to Printing-house Square. Looking down these long lines the preponderance of working-people, men and women, was very distinct, and it was often the subject of remarks among the multitude—remarks generally suggestive and always feelingly expressed. There was one hard-handed son of toil, whose comments on this circumstance attracted a great deal of attention for a few moments. "Yes," said he, "we are working-men here, and what if it does cost us a little time? It is little enough to lose a day for Horace Greeley, who spent many a day working for us. That man has done more to help working-men than any other American who ever lived, and he's done it by hard labor, too. He spent forty years working to elevate the condition of laboring men. Mr. Lincoln was given a great opportunity to raise up one race of working-men; but that was an accident or a providence. Greeley has helped all men by hard, earnest labor, and if what he did isn't so striking as what Mr. Lincoln did for the blacks, it's just as real, every bit." This was said in broken phrases and rude English; but the speaker's earnestness, his common sense, and toward the last his emphasis, drew around him a crowd of listeners. When he had finished, he relapsed suddenly into silence, and the gap in the line was quickly closed up.

Toward midday the suburban railroads brought in vast crowds of country people. Farmers came, often with their entire families, and gazed with evident emotion upon the man whom for the space of a full generation they had been accustomed to reverence as the wisest and most practical of guides. Well-dressed citizens now became more numerous, and the Governor's Room was soon thronged with officials and local celebrities. The venerable Thurlow Weed stood beside the coffin of one of his famous associates, and looked sadly upon the draped portrait of the other who breathed his last only a few weeks ago at Auburn. With him were Samuel J. Tilden and Gen. E. A. Merritt, of St. Lawrence, Mr. Greeley's companion on his Southern tour a year ago. The meeting of these three representative politicians of the three political parties, all evidently affected by the sad incident which had called them together, was remarked with no little interest. Augustus Schell stood beside Gen. John A. Dix; Thomas C. Acton, Chief of the Assay Office and ex-President of the Board of Police, conversed with Jackson S. Schultz and Gen. John Cochrane. Ex-Police Superintendent Kennedy left his sick bed to see the last of a man who for many years had been his friend. The Hon. Abraham R. Lawrence, Dock Commissioners

Agnew and Kane, Gen. Martin T. McMahon, Reciever of Taxes; Gen. William Averill, of cavalry fame; Gen. Jacob Sharp, Gen. Franz Sigel, the Hon. Thomas E. Stewart, Nelson J. Waterbury, Mayor Hall, Commissioner Van Nort, Deputy Comptroller Storrs, Walter B. Duncan, Police Commissioners Bosworth, Manierre, and Barr, Justices Ledwith, Hogan, and Koch, Charles O'Conor, John McKeon, and Judge Van Voorst were noticed among the visitors.

About six o'clock the queue grew perceptibly shorter; but in a little while, when people were released from work, a fresh rush began, and the line became as long as ever. The preponderance of the laboring class again became very marked. Colored people, who had not been very numerous during the day, now came in large bodies. The Third Avenue cars discharged crowds of Germans in front of the Hall, and a steady stream moved down Broadway. The Committee of the Common Council voted to keep the room open until midnight if necessary. But, thanks to the excellent arrangements of the police and the decorous temper of the visitors, the lines were kept moving so rapidly that by the advertised hour—ten o'clock—it was possible to close the gates, and give over the remains of the illustrious dead to the tender hands which are finally to fit them for burial. Before the coffin was shut down the whole force of police on duty at the City Hall filed slowly in front of it. Then the doors were locked, and as soon as the last of the crowd had dispersed, the body was carried once more to the hearse and removed to Mr. Sinclair's. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Carpenter followed it, and watched with it through the night.

The estimates of the number of people who took part in the demonstration of yesterday vary greatly, as such estimates always do. The conjectures of unskilled observers are invariably extravagant. Many placed the figures as high as 150,000. It is generally agreed that the crowd exceeded that at the Lincoln obsequies in the same place. Close counts of the people who entered the Governor's Room at various hours of the day give from forty to seventy-five a minute, the speed being considerably greater toward evening than in the earlier part of the day. A fair average would doubtless be about fifty a minute, or 3,000 an hour. As the stream flowed without an instant's intermission for more than thirteen hours, we have a total of about 40,000. If we remember that, so far as can be judged from appearances, a very small proportion of these thousands

Horace Greeley

came through idle curiosity, we shall understand the true significance of the tribute to Horace Greeley's memory.

THE CLOSING CEREMONIES.

THE FUNERAL.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 5.]

Before ten o'clock the friends and associates of our departed chief began to gather in great numbers at the residence of Mr. Samuel Sinclair, in West Forty-fifth Street, where the remains had rested since their removal from the City Hall. The coffin was still open. It was placed in the front parlor, and all about it was the greatest profusion of rare and beautiful flowers, offerings from the bereaved children, from friends and admirers, from the different departments of *The Tribune*, and from various clubs and societies. It is not too much to say that the house could hardly contain the multitude of flowers that were brought to it. As the invited guests arrived, they passed through the room, looked for a moment on the dead man's face, and went out by another door. A large force of police kept order in the street, and a full platoon stood drawn up in line, ready to move at the head of the procession. The employés of *The Tribune* formed in double line on the sidewalk. It was a few minutes after eleven when the pall-bearers, twenty in number, issued from the house, and the procession prepared to move. The venerable Chief-Justice Chase, with the Hon. William M. Evarts, led the way. Senators Trumbull and Fenton followed. Mr. Thurlow Weed, who has given repeated marks of his esteem for the memory of his old friend, walked with Mr. John E. Williams. Mr. Ivory Chamberlain and Mr. Erastus Brooks, the Rev. Dr. Bright and Mr. Sinclair Tousey, Mr. William Orton and Mr. R. M. Hoe, Mr. D. W. Bruce and Mr. P. C. Baker, Mr. Robert Bonner and Mr. J. G. Lightbody, Mr. Dudley S. Gregory and Mr. Charles S. Storrs, Mr. A. J. Johnson and Mr. John R. Stuart, completed the list.

Then came the coffin, borne on the shoulders of six men; and when the bearers had taken their places, and the family and particular friends, to the number of about a hundred, had followed, the newspaper fraternity brought up the line. The employés of *The Tribune* marched in the following order:

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Whitelaw Reid, George Ripley,
John R. G. Hassard, Charles T. Congdon,
Oliver Johnson, John Hay, Noah Brooks,
Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. R. H. Davis, Miss Hutchinson,
Mrs. L. G. C. Runkle, Miss Kate Field,
Mrs. G. H. S. Hull, Mrs. Laura Lyman,
W. C. Wyckoff, E. E. Sterns,
Z. L. White, H. J. Ramsdell,
William Winter, E. C. Stedman,
J. S. Pike, A. B. Crandell,
W. M. O'Dwyer, D. Nicholson,
C. S. Hunt, J. B. Bishop,
J. L. Hance, H. H. St. Clair,
P. T. Quinn, William H. Trafton, Clarkson Taber.

THE CITY STAFF.

William F. G. Shanks, I. N. Ford,
George W. Pearce, George E. Miles,
W. P. Sullivan, H. H. Mason,
J. J. Chambers, E. L. Murlin,
E. B. Taber, D. N. Beach,
T. F. Blackwell, William A. Harris,
A. N. Leet, J. A. Colvin,
S. C. Caldwell, S. J. Dederick,
J. H. Mason, A. C. Ives,
Henry Chadwick, John L. Weinheimer,
D. J. Sullivan, Carlton Joy,
Thomas McWatters, William McCorry,
Thomas Drury, Joseph Lennon.

THE PUBLICATION DEPARTMENT.

(The Publisher himself was with the Family Mourners.)

Charles A. Tracy, C. A. Davis,
William Barker, T. L. McElrath,
George King, Joseph Patterson,
E. T. Watson, David Watson,
E. H. Jenny, S. Sinclair, Jr.,
William Davis, Edward Clarke,
N. Tuttle, James G. Cooper,
L. C. Palmer, P. Campbell,
George M. King, John Mackie,
E. W. Sinclair, John Manning,
R. De Wardener, J. H. Dennison,
F. A. Wheeler.

THE COMPOSING AND PROOF ROOMS.

THOMAS N. ROOKER,
SAMUEL WALTERS,
D. S. BOOKSTAVER,
JAMES N. BOOKSTAVER,
E. H. VAN HOESEN,
A. J. LEADER,
J. D. BROMELL,
THOMAS BURKE,
MYRON JUPP,
J. C. ROBINSON,
FRANK CAHILL,
ANNA M. HOYT,
R. WRIGHT,
M. O'BRIEN,
T. G. NOTTAGE,
A. VANDERWERKER,
F. H. HOPKINS,
W. A. DODGE,
HUNTER BRADFORD,
WILLIAM C. FALLON
F. O. FLOOD,
A. A. BUSH,
SAMUEL RUTAN,
N. FENSTERMAKER,
GEORGE S. MILES,
WILLIAM M. NEWMAN,
HENRY BARNS,
JAMES S. GARRETY,
WILLIAM S. BARRON,
WILLIAM O'CONNOR,
GEORGE T. HAYWARD,
DAVID A. COOKE,
JOHN F. ROPES,
MARION MEREDITH,
CHARLES R. PITT,
E. CLISSOLD,
J. B. MCALISTER,
GEORGE SHEARMAN,
THOMAS WILEY,
JOHN TOBIN,
G. H. ACKERMAN,
T. J. SHARRATT,
ROBERT M. ROSE,
W. E. RUGG,
JOHN MURPHY,
WILLIAM H. BOURNE,
FRANK FERRIS,
CHARLES RULAND, JR.

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P. O'ROURKE,
P. NULTY,
JOHN RICKERT,
OWEN SHERIDAN,
ED. SHERIDAN,
P. DOUGHERTY,
JAMES MORAN,
THOMAS BRITTEN,
WILLIAM MCINTYRE
ROBERT CONNELLY,
JAMES FITZSIMONS,
CHAS. GILMARTIN,
JAMES GILMARTIN,
J. CASSINS,
P. COLLINS,
JAS. COLLINS,
B. RILEY,
JOHN BERRY,
M. BERRY,
W. WILKENSON,
JOHN THORNTON,
WILLIAM CLEARY,
JOHN SHERIDAN,
B. MARSTERSON,
A. MCCRODDEN,
JAMES NULTY,
M. CROFTEN,
J. SULLIVAN,
JOSEPH HUGHES,
F. CONKLIN,
T. SCULLEY,
J. MAHER,
JAMES MCINTYRE,
E. FITZSIMONS,
M. KEATLEY,
J. HURLEY,
J. MALONE,
T. MORAN,
C. RILLEY,

James Berry,	T. Sullivan,
M. Gannon,	M. Sullivan,
Thomas Leonard,	William Moran.

THE MAIL DEPARTMENT.

Charles Fitzpatrick,	M. Donohue,
James Wynne,	Philip Griffith,
John Quinn,	John Murphy,
John Murray,	J. McKay,
John Honley,	James Cleary,
E. Nulty,	J. McCarty,
H. Connor,	J. McCoy,
E. Riddle,	J. Galligar.

Representatives of the New York Associated Press, the American Press Association, and the various journals of this and other cities, brought up the rear. It was only a walk of half a block to the church, and the procession moved solemnly afoot through the throng. As the coffin was carried up the aisle and deposited in front of the pulpit, a solemn voluntary pealed from the organ, and the people, who for more than an hour had filled every inch of space except the reserved pews in the center of the church, rose reverently to their feet. In the pulpit, besides Dr. Chapin, were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Edward Beecher, the Rev. J. M. Pullman, of the Thirty-fifth Street Universalist Church, and Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary. The transverse pews on the south side of the church were reserved for the most important of the invited guests. President Grant sat there, impassive as usual, the object of many curious eyes, and of many grateful feelings for the sentiment which prompted his attendance. Vice-President Colfax, the Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice-President elect, and General Belknap, Secretary of War, were on his right. Governor Hoffman and his staff were on the left. The United States Minister to France, Mr. Washburne, was there also. Senator Fenton, as one of the pall-bearers, occupied a pew in the middle aisle. The Governors of New Jersey and Connecticut were present with their suites. General Babcock was in attendance on the President. Senator Schurz sat in one of the front pews with Mr. Manton Marble. Mayor Hall personally supervised many of the police arrangements. The Mayors of many other cities; the Common Council of New York with their official staves and badges; the delegates from various clubs and associations; the long procession of editors, reporters, clerks, compositors, pressmen, and

other persons from *The Tribune* establishment; the *Herald* Club; the reporters of various city journals and the journalists from other places, were more than enough to fill all the remaining seats and to crowd the aisles.

It was about 11:30 when all were placed, and the services began with the performance of Chopin's Funeral March by Dr. William Berge, under whose direction the music of the day was given. Then the quartet choir of the Church of St. Francis Xavier chanted the "De Profundis," and Dr. Chapin read a selection from the Holy Scriptures. There was a pause for a moment before the organ was heard again, and a sweet and ringing voice broke out in the grand song of faith, and tenderness, and triumph, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was Miss Kellogg, who paid this last touching tribute to one whom she had long known as a dear personal friend. Only those who were most intimate with Mr. Greeley knew in how many unexpected directions his sympathies extended. "Man of war" as he was, he had conceived a strong regard for this estimable lady; he spoke of her often in warm terms of praise; and during his sickness, only a little while before he died, talking of remarkable women whom he had known, he mentioned especially two of whom his opinion was very high: these were Margaret Fuller and Clara Louise Kellogg. It was no mere artistic sentiment, therefore, which Miss Kellogg threw into the divine song which she poured upon the ears of that great audience yesterday. There was grief, we are sure, at her heart, for there were tears in her voice. When she ceased a sense of inexpressible tenderness seemed diffused over the whole house. Mr. Beecher's address was in full accord with the emotions of his hearers. It was gentle alike in tone and sentiment. It was mournful as the speech of a man who bore a heavy burden at his heart. It was pathetic, as if haunted by the tragedy of that strange death, under circumstances so afflicting; but it breathed sweet consolation, and taught an important lesson. Of the eloquence for which he is so popularly esteemed, Mr. Beecher gave in this brief ten minutes' speech no great display. He had not come there to be eloquent; but to throw his tribute at the feet of his departed friend and give voice to the half-formed thoughts which the presence of so many once bitter adversaries around that coffin must have suggested to us all. He touched upon the animosities now forgotten, the rivalries hushed, the calumnies repented of; but he did it with grace and tact. "Oh! men," he cried, "is there

nothing for you to do—you who with uplifted hands a few short weeks ago were doing such battle? Think of those conflicts in which you forgot charity, kindliness, goodness! What do you think of them now!" If there were any in that church who cherished still the hatreds of the campaign, who waited only for the public sorrow to subside that they might fly once more at one another's throats, they must have reddened with shame at the gentle words which, in a low and solemn voice, Mr. Beecher uttered in the concluding portion of his address.

After another chant, "Sleep thy last Sleep," by Mr. Berge's choir (Miss T. Werneke, Miss M. Werneke, and Mr. Trost), Dr. Chapin delivered a discourse upon the character of Mr. Greeley, the precepts of his life, and the lesson of Christian faith and hope taught by his closing hours. He, too, alluded with deep feeling to the warfare which has just ended; and when he referred indirectly to the presence of Gen. Grant as a sign of kinder and juster sentiments hereafter, there was a faint attempt at applause, which, however, was instantly suppressed. We subjoin a full report of both addresses.

ADDRESS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is no one that dies whose death is not momentous, if we but behold it as God's angels do; and yet when men have filled the household with their presence, and society has been made a beneficiary by their kindnesses and by their wisdom, death becomes still more momentous. Every day hundreds and hundreds are borne through your streets and laid away to sleep in yonder Greenwood, leaving behind them sorrow and tears, and many reverent thoughts; and yet of all that have passed through on their way to their long home, no one, I think, has gone, or for a long time will go, bearing with him so many sympathies, so much kindness, so many tender recollections, so much that should be instructive, as he who lies here before us.

Who is this man, bearing upon him all the civic honors that the land could give him? Who is this man? One whose wealth has made him a prince in benevolence? He was not rich in living, nor in dying rich. Who is this man? Some one gifted with all kindness of heart and singular tact of administration, that should make every one his friend who came near him? But he was a man of war, who for thirty years has filled the land with the racket of various controversies; and yet to-day, without office, without title, without

place except that of the humblest citizen, the Government itself stands still, and the honored representative and Chief Magistrate of this great people is here to bow his head in unfeigned sympathy. Here are also heads of Departments, and men of every style of thought; here are men who have scarcely yet laid down the bow from which the last arrow has been shot—all gathered to-day by one impulse—the business of the street almost stopped; private dwellings showing the significant tokens of their sorrow—all gathered in genuine sympathy around about this man who can speak no more, walk in our presence no more, but has gone out from us forever.

Is it that death has made us forget all our differences? We have not forgotten them. Is it that strained courtesy that lays aside criticism in the presence of death as something too august for man to trifle with? But we differ to-day as much in theory, as much in philosophy, in the best methods of policy, as we did a month ago. A month ago the whole land was full of clamor. A little while ago men were in fierce battle. There has been no change in it; and yet he who was the chief mark on one side lies before you; and you press around him in tears to-day to do him reverence. It is because the man is more than a professional man; not the candidate, not the editor. The man that lay under them all, is honored and honorable. And when the conflicts of life intermit for a moment, and you can take off your harness, and look into that which belongs to your essential manhood, you do revere him and love him. And since the circumstances of his going were so wonderfully dramatic, since stroke after stroke resounded through the land to make his death one which in every feature is calculated most deeply to affect all, you are brought together to express here your honor and your reverence for Horace Greeley.

It is given to but very few men, the Divine Jesus chiefly, and in lesser measure to Plato, so to think that their thoughts go on as institutions, working down through the generations. Such men are the masters of men and the masters of minds, and they are but few. Most men are great by their circumstances, and great by the exertions of powers which have an application by reason of transient circumstances; there are others who are great because they have fertile lives, and it is permitted them to mingle their lives with the lives of others. This has been done by him who can write no more and speak no more. For thirty years he has builded for himself no outward

monument, no long line of literary efforts, no mansion, no estate; but for thirty years that heart that meant well by every human being has been beating, beating, and giving some drops of its blood to countless multitudes, until to-day, between the two oceans, there is hardly an intelligent man or child that does not feel the influence of the life of Horace Greeley. He is lost in his individuality, but his work is as great as the character and the currents and the tendencies of this great American people.

And now what matters it, in your present thought, that in political economy he was on one side and you were on the other; that in the party divisions of life he was on one side and you were on the other? That which at this hour beseems you, and that which is in accordance with every man's feeling to-day, is this: Horace Greeley gave the strength of his life to education, to honest industry, to humanity, especially toward the poor and the unfriended. He was feet for the lame; he was tongue for the dumb; he was an eye for the blind, and had a heart for those who had none to sympathize with them. His nature longed for more love than it had, and more sympathy than was ever administered to it. The great heart working through life fell at last. He had poured his life out for thirty years into the life of his time. It has been for intelligence, for industry, for an honester life and a nobler manhood; and, though he may not be remembered by those memorials which carry other men's names down, his deeds will be known and felt to the latest generations in our land.

The husbandman reaps his wheat and it is threshed, and the straw goes back again to the ground and the chaff. It matters not how much or how little wheat is garnered. Even that perishes. Some of it goes to seed again and into the ground; more of it becomes the farmer himself. He holds the plow with his hand; he gathers in again other harvests with his skill; he becomes the man. It is no longer wheat; it is the man. The harvest has been garnered, and it reappears in the school-boy, the pioneer settler in the distant West, in the young, thriving men of our cities and towns. To these men Horace Greeley's life has gone out. He has been a national benefactor, and to-day we bear testimony to these under virtues which made his life conspicuous. We were attracted so much to the politics of the time that we gave no notice to those nobler under qualities of true manhood in him; but to-day we think better. To-day we are all speaking kindly of him — sorrowfully.

To-day we are asking what things there may be said of him, and what we may add to praise him fairly and justly.

Oh! men, is there nothing for you to do—you who with uplifted hands a few short weeks ago were doing such battle? Look at what you were then, and what you are now. Are there no lessons to be learned, no corrections to be made? Think of those conflicts, in which you forgot charity, kindliness, goodness! Think of those fierce battles, almost unto blood—in just such you have mingled, out of just such you have come. What do you think of them now? Look here at all that remains of this man. Did you not magnify the differences? Did you not give yourselves to your malign passions, and too little to justice and divine charity? As you stand to-day it is not enough that you should mourn with those that mourn. It is wise that you should carry back with you a tempered and kinder and chastened feeling.

At last, at last! he rests as one that has been driven through a long voyage by storms that would not abate, but reaches the shore and stands upon the firm earth; sees again the shady trees and the green fields, and the beaming sun. So he, through a long and not untempestuous voyage, has reached the shore and is at rest. Oh! how sweet the way that leads to the grave, when that grave is God's golden gate to immortality! How blessed are the dead that die in the Lord! God grant that, in the solemnity of these thoughts in which we have gathered to-day, it may be ours so to live that when we die angels shall open the gate and receive us into the joy and glory of our Lord.

ADDRESS OF DR. E. H. CHAPIN.

One month ago, many of us now present met in this place to express our sympathy with one who sat with pallid face and quivering lips, a heart-stricken mourner for his wife. To-day, as in the freshness of his great sorrow himself wished, he is to be by her side. The shadow of death, through which he was then passing, has enfolded him utterly. Such is the Providence that checks all human purposes and makes life a continual surprise! And now, as I stand here to discharge no mere professional function, to do that which I feel is no more imperative for me as a pastor than as a personal friend, I still must beg leave to limit myself quite closely to the offices of the hour. I can not attempt here and now to unfold the life or estimate the worth of Horace Greeley. Such an attempt

would on one hand be premature, and on the other hand be unnecessary. Premature, because the traits and lessons of a great life can best be summed up and fixed in history in calmer moments, when the first vibrations of grief and excitement have ceased. This work ought to be done, and I trust will be done in the utterances of public memorial service, which will deserve and receive a much wider hearing than I can claim. On the other hand, this work of appreciation is unnecessary; it has already been done. There have been but few instances in our history when the salient points of a man's character have been so instinctively apprehended; but very few instances when the expressions of regret and regard have been so spontaneous, so wide-spread, and so similar.

The record of Mr. Greeley's life, like his person, was known everywhere. These eulogies that pour in so thick and fast from every quarter of the land are not made up with artificial rhetoric. They are genuine. Those tears, as freely shed to-day by country fireside, and in distant States as under the shadowing drapery of these walls, are not conventional tears. They are no official symbols of mourning that hang around us; they represent the people's thought, and are twined about the people's heart. A career of honest purpose and beneficent tendencies vindicates itself under all transient misconception. Where to-day are our party badges and political distinctions? They coil to ashes! Where in the reverent sadness of this hour are differences of creed? They melt away in the broad light of Christian recognition that testifies to a true man's life and arches over a good man's grave. All this, then, I say, indicates an instructive appreciation of character that could not be made more distinct by any labored analysis.

AN INWROUGHT LOVE OF HUMANITY.

And now, my friends, as one lesson adapted to this place and this hour, I ask you before the face of the dead to consider for a moment or two what it was to which this affectionate remembrance attaches, and which draws this spontaneous regard. It was not mere intellectual ability, large and undeniable as it was in the present instance. It was not official station. Mr. Greeley held no official station. The will of the people, expressed through its Electoral College, to-day decreed that he should hold no such station. To-day the Will of God elects him to a place from which all human honors look small and dim. No, my friends, the attraction in this instance

is the magnetism of simple goodness. I need not say that Mr. Greeley's heart was as large as his brain—that love for humanity was an inwrought element of his nature. This was so complete, so broad in him, that it touched all sides of humanity, so to speak. It was manifest in a kindness and regard that keep their silent record in many private hearts; in a hand ever open and ready to help; in one of the kindest faces ever worn by man, the expression of which was

"A meeting of gentle lights without a name."

The hundreds of poor, toil-worn men who yesterday passed through the crowd to take a last look at that worn countenance were moved by no idle curiosity. They went there, not merely to gaze at the face of a great journalist and a famous politician; they were drawn by the conviction that he was the poor man's friend, the sympathetic champion of working-men, who had struggled through their experiences and never forgotten their claims. Mr. Greeley's public action was directed by the same impulse. It was the motive power of his entire efforts, his almost unprecedented work for so many years and in so many ways. It enlisted him in the service of every humane cause. Not only did it inspire his life-long war with oppression, and evil and meanness of every sort—it made him exceptionally generous and tolerant. Some may think that he erred on the side of mercy against justice. Perhaps so; but if we must err at all, that is a good side to err on. A sweet disposition may hold even an error in harmless solution, while there is a precision that is as sour as it is sound. But let it be remembered that often mercy is the synonym of justice. Another danger attendant upon such a spirit is credulity—too much readiness to believe the most and to believe the best. But this human nature of ours which, discipline it as we may, will still be fallible, is full as likely to be wise at this extreme as at the other. Truth is better than fiction. Nevertheless, if the disparaging estimate of humanity is the true one, then fiction is better than fact. The doctrine of a trust in man, however qualified by painful experiences, is necessary as the inspiration to all noble effort, and for any content of mind, for the working machinery of life, and for every fiber of the social organism. Do you tell us that there is no substance in human virtue?—that all honesty is marketable, and all love a selfish mask?—that in this world there are no loyal friendships, no unpurchased benefits, no faithful hearts, no incorruptible souls? Is all that sentimental illu-

sion? Then, I say, let us be cheated by that illusion, always shutting out minor truths, and deceiving us even to the grave.

A LESSON FOR US ALL.

Whatever may have been the mistakes of him who lies dead before us, there was no mistake in the main current of that principle which inspired his labors and characterized his life. And here, I repeat, is a lesson for us all. In trying to do the work of life, one may be discouraged by instances of conspicuous greatness, — at least greatness that expresses intellectual power and achieves splendid success. It may seem to us that because we can not do great things, we can do nothing that is of worth, and that it matters little what we do. But goodness is richer than greatness. It lifts us nearer to God than any intellectual elevation, and, moreover, it is accessible for the humblest life. I do not say that all duty, that all religion is expressed in love for man—though we have ample warrant for belief that all the law is fulfilled in this one word, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The love of God, however, is the spring of, and kindles and nourishes love to man. But how is the love of God to be manifested? It is to be manfested according to our abilities, within our sphere, whether broad or narrow, and every day I bless God that the great necessary work of the world is so faithfully carried on by humble men in narrow spaces and by faithful women in narrow circles, true to the impulse of the divine love within them, performing works of simple goodness. And so we are encouraged, not discouraged, when the greatness which the world confesses is the greatness of goodness, because that, unlike intellectual power, is a communicable power for the goodness of the community. Therefore, from the cup of our sorrow here to-day we may drink inspiration for our best endeavors, while we are thankful for the achievement that in this instance was so large and so effective.

To men of different power different kinds of work are assigned. Some are discoverers of truth; some are vehicles of inspiration; some are inventors of instruments; some are builders of states. But truly has it been said that the philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real "fellow-workmen of the Most High." Other agents explore God's works and illustrate this truth. But this is of little value save as it diffuses His blessedness and confesses His help. Therefore, they who by

earnest effort against evil, by indignant rebuke of wrong, by steadfast advocacy of truth, justice, and freedom, work beneficently for man, most truly work for God and work with God. How faithfully, how effectively he, for whom we hold these solemnities to-day, wrought his work to those ends it is superfluous for me to show. He enlisted in that war from which there is no discharge. He contended against what he believed to be wrong—inspired not less by the goodness of his heart than by the strength of his mind. He struck for what he believed to be right until mind and heart gave way, and, marked by scars and honors, he lies dead upon the field.

A LIFE OF PRACTICAL GOODNESS.

Permit me still further to say—as unfolding, also, in this hour, its practical lesson for ourselves—that Mr. Greeley's work in life was eminently practical work; his goodness was no mere sentiment; for him it was an organic force. There are those, also, who regarded him as what they call a "visionary man." For my part, I am thankful for all such visions as rest upon such solid ground of usefulness and precipitate such concrete results. No man, it seems to me, was less given to mere idle speculation by speech or pen, or used more telling words to tangible effects. How wide, how manifold was the circle of interests which he touched! How close to men's homes and bosoms the convictions which he wrought! How many, many minds has he instructed with practical wisdom! How many lives had he stimulated to wholesome energy! How many young men gratefully acknowledge him as their teacher and guide! What various interests of arts and labor, of education and temperance, of domestic purity, and of freedom miss him, mourn for him to-day. Wielding with so much power the mightiest engine of the times—placed in the editorial chair, which in our day, whether for good or evil, exercises an influence greater than any official seat or throne on earth—it is no light thing to say that, however strenuously, and some may think severely, he used it as the instrument of his own thoughts and purposes—he never debased it as a stimulant of impurity, or made it a vehicle of a single social wrong.

His work was wide and various—how wide and how various this spectacle here to-day bears witness. The association represented here are of all opinions, all differences of pursuit. They are composed of men who disagreed with Mr. Greeley upon many points, yet who truthfully claim fellowship with him upon some one

point, and spontaneously honor his memory. All these testify how closely his life was incorporated with the practical interests of men. At least they testify that while Horace Greeley had many antagonists, he had few, if any, enemies. May I not, without violating any of the proprieties of this occasion, express my satisfaction that while all political issues, as it were, lie sealed within those inclosing lids in demonstration of the truth that peace has victories more renowned than war, the highest representative of the nation joins with this national testimony in honor of the thinker, the worker, the patriot, and the man.

Let me refer to one more lesson of the hour, and I will relieve your patience. It is the lesson of Horace Greeley's life, it is the lesson of his death; would that in life and death it might be the lesson illustrated by us all—the lesson of the power, sufficiency of the Christian faith! Far be it from me to take advantage of this occasion, which has assembled men of different creeds and different forms of worship, to urge the point of Mr. Greeley's sympathy with those interpretations of Christianity which usually find expression here. Only suffer me to say, however, that he found at least, whatever errors may be mixed with his view—he found in it strength to live and strength to die by. But it is a grander fact than this that upon the essential truth of Christianity, the truth which all believers trust in, Horace Greeley leaned his weary head and weary heart and died. Now, my friends, not because it is my office, not because it is a professional duty that I should speak so, do I say that the more I see, the longer I live, the more I believe in every fiber of my heart that in Christian faith alone is true peace and quiet in our life and in our death. The mere intellect may find satisfaction in speculation concerning God, or whether there be any God at all, or in scientific excursions through the universe. In the seeming remote prospects of our own dissolution we may raise curious queries about a future life; whether this still old form which lies before us is itself the compact substance, the finality of our being, or whether from this motionless frame there has not vanished some thing that thought, and knew, and spoke, and lived, and evidently is not here.

MR. GREELEY'S CHRISTIAN FAITH.

In the assumptions of our modern wisdom, knowing so many things, and as we think impartially, we may criticise the claims of the ancient Bible, and of the historical Christ; but when the forces

of nature press upon the life-springs of our own being, and we want to know something of the power that bears us up and carries us along—when the lamp of our conscious being flickers in the advancing darkness of the grave, and the question rises straight before us —"Is this the end of all, or is there something more?" oh! when our evil habits accuse us, and our false lives rebuke us, and we feel our moral weakness, and know we can not erect ourselves, then, indeed, does it come to us as a joy and as a victory—the truth that was uttered by Horace Greeley—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Job was a great sufferer. Affliction after affliction came upon him with whirlwind blast and lightning stroke. He mourned and wept, and looked through a tumultuous struggle that came upon him; he ended with the peace of the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; but still, through and beyond all, he recognized this truth, that there was to him a Helper, a Vindicator, a Redeemer, and that was his strength and his victory. Our friend and brother had his hour of desolation and darkness. Affliction after affliction fell upon him, and he longed for rest. No doubt he breathed the spirit of the simple verse:

——"Life is the torrid day
Burned by the wind and sun;
And death the calm, cool, evening hour
When the weary day is done."

But he looked through and beyond this. Those were the transient shadows, and I thank God from my heart and from my soul, not only for myself but for all, that, when all earthly good was crumbling like scaffolding, this dying man was so strong and triumphant as to utter from his soul this simple sentence that is written over me.

My friends, that was the victory of Horace Greeley's life, as well as the lesson of his death. It is the consolation of the hour. I dare not trust myself to speak to those smitten hearts. I dare not trust words to convey even one atom of human sympathy, for they would fail me before those who have thus repeatedly been smitten. There, there is your consolation! "I know that my Redeemer liveth." And now, as we take the body of our friend and brother, and bear it to its final rest, from these walls that have known him so often, but shall know him no more—now, as we bend over him with these tears that will not be restrained, God grant that this may be our consolation.

"Farewell, dear friend! farewell, honored associate! farewell noble champion!" each may say, speaking for some great interest and affection of his life. Farewell! We know that our Redeemer liveth! and God grant that we may know it in that final hour, when, like him, there is nothing for us but to turn to God.

PRAYER BY DR. CHAPIN.

Almighty and ever-living God: Thou art our strength and our defense, our very present help in time of trouble. We would know Thee in our happiest hours and in our days of sorrow. We would commune with Thee in the sunshine of life; but, O God, since the heavens are dark and the storm is heavy, when all we love and trust and honor has failed, to whom shall we look and where shall we find consolation but in the living God and Father of us all? We thank Thee to-day for that blessed revelation of Christ which has made God known, and which has lighted up the uncertainty of nature with the assurance of a Divine love. We thank Thee, O God, that our Redeemer liveth, and we pray that this truth may be a conscious and vital truth in every soul and every heart. Especially we ask that Thou wilt draw very near to these orphan hearts, these bereaved souls, and assure them of Thy presence and Thy help. Thou art the Father of us all; and may they trust in Thy love as in a mother's or father's love. May they take hold of Thee with a firm trust and peace of heart, notwithstanding the waves have repeatedly gone over them and the great floods have overwhelmed them. Oh, God! be Thou to them as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Be Thou to them father and mother, strength and peace, light and consolation. May they be able to say "The cup which our Father hath given us, shall we not drink of it?" It is bitter to the taste and cold to the lips, still may they feel that the hand of Infinite love, even like the nail-pierced hand of Jesus, presents it to their lips. God console them, as Thou alone canst, with the assurance of a life which reaches into Christ; comfort that afflicted circle of friends, and that one who languishes upon a bed of sickness. Give them the consolation of Thy Gospel. May they be able to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"—"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

And we beseech Thee to sanctify this event which touches so many hearts and covers such a wide circle of professional associates who

battled by his side; who have witnessed his labor, honored his name, and who meet to-day in genuine grief over his cold remains. Grant, O God! that this may be a source of good to their souls, that the consolations of Thy truth may be with them, and the suggestions of Divine faith be sufficient for them. May it awaken them to diligence, duty in the high and responsible station to which they may be called; and help us all to feel that we must work while the day lasts, for the night cometh.

Sanctify, we beseech Thee, this event unto those with whom the departed has taken sweet counsel; walking with them to the house of God. Sanctify it unto those of us who worship here; help them in the remembrance of this tender moment to cherish a still deeper trust in Thee. Sanctify this event to the poor and the lowly; to the laborer and the freedman; all who have been touched by this great influence, or have felt the power of this generous life. Sanctify it, God, to this great nation, that there may be a true monument in the hearts of the people, regarding a life of simple earnest goodness; and, O God, let Thy blessing rest upon each and all of us gathered here. We ask Thy benediction for the President of the United States, and all associated with him in authority. Give unto them wisdom and grace that they may be faithful to the high responsibilities which they are compelled to assume, and serve Thee in the stations where Thou hast appointed them.

We pray that Thy blessing may rest upon all men everywhere, the sick, the lowly, the weak, the tempted, the dying; and now, O God! in the midst of troubles we remember mercy. We thank Thee that the deceased has lived. We thank Thee for all the blessings he enjoyed in life. We thank Thee for the good he has contributed to others. We thank Thee, O God! for the glorious Gospel of Christ. Let Thy blessing rest upon what remains of the solemn services of this occasion, and as the dust is committed to the dust we commend to Thee the soul. When all is over, dwell with the sorrowing hearts that must sit down in loneliness, only to realize the greatness of their bereavement. Help us truly to live, triumphantly to die; and finally take us to that world where there is no sin, no sorrow, no separation, redeemed by Him who plucked the sting from death and robbed the grave of victory, and in whose name and greatness we now address and implore Thee. Amen.

At the conclusion of Dr. Chapin's address, Miss T. Werneke sang Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair;" and then Dr. Chapin,

after explaining the order in which the people were to leave the church, pronounced the benediction. But before the solemn ceremonies ended there was to be another impressive and beautiful exercise. Zundel's hymn, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," revealed the noble voice of Miss Antoinette Sterling. She sang with a degree of sentiment that was little less than grand, and an effect which she certainly has never surpassed. Then, while the choir chanted "What is Life?" the mourners prepared to take their departure.

FROM THE CHURCH TO THE CEMETERY.

In leaving the church, the coffin, attended by the pall-bearers, was carried on men's shoulders to the hearse. The daughters, the other relatives, and the particular friends of Mr. Greeley followed. Then came the President and his suite; next, the Governors and their suites; next, the editors and other attachés of *The Tribune*. Under the direction of Superintendent Kelso the long procession was soon transferred to the carriages, and at 1:15 the cortége moved in the following order, the police having previously cleared the roadway from curb to curb:

Mounted Police.
Broadway Squad.
Superintendent Kelso.
Mayor Hall.
Inspectors Dilks and Walling.
Fourth Precinct Police, Capt. Ullman.
One Hundred Members of the Fire Department, under command of Engineer Shay.
The Rev. Dr. Pullman, officiating clergyman at the grave.
The Pall-Bearers in five carriages.

HEARSE.

Misses Ida and Gabrielle Greeley and other mourners in carriages.
The President of the United States, Vice-President Colfax, and Vice-President elect Henry Wilson, in an open landau, surrounded by fifty policemen, as a guard of honor.
Governor Hoffman and Governors of adjoining States.
The Tribune Staff.
Typographical Society.
Union League Club.
Members of the Common Council.
Heads of Departments.
Distinguished officials from adjoining cities in carriages, two deep, to the number of eighty-five.

Members of the Liberal Republican General Committee.
Union Republican General Committee.
Tammany Hall General Committee.
Simon Cameron Association.
Sons of Temperance.
Delegations from the Arcadian, Lotos, Farmers', and Rural Clubs, and American Institute.
Citizens generally.

About one hundred and twenty-five carriages were in line, moving two abreast. There was no music and no military guard. No banners were displayed; no regalia was worn except by a very few out of the large number of delegates from societies who walked before the procession from the church to the ferry. Yet a more imposing parade has rarely, if ever, been seen in our streets. In the church, a great majority of the audience was composed of well-dressed ladies, who, having been admitted (by ticket) some time before the gentlemen, almost wholly filled the galleries, and occupied a great deal of the space on the floor of the church. In the Fifth Avenue the crowd upon the sidewalks was largely composed of the same class of people. But further down town the poor, the working-people, the shopkeepers, the great multitude who commanded so much of Mr. Greeley's sympathies, and have been such sincere mourners over his loss, thronged the thoroughfare and made the task of the police in keeping the roadway open no easy one, indeed. Had this been an ordinary holiday, when more or less hilarity prevails, there must have been much greater trouble to keep order. But the people were disposed to quiet and decorum. Many of them raised their hats reverently as the body passed, and waved their handkerchiefs or wafted a farewell with a gesture of the hand. In several instances people tried to throw flowers upon the hearse. In front of Bogardus' gallery there was a large photograph of Mr. Greeley, draped in black and white; and it was noticed that numbers of the crowd uncovered their heads as they passed it. The procession moved very slowly. It was two o'clock when it reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There was no stoppage after it once got fairly started, but the time occupied in moving from the church to the Battery was two hours and a quarter. The route was down the Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street to Broadway, and down Broadway to the Bowling Green, where the line divided, one half going through Whitehall Street and the other through State Street, meeting at the ferry. The bells of St.

Paul's and Trinity were tolled as the procession passed. The carriage containing the President turned off at Beaver Street, and was driven rapidly up town. Many others left the procession at the ferry. The police, the firemen, the societies on foot, all abandoned it here. Forty or fifty coaches, containing the pall-bearers, the family, and particular friends, a large number of *The Tribune* employés, and other persons, kept on to the Cemetery.

AT GREENWOOD.

It was nearly dusk when the cortége reached the Cemetery and drew up near Mr. Greeley's vault on Locust Hill, whither only a month ago he had followed the coffin of his wife. The open vault, containing the bodies of his wife and three departed children, was surrounded by a dense mass of people, through whom the police with difficulty cleared the way. There was a short and simple ceremony —merely a brief prayer, and a blessing—during which the weeping relatives stood before the entrance to the vault, and the pall-bearers grouped themselves opposite with uncovered heads. Then the body of Horace Greeley was deposited in its last resting-place, and his daughters descended, and laid upon the coffin their tributes of flowers.

So rests the great journalist, the statesman, the philosopher, the honest man. He has gone to his grave with the lament of the whole people; he will hold a place in their hearts as long as Americans know how to honor patriotism, unselfishness, and Christian virtue.

DISTINGUISHED MOURNERS.

The Clerk of the Common Council was busy, yesterday morning, at the City Hall, dispensing tickets for carriages and admission to the church to the guests of the city. The demand was, of course, much greater than the supply, and many were disappointed in not receiving attention. These and the other distinguished mourners in the church were the following:

The President of the United States.
The Chief-Justice of the United States.
The Vice-President and the Vice-President elect.
The Secretary of War.
The United States Minister to France.
The Governor of New York.
The two United States Senators from New York.

The Governor of New Jersey.

The Governor of Connecticut.

United States Senators Lyman Trumbull, Carl Schurz, and Thomas W. Tipton.

United States Representatives N. P. Banks, D. P. Melish (elect), Lyman Tremain (elect), ex-Gov. McCormick, of Arizona.

The Mayors of New York, Jersey City, Brooklyn, Norwalk, Conn., Paterson, N. J., Orange, N. J., Hoboken. N. J., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Newark, N. J., Long Island City, and other cities.

Gen. John A. Dix, Governor elect, ex-Gov. Ward, ex-Gov. Ashley, the Hon. Thomas E. Stewart, the Hon. John V. Gridley, ex-Congressman Hill, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, James G. Cooper, of Greeley, Col., W. W. Saunders (colored), of Maryland, A. W. Hunter (colored), the Hon. Jacob Patterson, Assemblymen W. W. Niles and James W. Husted, the Hon. E. C. Cowdin, the Hon. L. Bradford, Prince, of Queens County, Gen. Babcock, Gen. McQuade, Col. Lee, of Gov. Parker's Staff, Gen. Shaler, Gen. Runyon and Gen. Kilpatrick, of New Jersey, the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church; A. W. Leggett, W. W. Harding, John A. Foster, John E. Green, and many others.

Gen. Chester A. Arthur, Collector of the Port; Gen. P. H. Jones, Postmaster of New York; Gen. E. A. Merritt, ex-Naval Officer; Gen. Palmer, ex-Appraiser; E. D. Morgan, ex-U. S. Senator; Gen. Barlow, Attorney-General; Gen. Sharp, United States Marshal.

Col. John W. Forney, of the *Philadelphia Press;* George W. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger;* W. W. Harding, L. Clarke Davis, of the *Philadelphia Inquirer;* Morton McMichael, of the *Philadelphia Age;* Enoch Green, of the *Sunday Transcript;* Capt. Hincken, of the *Sunday Dispatch;* Manton Marble, editor of the *World;* Samuel Bowles, editor of the *Springfield Republican;* J. M. Keating, editor of the *Memphis Appeal;* a large number of editors form Connecticut and New Jersey, the directors of the American Press Association, and many other journalists.

Judges Fancher, Davis, Barrett, and Leonard, of the Supreme Court; Joachimsen, of the Marine Court; Woodruff, of the United States Court.

John Elderkin and George P. Rowell of the New York Liberal Club; S. V. White, George H. Brodhead, Charles Graham, George W. McLean, Beverly Robinson, Jr., Robert Colby, H. T. Morgan, Eugene Thompson, Alfred Colville, E. H. Miller, representing the

Stock Exchange; a Committee of thirty from the Gold Exchange, and delegates from the German Greeley and Brown Clubs, the Liberal Republican General Committee, the Republican General Committee, the Tammany Hall General Committee, the Apollo Hall Democracy, the Lincoln Club, Union League Club, the Lotos Club, the Arcadian Club, the *Herald* Club, the Liberal Club, the Typographical Society, the Farmers' Club, the Rural Club, the Associated Press, the American Press, the American Institute, Temperance Clubs, and many others.

Aldermen Cochrane, Falconer, Conover, Coman, Martin, Joyce, Radde, Mehrbach, Plunkitt, McLaren, Otis F. Hall, and Wilder; Assistant Aldermen Galvin, Kraus, Costello, McDonald, Flack, Coddington, Haley, Pinckney; M. J. Kelley, Clerk of Assistant Aldermen; Fire Marshal Hitchman, Superintendent Macgregor of the Department of Buildings; Sheriff Brennan, Commissioners Gross, Wood, Mulally, and Van Nort; Assistant District-Attorney Fellows; Adolph Kessler, Coroner elect; Coroners Herrmann, Keenan, and Schirmer, and Charles E. Loew, County Clerk.

Aldermen Jacob I. Bergen, Tenth Ward; William Dwyer, Ripley Ropes, John M. Clancy, James Boland, John McGroarty, John P. Douglass, Michael Coffers, John A. Taylor, Thomas McPherson, John Raber, Henry Dawson, Jr., Joseph P. Walter, Walter D. C. Boggs, and William Richardson; Abijah Whitney, Alderman elect; John W. Harman, Supervisor; R. M. Whiting, Commissioner of Public Works; A. Nelson Schaurman, Auditor; the Hon. W. W. Goodrich; ex-Senator J. F. Pierce—all of Brooklyn.

Alderman Pennington, of Orange, N. J.; Alderman Tompkins, of Hoboken, N. J.; Alderman Beatty, of Middletown, N. Y.; three representatives of the Baltimore Common Council; five representatives of the Newark Common Council; Supervisor Robinson, of Washington, D. C.; and many representatives of the municipal governments of adjacent cities.

About half-past ten o'clock the guests of the city were directed to take seats in the carriages drawn up in front of the City Hall. The carriages left the City Hall Park for the church in a quarter of an hour, bearing the Mayors and Common Councils of New York, Brooklyn, Newark, and Long Island City, heads of departments of the municipal offices, judges, and other officials. The line of carriages was headed and closed by detachments of police.

Among many others the following dispatches were received:

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., *Dec.* 4, 1872.

I tender my deepest sympathy in the great affliction which our whole country has suffered in the death of Mr. Greeley. Were it possible I should certainly be present to render the last tribute to his worth. B. GRATZ BROWN.

WASHINGTON, *Dec.* 3, 1872.

I lament that my health will not permit the night journey to New York, but in soul I shall be at the funeral. CHARLES SUMNER.

THE LAST ACT.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 5.]

Yesterday the last act in the prolonged obsequies of Horace Greeley was performed in the presence, one might say, of the whole people of the United States. In New York and Brooklyn business came to a stand. The merchant forsook his ledger; the lawyer abandoned his books; the laborer dropped his hod; the poor girl laid aside her needle; and all stood reverently by the wayside while "the good gray head which all men knew" was borne sorrowfully to its final rest.

The whole country sympathized with us. From one end of the land to the other flags drooped at half-mast, and mourning drapery hung before the closed doors. There have been richer pageants than this; but there has been no such magnificent, such touching demonstration of popular feeling.

THE PEOPLE.

If the scenes during the lying-in-state of Mr. Greeley's remains at the City Hall were impressive and sorrowful, what shall we say of the still more remarkable demonstrations of yesterday, when, through a mourning city, his body was borne to its last home? The whole populace poured forth to watch the solemn cortége and testify their grief. From early in the forenoon until the long procession had passed by the entire line of march, from Forty-fifth Street to Greenwood Cemetery was crowded with spectators. It was not merely an assemblage of sight-seers; it was a gathering of sympathizing friends. As on Tuesday, sad faces and moist eyes

everywhere looked out from the throng. As on Tuesday, the laboring-men and women and humbler classes generally were foremost in their manifestations and most demonstrative in their sorrow. It had been noticed on Tuesday that among the visitors to the Governor's Room, at the City Hall, were great numbers of newsboys. These active little members of society were plentiful along the route yesterday also, and for once their shrill cries were hushed and their spirits were quieted. Horace Greeley had always been one of their favorite heroes. They used to call out to him familiarly in the streets, and many of them, doubtless, cherished the expectation of getting to be editors some day themselves. The colored people were likewise numerous, and many of them seemed deeply affected. Farmers were often seen among the crowd. "Sir," said a sturdy countryman to a member of *The Tribune* staff, in front of Mr. Sinclair's house, before the cortége moved, "I have come a hundred miles to be at the funeral of Horace Greeley; can't you possibly get me in to have one look at him?" The doors had then been closed, but after many repulses the man got in. A moment later he came out with flushed face and trembling lip, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and hurried away. Forty-fifth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, was occupied by a great multitude of people, while the Fifth Avenue, above and below the church, was almost impassable long before the hour appointed for the funeral. Just opposite the church is a row of unfinished dwelling-houses. These were occupied by a throng which filled all the windows and covered the roof. The doorsteps of all the houses along the avenue, without exception, were thickly crowded; windows and balconies were full; hotels, club-houses, and public buildings of all kinds presented a sea of human faces. No one could misunderstand the meaning of such a gathering. It was greater than the multitude which welcomed the Grand Duke Alexis, or watched the funeral of Abraham Lincoln. It has had no parallel in our recent history. Yet everybody knew that as a spectacle the funeral would have little to interest the mere idle spectator. There were no soldiers, no banners, no flags, no emblems, no bands of music, no gaudy car with led horses. It was the plain funeral of a plain man, differing from other displays only in being so much longer. The people came to look on because the man whose body was carried by had been their friend; because, as Mr. Beecher well remarked, he had been "feet for the lame, tongue for the dumb, eyes for the blind, a heart for those who had

none to sympathize with them." "Never," said a gray-haired spectator among the crowd in Broadway, "have I seen such a spontaneous outpouring of the people, or the masses so generally and so deeply affected." From the rich merchant, who closed his warehouse and hung the building with festoons of black and white, down to the beggar who stood weeping by the curb-stone, all were moved by a common impulse of affection and respect.

The sidewalks of Broadway, below Canal Street, were fringed with people as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, and at noon the police at Pine Street were forced to clear the streets repeatedly. The crowd was not, therefore, one which accompanied the procession as it moved; each square contained a new and varied assemblage; and it was not until the procession had passed that the streets became cleared.

At various points the character of the crowds changed with the locality. At Madison Square, for instance, numerous strangers from the hotels formed a distinctive class. Lower down Fifth Avenue, the fringe of human beings along the sidewalk was thinner than at any other part of the line, for the reason that the residents of that vicinity were at their windows or occupied elevated positions on the high stoops which are a characteristic of that thoroughfare.

In Broadway, where stoops are exceptional, the crowd was several deep on either sidewalk; and store windows and unfinished buildings were filled with lookers-on. Along Broadway, at every cross street were drawn up large trucks, on which men, women, and children were mounted. It was only at these points that the least undue hilarity was observable. The crowd was greatest in Broadway at Prince, Houston, and Bleecker streets. On either side and near to Broadway in this vicinity are many tenement houses, few parts of the city being so thickly populated; and the thousands of working-men and women here resident were all crowded into the main thoroughfare for two hours before the approach of the hearse.

A reporter was detailed to pass along the route of the procession a half mile or more in advance of the cortége. From Dr. Chapin's Church to Madison Square, a distance of just a mile, the avenue was nearly blockaded. On the outer edge of the sidewalk the crowd were huddled two and three deep. On the walk within there was barely room to pass. The day would have worn a holiday aspect but for the quiet and subdued demeanor of the people, and the occasional exhibitions of sorrow. About Madison Square, and on the

space before the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the concourse was still greater. All along Broadway from Fourteenth Street, through which the procession moved, to Hamilton Ferry, there was a dense mass of people. About the Bowling Green, the Battery, and the ferry-house th crowd still stood patiently waiting. On the Brooklyn side the same scenes were repeated. Along Union Street to the Fourth Avenue, and down the avenue to the Cemetery stretched the wonderful double lines of watchers. At Greenwood was a still more surprising sight. Here an enormous concourse had gathered, standing about the entrance gates, and fringing the winding roads, and concentrating about the open grave, so that the mourners, when the cortége had arrived, had the greatest difficulty in following the hearse.

THE POLICE.

The admirable efficiency, good temper, and good discipline of the police, which we have had occasion to praise so highly before, were more than ever conspicuous in the arrangements for this extraordinary turn-out, and the control of the enormous crowd through which the procession was to pass. Superintendent Kelso had, the night before, given the necessary orders to the police captains, and was on the ground early in the morning to take personal direction of affairs at the church. The streets around the church were intrusted to the care of Captain Gunner, of the Nineteenth Precinct, who held command over 250 men; the companies were led by Captain Williams, of the Twenty-first Precinct; Capt. Bennett, of the Twelfth; Captain Killale, of the Twenty-second; Captain Allaire, of the Broadway police; Captain McDonnell, of the Thirty-first; Captain Davis, of the Thirtieth.

From the church to Hamilton Ferry, a distance of three miles, the street was lined with policemen. As the procession advanced the police on guard gathered into line in its rear as a protection against carriages, and were relieved by others at various points, thus enabling the force gradually to return to their respective precincts.

Along the line of march, from Forty-fifth Street to Madison Square, were stationed men under the command of Captain McElwain, of the Twentieth Precinct, and Captain Cameron, of the Eighteenth Precinct. Madison Square and its neighborhood were under the charge of Captain Barden, of the Twenty-ninth Precinct. From Madison Square to Fourteenth Street were ranged the men of Cap-

tain Sanders, of the Sixteenth Precinct, Captain Washburn, of the Ninth Precinct, and Captain Hedden, of the Twenty-eighth Precinct. Union Square and Fourteenth Street were guarded by Captain Walsh, of the Seventeenth Precinct. From Fourteenth Street to the City Hall, Broadway was lined with the men of Captain Byrnes, of the Fifteenth Precinct, Captain McCullogh, of the Eighth Precinct, Captain Clinchy, of the Fourteenth Precinct, Captain Petty, of the Fifth Precinct, and Captain Kennedy, of the Sixth Precinct. At the City Hall, Captain Leary, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, had charge. Below the City Hall to the Battery the spectators were kept out of the street by the men of Captain Williamson, of the Third Precinct, Captain Caffrey, of the Second Precinct, Captain Ward, of the Twenty-seventh Precinct, and Captain Van Dusen, of the First Precinct. At the Battery there were 250 men under the command of Captain Copeland, who guarded the ferry.

Capt. Ullman, of the Fourth Precinct, escorted the procession, and Capt. Wilson, of the Mounted Police, escorted the Boards of Aldermen.

PUBLIC MOURNING.

In Broadway it seemed as if almost every building had a flag at half-mast. In the Fifth Avenue, and, indeed, throughout the city, this mark of respect to the memory of the dead was all but universal, and in a great many cases the flags were draped with black. In the avenue a number of private houses were hung in mourning. The residence of Mr. P. T. Barnum, No. 438 Fifth Avenue, was festooned with black and white muslin, and displayed the inscription, "It is done." Mr. Theron R. Butler, No. 433 Fifth Avenue; Joseph West, No. 430; A. W. Griswold, No. 415; and John Mack, No. 365, hung out similar tokens of respect. The Hon. James Brooks, at No. 363, had a flag bound with crape. Mrs. P. B. Tryon, No. 229 Fifth Avenue, displayed a portrait of Mr. Greeley, draped in mourning. The Blossom Club, at No. 129, and the Manhattan Club, were extensively decorated with similar somber trappings. Brewster's carriage warehouse, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street—an establishment in which Mr. Greeley was known to have taken a particular interest on account of its adoption of the coöperative system—was closed and in mourning. In Broadway both of A. T. Stewart's establishments were closed; so were also the shops and offices of G. Schirmer; Fellows, Hoffman & Co., the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Ball, Black & Co.,

D. Appleton & Co., the Meriden Britannia Co., Howe's Sewing Machine Co., C. G. Gunther & Co., Edson, Bradley & Co., Wm. H. Lyon & Co., Cochrane, McLean & Co., Catlin, Brundrett & Co., Tefft, Griswold & Kellogg, L. Amson & Co., M. J. Sheppard, Hicks, Barr & Co., Paton & Co., Eldridge, Dunham & Co., Hemphill & Hamlin, *The American Agriculturist*, the New York Loan and Indemnity Co., Knox, the Goodyear Rubber Co., and the German American Mutual Warehousing and Security Co. These establishments, all in Broadway, were formally closed; but business, indeed, for a great part of the day seemed to be generally suspended. Windows were given up to ladies, and at banking-houses the clerks forsook their counters and hung upon the steps and balconies. The North German Consul displayed a flag at half-mast. The photographers Rockwood, Sarony, Brady, Gurney, Fredericks, all exhibited portraits dressed with crape, and canvass portraits were suspended from some of the houses. The mourning draperies all along the street were too many to be described here in full.

Brentano displayed a large placard, bearing the inscription: "The lifeless champion of a universal brotherhood has been successful far beyond Presidencies or leaderships, for hearts have been given him better than votes, and a holy enshrinement grander than national honors." Le Moult, No. 7 Union Square, had in the window a plaster bust of Mr. Greeley, crowned with olive leaves, imbedded in moss, and overhung with vines. The motto: "He reckoned not the past while aught remained, Great to be done or mighty to be gained," was displayed. E. R. Cartwright, No. 20 East Fourteenth Street, draped the front of his store. At Broadway and Fourteenth Street, the words, "It is done," were displayed. Wm. Dibble, No. 854 Broadway, draped the front of his building. Mme. Demorest, No. 838, had the windows draped with white satins and black silks. Gabrielson, No. 821, Dr. Humphries, No. 817, displayed the badge of mourning. The Liberal Republican General Committee, having rooms at No. 814, had encircled with crape a large portrait of Mr. Greeley, bearing the inscription, "We mourn the loss of our leader." The St. Denis Hotel displayed a flag at half-mast.

Over Merritt's Dining Hall, in Ninth Street, near Broadway, and the New York Hotel, in Broadway, flags were flying at half-mast. At No. 809, Brink & Russell, were the words, "A nation mourns Horace Greeley, ever the friend of humanity." Semmons, No. 687, Union Adams, No. 637, and Chamberlin's photographic studio, No.

603, draped their buildings heavily. The Southern, Grand Central, Continental, Metropolitan, and St. Nicholas Hotels, the Revere and Brandreth Houses, Whitfield, Powers & Co., No. 471, Lord & Taylor, and Devlin & Co., at Grand Street, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., No. 654, Strong & Sons, H. M. Silverman, No. 554, Ristfimer, Smith & Co., and Baldwin, at Canal Street, all displayed one or more flags at half-mast. The front of the store of Alfred P. Reynolds, No. 630, bore the motto, in white letters on black ground, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear." Bartlett, Berry, Reed & Co., No. 559, and J. Meyer & Co., and Sehl & Nissen Bros., both of No. 552, draped their entire buildings. The places of business of the American National Bank, R. J. Roberts & Co., Nos. 542 and 544, L. Zechiel, No. 532, Kugler & Hymes, B. Travis & Co., No. 505, B. Meyberg & Co., No. 503, Kellogg, Hubbard & Co., No. 499, Robbins, Stone & Hyde, No. 472, Horace Waters, No. 481, Myerson & Plant, No. 478, H. C. Folger, No. 469, R. Richards, No. 425, Wm. Browning & Co., J. Hermann & Son, the Real Estate Trust Company, Thomas M. Argall, No. 313, the North-Western National Insurance Company, N. A. Knapp & Co., Butler, Pitkin & Co., David Valentine & Co., Cohen, Schloss & Co., S. P. Robinson & Co., Diggs, Cunningham & Co., the Astor House, and many others, were more or less draped. Among other significant mottoes displayed were, "In memoria eterna vivet justus," and "His honesty and charity still live."

THE CHURCH.

The Church of the Divine Paternity (Dr. Chapin's), in which the funeral ceremonies were held, contains only 1,500 people, and seemed on that account perhaps ill-suited for an occasion like this. But if it had held 15,000 it would not have been large enough for the multitude who wanted to be present. It is the church which Mr. Greeley attended. It is the church from which, a month ago, the remains of his wife were carried to the grave. The tickets of admission were distributed by a committee of the pew-holders; and though more seem to have been issued than the size of the church would have justified, there was good order within the building, and no more crowding than was to be expected at such a ceremony. Under the direction of a committee of ladies of the congregation, consisting of Mrs. Gabriel Kent, Mrs. E. H. Chapin, Mrs. W. H. Morgan, Mrs. Geo. Hoffman, Mrs. A. J. Jamieson, Mrs. Wm. H. Daly, Mrs. N. L. Cort, Mrs. George Kelloch, Mrs. C. L. Stickney, Mrs. T. F. Mc-

Dowell, and Mrs. J. O. Rhines, the building had been appropriately decorated. Over the door in front hung a flag, looped up with black. In the vestibule was a portrait of Mr. Greeley, with crape around the frame. The screen behind the pulpit was covered with black cloth, hanging in graceful folds, and relieved by festoons, while from the top of it depended graceful strings of smilax. In the middle of this somber background were the shield sent from Chappaqua, with its wreath of wheat stalks and crossed axe and pen, and the floral representation of the arms of the City of New York, presented by the Common Council. The pulpit itself and the rail in front were fully draped. Drapery ran around the front of the galleries, and from bracket to bracket along the side walls. Lengths of serge drooped from the center of the ceiling to the spring of each arch, twined about the columns, and hung from the pinnacles of the organ.

The pew which Mr. Greeley used to occupy, about midway of the north aisle, next the wall, was draped with crape. The figure, in flowers, of a lyre with broken strings, presented by Miss Lizzie Sterling, hung at the head. The seat was thickly strewn with white flowers, camellias being placed in the spot which Mr. Greeley himself used to occupy. This pew will be left empty for thirty days.

The most remarkable decorations of the church, however, were the flowers.

THE FLOWERS.

If every person who has dropped a tear at the death of our great chief, who has mourned for him with a sincere and heart-felt sorrow, had been allowed to send to the church where we took leave of him even a single rose-bud to be laid, a tender token, beside his bier, there would have been no room there for the throng of mourning people. As it is, he can scarcely find sweeter or more abundant blossoms in the land of eternal summer, whither he has gone, than surrounded yesterday all we had left of him on earth. The church, with all its floral decorations, was a strangely beautiful sight. About and within the chancel were collected the largest and most beautiful of those lovely gifts which reverent hands had brought there to exhale their souls of sweetness round the body whose soul had fled. Mr. Greeley had been a man who, clear thinker, and strong writer, and great editor as he was, had yet found time to love all the fair and pleasant things of Nature; to care for flowers, and fruit, and waving grain; and there was a beautiful appropriateness and per-

sonal significance in many of the devices which surrounded his bier. A magnificent arch of white flowers, presented by the ladies of Dr. Chapin's congregation, spanned the pulpit, over the speaker's head. On its white ground was wrought in crimson blossoms the legend, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Indeed, these words, and "It is done," were repeated again and again in the decorations, in all sorts of devices. At the right of the pulpit stood a gift from the Common Council—a large stand, of which the whole top was composed of the choicest flowers, rose-buds, and camellias and tube-roses, surmounted by a crown wrought from the same lovely blossoms. A similar stand and crown was the gift of Mayor Hall, and another came from the Lincoln Club. The Lotos, the Union League, and *The Herald* clubs were represented by appropriate offerings. From the German Greeley and Brown Club came an immense quill, wrought in the choicest flowers.

One of the most remarkable of the tributes was a plow, composed of camellias and white roses, with a groundwork of violets and other modest blossoms, made by Gordon Brothers. This beautiful design was the gift of the employés of *The Tribune* counting-room. Among the most conspicuous offerings was a magnificent floral tablet, three and a half feet wide, standing about six feet from the floor, and presenting the appearance of a picture supported by columns, of which the frame consisted of violets and tea-rose-buds. The ground of the tablet was formed of the choicest white flowers, inscribed at the top with the words, "It is done;" in the center, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." On the reverse were the letters "H. G.," and the motto, "In memoriam." The inscriptions were in red flowers. The columns were covered with smilax, interspersed with white flowers. This tablet, designed by a lady, was presented by "*The Tribune* Association." It was executed by Messrs. Klunder & Long, the same florists who furnished the decorations for the birthday festival of Mr. Greeley in February last; they freely bestowed their artistic skill in its preparation as a personal tribute to the memory of the departed.

The clock in front of the singer's gallery was stopped at 6:50, the hour when Mr. Greeley died. In the drapery above this was a floral cross of exquisite workmanship, presented by Mrs. Robert B. Roosevelt. Pendant from the gas fixtures at the north side of the pulpit was a beautiful floral cross, presented by B. F. Butler.

In a corresponding position at the south of the pulpit was a floral harp, with strings composed of violets. One of these was

broken, and across the strings lay a pen. The whole device was a most happy one, and came with great propriety from the Arcadian Club. Over the desk a great floral arch rose, and on it was the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." This was the present of the ladies of Dr. Chapin's church. The speakers stood directly under it, and the Scripture, and the thoughts expressed, and the prayers seemed to catch a fragrance from the silent flowers.

Along the front edge of the desk, and before the great Bible, was a continuous garland with the words, "It is done." Pendant from the front of the desk was an exquisite wreath, and on the attached card, written in an unsteady hand, were the words "With the regrets of Isaiah Rynders."

Near Mayor Hall's offering was a beautiful floral anchor, presented by the Female Department of Grammar School No. 19. On the card was the wish, "*Fama semper vivat.*" A very tasteful crown not far away was presented by Commodore C. K. Garrison.

Among the beautiful and suggestive gifts was a wreath of laurel woven in the old Roman fashion. This most fit and thoughtful reminder of a noble life and its future fame came from Miss Kate Field—her "offering to the master-mind of journalism."

But the chronicle of all the gifts which loving hearts had sent would be too long a list. From one an anchor, from one a cross, from another a wreath, and—one of the most exquisite of the devices—from still another, a broken shaft, which stood upon the pulpit. About the coffin itself were arranged the gifts of the closest personal friends. Among them, one of the most beautiful was a wreath of ivy starred with violets. The air was full of the sweet breath of these flowers which, to-morrow, would be as dead as our dead leader. They were thick under the feet which trod so reverently, as they bore him away; they filled every available space with their beauty—a beauty which, having loved once, he must love to-day; for surely he, too, was there, seeing, with eyes that had grown clear in the new morning's light, the grief with which we mourned, the honor with which we honored him.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 5.]

Yesterday, we may say without hyperbole, the City of New York was in mourning. Yesterday was accorded to a private citizen those honors which municipalities have been accustomed to reserve

for famous statesmen dying in office, or for heroes upon whose biers were displayed the laurels won in great and decisive battles. The spectacle, however broad and impressive, was simple enough to be in perfect keeping with the character of him whose departure had evoked it. He was a man of peace, and no salvo of artillery thundered his requiem—no strains of martial elegy bewailed his loss. He was a man of the broadest and most tender humanity, and the memory of his universal benevolence caused almost countless hearts to pulse with one accordant beat of sorrow and of gratitude. He was a man whose life was chiefly devoted to the discussion of public affairs, and President and Chief-Justice, Secretary, Senator, and Representative joined the long train which followed him to the tomb. The firmness of his hold upon the popular respect and affection might have been before conjectured; it was demonstrated only when praise and blame were alike to him inaudible. But the great citizen had for his mourners the people he had loved so well; and for whose prosperity and happiness, for whose culture and advancement in all useful and honorable ways, there never was a moment of all his life when he was not willing to spend and to be spent. His had been only manly arts; he had steadfastly recognized every fellow-creature as a brother, but his soul had ever abhorred every low practice of the demagogue; he had early determined to speak the things which were true rather than the things which were palatable; he had kept no truce with popular vices, and had denounced wrong-doing alike in high places and in low; he had censured without restraints of language the unthrift recklessness which keeps poverty poor, not less than the fever of pursuit and selfishness of possession which make riches a curse; there was no public or private error in the city of his adoption which, from considerations of prudence, he had failed to rebuke. But yesterday there was no irritating memory of the severity with which he had exercised the censorship to which Providence had called him. The men with whom his political fortunes had been cast were about him; but there, too, proffering equal tokens of respect, were the men who had sometimes been the objects of his most unsparing rebuke. Never in our time has any one, after judging so sharp a judgment, received from those upon whom that judgment has fallen, such an implied profession of perfect faith in his pure and steady honesty. The lesson of yesterday is one which all who have to do with society, and especially with its errors and mistakes, may well take to heart.

No doubt the plaudits of a flattered constituency are sweet; no doubt the emoluments of the misleader of the people are sometimes magnificent; but the death which has visited us has proved that wealth is dross, that honors are but emptiness, compared with a fragrant memory. There could have been no political trial for Horace Greeley living like this social triumph of Horace Greeley dead.

What a concourse was that which presented itself in the temple in which he was accustomed to worship, and in which, yesterday, surrounded by the sweetest and most touching emblems of mortality, his inanimate frame was laid! Had he been President, or had he been King, what nobler funeral throng could have gathered about him? There were the dignity and ability of the Republic; there were the President of the United States, the Vice-President, and the Vice-President elect; the Chief-Justice, venerable alike for years, for integrity, and for learning; the representatives of the Senate, and the representatives of the House. There were those who had forgotten the political animosities of a lifetime, side by side with those who had been his life-long friends, through the evil and good report which fall to the share of every public man. There were those whose names have passed, or are passing, into the history of the Republic, and there were those of a more private character who loved him, and were none the less loved by him. There were the lights of the pulpit and the bar, and, mingled with them, those who have lent honor and dignity to the pursuits of commerce. There were his associates in the duties, the labors, the responsibilities of the journal which he founded. There were graceful and cultured women, to whom he had stood in a relation almost paternal, whose talents he had recognized and helped to bring to a wider recognition of so many others. There were those who knew him only by his teaching, and who wept for him as one who had brought to them the love of a higher earthly aim, the strength to attain it, while every heart grew sadder with tender sympathies at the presence of the young and doubly-orphaned daughters to whom so short a period of time had brought such unusual sorrows.

Why need we speak of the demonstrations outside the walls of the church?—of the throngs of citizens who crowded to gaze upon the procession, with a respectful decorum which has never been surpassed upon such an occasion in this city? If a stranger, knowing nothing of the cause of all this great concourse, had seen the

population of the city gathered closely together upon the pavements; if he had marked the long procession wending its slow way down our chief thoroughfare; if he had observed upon every side the tokens of a general grief; if he had noticed something like a general suspension of business; and if he had then been told that all these were funeral honors paid to one who had mainly been a teacher and guide of the people, he might well have imagined us to be not wholly insensible to the purest virtue and the truest benevolence; and he would not have been wrong. Whatever may be our social faults and foibles, whatever may be our infidelity to the standard of public duty, our ideal of that duty is still a high one. The expression of popular feeling which was yesterday to be observed, proves that the heart of the American people is in the right place, and that it has a nicer power of discriminating between pretension and sincerity, between the true in character and the false, than might sometimes, in the vicissitudes of public affairs, be supposed.

And so the mournful pageant is over. It remains for us to thank once more all who have so cheerfully united to pay their honors to our departed friend and leader, and here, publicly, to recognize all the kindness and assistance which have tempered this melancholy occasion. It remains for us, alas! to return to our redoubled labors and responsibilities, still cheerfully hoping that the great example which has been our privilege, will help us in duties which this death has so greatly, we may say so unspeakably, augmented.

PRESS AND PULPIT TRIBUTES.

A PEOPLE'S SILENT, HEARTFELT SORROW.

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser, Dec.* 4.]

Seldom has New York witnessed a more impressive spectacle than this solemn funeral service, which for three days has gone on with hushed speech and quiet movement around the dead body of one of our most eminent citizens. New York has never failed in exhibitions of respect for the illustrious dead; but never before for one in private life, a simple citizen of the Republic, has the metropolis been so stirred. The mournful pageantry associated with the obsequies of Clay and Taylor and Lincoln is recalled. This, indeed, is without the military and civic emblazonry which characterized those displays, but it has a depth and earnestness as profound and heartfelt. In this city forty years of his busy life were passed, and

here Mr. Greeley has erected the imperishable monument to his fame. Here his face and figure were familiar, and here he was praised or condemned, discussed from every point of view, often sharply and maliciously, but never without a recognition of those finer qualities of his nature which commend him so powerfully to his special friends. For, as we have said before, Mr. Greeley had actually no enemies, and the statement is hardly too strong when we state that not one harsh or condemnatory word has been uttered against his character since his mortal career closed. Certainly no man was ever treated with more tender consideration, and no untoward ending of a life was ever regarded with such sympathy. Before that open grave resentments, animosities, asperities, all are dropped as worthless and hateful. Mr. Greeley was, in many senses, a representative American. A plain boy, born to chilling poverty, he came to stand before kings, and he wielded a pen whose potential influence had a far wider sway than that of an imperial scepter. He never forgot his lowly surroundings, and was never isolated from the sympathies and the companions of his early life. He was always the friend of the poor, the advocate of well-remunerated toil, the champion of the oppressed in all lands. No popular uprising in behalf of enlarged freedom or a grander progress ever failed of his ardent support. He was a born Reformer. His impulses always favored the right. His known beneficence of nature gave him popularity with the masses, who had a personal liking for him, and who showed in Tuesday's slow procession that they deplored the death of a friend. He made mistakes—as who has not?—but he had a perfect consciousness of his demerits, and never assumed to be infallible. So, mourned by the whole land, this journalist goes to his grave, his death witnessing the restoration of a general harmony of feeling in all the land—such as has not often occurred in our history.

A GRIEF TOO GREAT FOR POMP AND PAGEANTRY.

[*From the New York Express, Dec.* 4.]

As we go to press the great city seems, as if by common consent, to have turned out to follow the mortal remains of Horace Greeley to their final resting-place. All along the thoroughfares through which the funeral cortége is to pass vast numbers of people have been standing for hours, and to these additions are momentarily made. From Forty-fifth Street to the Battery this line of humanity

extends in solid column unbroken, and the impressiveness of the spectacle, it seems to us, is intensified rather than lessened by the absence of the military display customary on occasions of the kind. The universal feeling seems to be one of genuine, heartfelt sorrow, and that demands no theatrical or melo-dramatic display to give it free and appropriate expression. A man of the people has gone to his rest—and the people, realizing their loss, have felt that their bereavement is too real for pomp and pageantry, the glare and glitter with which the world chooses to commit to earth the ashes of its great men. There are external trappings of woe, indeed, to be seen at almost every step; but how feebly do these symbolize the real sorrow which seems to be depicted on the countenances of all classes and conditions of men!

The last time we saw Horace Greeley alive, was from the window of *The Express* office. He had just come out of the Astor House, preparatory to his departure for his campaign tour out West, surrounded by an eager and enthusiastic multitude, who cheered him as "Our next President." "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" Horace Greeley is again passing the Astor House—but it is only his lifeless remains; the great crowd is there also, but sad and subdued —not exultant; and the old flag overhead is floating at half-mast, as if to make the transition and the contrast complete.

WHY THE PEOPLE LOVED HIM.

[*From the New York Evening Post.*]

The honors shown his remains, then, are honors done to his profession; but they are also an evidence of the consideration in which he was himself held. They prove that whatever opinions we may have individually formed of the intellectual or personal merits of the subject of them, the great body of the people discovered in him grounds for admiration, attachment, and gratitude. They saw in his efforts to enlighten and guide the sentiments of his fellows something more than a paltry pursuit of wealth or a vain ambition of power and fame. They saw in them an earnest desire to do good, to help forward the better interests of the community, and to maintain that spirit of justice and freedom which in our hot and reckless enterprises we are apt to forget, but which constitutes the very bond and cement, as it does the life and glory, of civilized society.

With Mr. Greeley's political and philosophical views of things, we were not in entire accord; his manner of presenting his convic-

tions did not always meet our approval; but for some objects, and these among the most momentous that ever divided the nation, we labored long in common, and we can bear witness to the zeal, the fearlessness, and the vigor with which he battled for the right. In the slow but intense and bitter controversy against Slavery, which has filled our history for nearly fifty years, we found him always a powerful coadjutor, and we doubt whether any single instrument used against the gigantic wrong was more effective in the work of its gradual overthrow than the press which he managed with so much courage and determination. So far as the history of that conflict has been written, and so far as it is yet to be written, one of the most prominent places must be given to the sturdy, unflinching, and persistent assaults of *The Tribune* newspaper. The more zealous Abolitionists were sometimes apt to criticise the peculiar methods of its warfare, but none, we think, will at this day deny the efficiency of its services.

It is a wonderful change that has come over the public mind since those services were rendered. When the few journals in this city that dared to assert the truth in regard to our awful national sin began their work, it was a work of danger, of loss, and of obloquy. The prejudices of the public mind were so fierce that it was as much as one's life was worth to speak even timidly against the horrible wrong. The most gentle hint, the softest whisper of persuasion, was likely to provoke a mob, or, if not the mob, a violence of denunciation and hatred that was anything but agreeable to its victims. But now the whole city mourns the loss of one of these early defenders of freedom and right. A short month ago the South, which was particularly concerned in the evil, and felt the most incensed and aggrieved by the hostility to it, adopted him as its Presidential candidate. Vast multitudes of men that once spoke his name with execration and scorn now throng the chamber where his dead body lies, to catch a last glimpse of his face, and to drop the last tear of tender memory beside his coffin.

Is it not another proof that the real forces of the world are not those which science chiefly delights to celebrate, but those other inward spiritual forces, such as Righteousness, Justice, and Truth, which lie behind the more visible energies, giving them all the real power that they possess, and guiding them, not blindly, but intelligently, to rational and beneficent ends?

THE PEOPLE MOURN BECAUSE THEY LOVED HIM.

[*From the Brooklyn Eagle, Dec.* 4.]

The obsequies of Horace Greeley, which by the close of to-day will have terminated, were the most imposing, all things considered, of any of modern times. There were other qualities, also, in which they have been remarkable beside the quality of magnitude. The spontaneity, sincerity, and depth of sorrow for him and of sympathy for his children are unquestionable, and, indeed, universal. Every one of these attributes is veined with a thorough respect and admiration for the man, and with a conviction that the good in him was greater than in almost any other person who might have been called away. Those of us who knew Mr. Greeley living, and who knew him well, can find in these demonstrations finer and more gratifying meaning than casual commentators, or even than those who form a part of the great official and popular pageant that has followed his body to the grave. To some the explanation of the grief at Mr. Greeley's departure will limit itself to a consideration of the tragic events which preceded and characterized it. To others the profound impression will be attributed to the sudden closing of a very busy and beneficent life. Yet others will see in the scenes round his coffin only the manifestation of that mixture of transient respect and intense curiosity folks feel when, probably, the most talked-about man of his time has been taken away. The scenes may signalize motives such as these in the breasts of some who participate in, and of others who contemplate, the proceedings. But as entire, or anything like entire, solution of them, such judgments are very inadequate. Not the tragicalness of the death, not the loss of the labors of Mr. Greeley, not the tendency of mankind to press around the bier of the great, not the curiosity his career excited, are proper measures of the public feeling.

The causes lie deeper, and rest on more fundamental facts. Let the reader of sensibility and discrimination analyze his own sensations, and he will find them to be the sensations of the mass. Men and women loved Horace Greeley. They felt him to be honest to the core. They knew him to be tender and charitable. They were assured of his abilities, and for thirty years, in the press, or on the platform, or within the printed volume, they saw evidences of his strong abilities and immense industry. Eccentricities and infelicities of temper, manner, and expression could be and were urged against him. But mankind are just. They felt sure these were but the

burrs which inclosed the kernel of a pure, kind heart and of a large, strong brain. The blade Greeley wielded was the finest of the steel. The man had neither time nor taste wherewith to polish and bejewel the handle, nor a liking for the infinite display of posture and tactics which precedes and introduces the lesser execution of gracefuller contestants. A great deal of dogmatic and shallow assertion has been rebuked by the facts following Mr. Greeley's death. Those who complacently discounted his popularity find themselves discounted. Those who did not see in the defeat of the man a month ago an aversion to the circumstances rather than to the candidate himself, find their vision enlarged. Those who believed that they had accumulated a tissue of abuse against him, and had piled up a column of misrepresentation which would dispose of him for all the future, find that abuse forgotten, but not those who vented it, that misrepresentation despised and dissipated as thoroughly as the fogs from the sea are dissipated by the sun of the summer morning. Looking through their tears, people behold the real Horace Greeley, and the creature, half clown, half criminal, whom they were solicited to believe he was, exists no longer, except to the condemnation of his creators.

And now the honest old man sleeps beside his dead in the city of the dead. His warfare is accomplished. History begins to proportion his labors to the results of his time. His last word of praise and blame has been spoken. The period put to his life enables mankind to judge it as a whole. In that judgment, will be alike more charity and justice than living he ever received, albeit he felt the absence of it as keenly as ever the womanly heart in the massive mind feels undeserved misconstruction. He was true to his lights. He believed in the people. He believed in the right, as it was given to him to see the right. He fought systems, not individuals; and he was the first statesman of his party to know that his principles had won, and that the next thing to win was the heart of his enemy. "From the topmost achievement of man," the conquest of his inbred prejudices, "he steps to the skies." Peoples are his mourners. Statesmen and warriors are his pall-bearers. And as long as the race he did most to deliver make the palmetto and the orange tree quiver with their song of redemption, as long as the North he instructed, the West whose resources his pen introduced to mankind, the South which he came at last to understand, and which at the last came to understand him—as long as these

sections and their citizens have praise for ingenuousness, emulation for integrity, pity for suffering, pride in thorough work thoroughly done, and a respect for manhood the deepest in the most earnest, so long will endure and magnify the excellence, the incentive, and the exalted example of Horace Greeley.

THE APOSTLE OF FREEDOM.

[*From the Philadelphia Telegraph, Dec.* 4.]

To-day the nation reverently laid in his long rest one of the greatest of her sons—a man who, in the peculiar features of his grand and simple life, had no antetype among us, and whose place, once vacant, will never be filled. Yet Horace Greeley, more, perhaps, than any man who has gone before him, was a typical American—an American the product of our better, later culture, differing as much from the acrid, speculative Puritan of New England as from the unreasoning hot-hearted Southerner.

The circumstances of his life were such as only could have existed in this country. The possibility of a rise so rapid and direct from his birth in poverty to the position of a candidate for the rulership of a nation; the possibility of his being helped to such rule by his especial trade and profession; the possibility, more than all, of acquiring his profound yet practical fund of knowledge without education, and in the midst of almost unparalleled labor, both manual and mental, in earning his livelihood, belonged to our national life. The features of his character, his very idiosyncrasies, too, were altogether American. His bull-dog fidelity to his own idea of the right in business, politics, or religion, side by side with the broadest, most genial charity for the opinions of others; the energy possessing him like a demon impelling him up and up day by day; his willingness to accept and try any theory which promised reform; his contempt for precedent; his intense love for those dear to him; his tenderness, his profundity, his devout, childlike faith; his very style, powerful, nervous, lucid, choosing to be coarse rather than weak—even his bodily strength and the disease which conquered it at last—were all American, belonging to the stronger caste of men, though seldom united in one.

So far his country may claim Horace Greeley. But once or twice in a century, God sends into this needy world men qualified to be its mighty helpers or hinderers; to deal with it greatly and in the mass; to drag humanity backward toward ignorance and bond-

age, or up and out into the freer air where God is, and knowledge and liberty. Two months ago, few even of his best friends would have claimed for this dead man the place of one of the world's few pioneers. His common-place story was so familiar to us; the short trowsers and white coat and squeaking voice, such everyday subjects of laughter, that even our homage was paid with a good-humored toleration. Now death has touched and made him immortal. The body which was such easy spoil for caricature, the coat and hat, have fallen away like a shell, and we know that one of the great leaders of the world has been called to another life and higher work. No man, since his Master, whom he served with such humble singleness of heart, has dedicated his powers, his labor, and his life to his brother man with more fidelity than did Horace Greeley. He has been called one of the greatest of living journalists; but *The Tribune* was never a mere newspaper nor advertising medium; it was a tremendous intellectual and moral engine, which he originated and used to mold the age in which he lived. He did so mold it.

The one country which professed to offer a refuge to the bondsman and oppressed of every nation on earth, and an example of the workings of free institutions, was but a gigantic fraud and lie so long as her negroes stood helpless and bound To Horace Greeley. and *The Tribune* more than to any earthly power was it owing that the yoke of slavery was lifted from the necks of four millions of people, and that America stands to-day where never nation stood before in the work of regenerating and uplifting mankind.

He has made history for the present and for all time. For the rest, many of us have accused him of what appeared to us foolish and impolitic acts, but none of us deny that, with a sublime integrity of purpose, he, to use his dying words, "did what seemed to him the right thing," and braved through his whole life public opinion "when he thought it wrong and knew it to be merciless."

The great impersonal power of public opinion, however purblind and swayed by trifles it may be, has a heart warm as any human being. A few weeks ago it was ready to flout and underrate this man when he was offered as its ruler. Now, when death has put its seal upon him, it stands uncovered by his grave and recognizes in the great editor the ruler of its highest thought in years gone by, and the apostle of freedom who has brought his message to humanity and gone to his reward.

A SPECTACLE UNPARALLELED IN HISTORY.

[*From the Springfield Republican, Dec.* 4.]

The country beholds, to-day, a spectacle unparalleled in its history. The greatest journalist of the age of journalism passes on to his reward; a President, successful in reĕlection, sits in mourning, undoubtedly genuine, by the remains of his rival for that high office. The country is touched in a peculiar degree. The embodiment of personal journalism, Mr. Greeley had a hold on the hearts of individual men, such as can be gained only by visiting them daily or weekly for thirty years through a powerful newspaper. The recent breaking up of old parties, ties, and prejudices, the political marriage of a party and men who were once sworn foes, these circumstances put the country in a mood of tenderness, when to mourn the loss of a great citizen is a sweet, proud privilege.

Mr. Greeley's obsequies to-day will be conducted by two of the most eloquent and representative preachers in the country, both his life-long friends. Besides the President and some other members of the Cabinet, the old and new Vice-Presidents, and the Chief-Justice of the nation, Mr. Greeley's old friends will be present in great numbers as individuals, as fellow-journalists and printers, and as political associates.

The old political organizations, whose aims and attainments he outlived, and the new ones, whose support he cherished and whose purposes had been ennobled to match his own, will assemble in unity and kind oblivion of difference. Groups will gather there whose biographies make the history of the country for thirty years. Of all those present, none will mourn a peer so truly as Charles Sumner. Seward and Greeley—how fast the great warriors of the anti-slavery crusade are now dropping into the arms of quick-coming death!—thenceforth life eternal.

A NOBLE AND GOOD CITIZEN.

[*From the Liberal Christian, Dec.* 7.]

Death has recently robbed this community and the country of a man whom, despite any defects in his judgment and manners, or any spots or scars which party and popular leadership may have left upon him, we must pronounce a noble and good citizen. His character was essentially one of devotion to truth, duty, and usefulness. He came up under the greatest discouragments and out of the roughest soil, and by virtue of the vigor of his will and the loftiness

of his aim, his patience of labor and his love of honest independence, slowly rooted himself in the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, grew into popularity and power, and used them mainly not for private advancement or pecuniary profit, but for the good of his country and his race. There is no need to exaggerate his talents, worth, and services, nor to conceal his defects, excesses, or mistakes, to justify his honorable place in the esteem of the American people. He did not spare the faults of his competitors for power and for place, and he never asked others to spare him. He did not disguise his own life or opinions, nor pretend to be morally what he was not. He knew his own failings, and the country knew them. But it never vitiated the claim he had upon the nation's gratitude as one of the most earnest, devoted, and disinterested of her public men.

May God give us more citizens with his virtues, and we will readily forgive only such faults as his if they must needs come with them. It is, perhaps, the greatest and simplest praise Mr. Greeley could receive to say, that with the religious thoughts of last Sunday over our whole country, naturally and irresistibly mingled tender and regretful recollections of the great political leader and champion of human rights who had just passed suddenly away and lay waiting public burial. It is not much to be able to say that a man's character and spirit and life have power to conquer in his death partisan dislikes, just criticisms upon his policy, and all consideration of his special services or mistakes, and to fasten the thoughts of a great country upon what manner of man he was? Happily, too, his was a character based upon Christian faith and hopes—a character so manifestly in alliance with the spirit and precepts of our religion, that even his championship of a theological system rejected by most of his countrymen could not conceal or prejudice a certain evangelical quality in it. A Christian of a positive and professed faith, a church-goer, at times even a preacher, he was able to reconcile a busy, partisan, active, and aggressive political and editorial career, with an open, earnest, and intelligent claim to the religious character and the Christian name, and to establish his rights to be counted among the lovers of God and man, of Christ and immortality.

HIS LIFE COMPLETE IN GREATNESS.

[*From the Richmond Enquirer.*]

"IT IS DONE!"—These, it is said, were Mr. Greeley's last words.

They are not unlike in spirit the dying utterances of John Quincy Adams, whom he, in many respects, resembled in life. "This is the last of life—I am content." What was done? His long and earnest life, its joys, its sorrows, its triumphs, its defeats, its cares, its pains, its anxieties, the heartaches, and the thousand ills this flesh is heir to—all was done! His career was finished, and we may say the measure of his greatness was completed, for no honors the public could have heaped upon his head would have added one laurel to his brow. But what a train of reflection such a death awakens! A few months since and he stood among us the foremost man of all this nation in mind and influence, surrounded by devoted followers, who rejoiced in the colossal grandeur of their leader, enjoying the affection of a beloved wife, and happy in the love of a beautiful and accomplished daughter, whose name was already a household word in the land; and now he not only lies in the cold abstraction of death, but the cherished partner of his bosom is also in her grave—and that dutiful daughter is overwhelmed by the grief of her accumulated sorrows; while his followers, broken by defeat, dispersed and stricken with grief, stand uncovered around the bier of their chief. Truly are the ways of Providence inscrutable and past finding out. Then, too, when we contemplate the real magnitude of death's work, we are struck with awe in the very presence of the destroyer. Earthquakes may shatter this fair round globe of ours; storms, and floods, and fires devastate, ravage, and lay it waste, but what comparison is there between the destruction these elements bring in their train and the breaking to pieces, the dissolving of so vast a globe as the mind of Horace Greeley? Within that little sphere, now hollow, empty, and lifeless, but a week since all the knowledge of this world was centered—all that its libraries contained of that the power of master mind could evoke from the vasty deeps of thought was stored, ready for humanity's use, whenever called into action—a globe greater than this earth itself, for it held more than all this sphere, reaching afar off beyond its boundaries, and grasping the secrets of the uttermost universe, delving into the very center and forcing from every form of nature its most hidden secrets, and now it lies there in ruins! Not one thought or aspiration left. The soul that was taken from the universe to be garnered there, restored to it back again, and the poor casket, empty, useless, crushed, powerless—a mere lump of clay! It does, indeed, make some difference, after all, when a great scholar dies. They are the brief abstracts of

this universal world—the storehouses of its piled-up treasures—and when one of these falls, the fall is greater than the fall of a city.

But we will not pursue this vein of thought, which leads so far into the unknown depths; yet well may we ask if all this labor of a "busy life," this storing up of knowledge, this creating of new worlds of thought, must come to nothingness? No; it can not be that such is the be all and end all of so much greatness and goodness—and hence it was only of his mission here the dying philosopher spoke when, with his last breath, he murmured, "It is done!" and peacefully passed away to another and better world, where that which was hidden shall be made plain, and all that was in doubt become a certainty.

A MORAL GIANT.

[*From the Jewish Times.*]

The American people, we may say the civilized world, mourns the loss of a man who has intertwined himself with the hearts of every member of the civilized community, has gained the love and admiration of the people as no other public man has done since the departure from earth of the Fathers of the Republic. His heart was as tender as his mind was great, and in almost every position that he took in the great questions that agitated the country for the last thirty years, may be traced the spring of sympathy with the sufferings, wants, and needs of the toiling, laboring masses, as much as the power of intellectual genius. Feeling for and with humanity seemed to be the guiding motive of his actions; the principles of truth, justice, and right, whether in accord with or opposed to the popular sentiment, the ideal for which he strove, and to the service of which he devoted his life.

He was eminently a type of the American "self-made" man, who looks to his own efforts for the success to be achieved in life, and carves out his fortune from the resources offered by his own genius and talent. The son of a farmer, and receiving only a common rudimentary schooling, he nevertheless achieved great eminence in the republic of letters, as a journalist without peer, as a statesman and thinker, ranking with the first minds of the age.

The American people sat, as it were, for the last thirty years, at the feet of this sage, drinking from the founts of his wisdom, taking courage from the moral fortitude which he knew so well to impart, in times of sorest trial awaiting with anxious solicitude his counsel

and advice, receiving from his lips the watchword whenever great questions awaited the decision of the nation.

A tower of strength and pillar of firmness in defense of the great principles of human rights, universal manhood, indiscriminating equality, he smote the opponents of these heaven-born truths with the scathing scorn and indignation that are only found in bosoms pure and uncontaminated, where the reflex of Divine virtue is not tarnished by selfishness and short-lived ambition. So lofty was his character, so firm his courage, so unflinching his attitude, when once taken on the side that seemed to him right and just, that friends and foes alike had to bow before this moral giant, acknowledging the honesty of his motives, the purity of his impulses.

JOURNALIST, PHILANTHROPIST, HUMANITARIAN.

[*From the Rural New-Yorker.*]

Horace Greeley is dead, and a nation mourns the loss of its greatest journalist, philanthropist, and humanitarian! The Tribune of the People—the friend and protector of the poor and oppressed of every race and color—has gone to his reward. Though so lately defeated as a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the American people, no death has occurred during the past twenty-five years that created so much sadness and mourning among the masses as has this seemingly sudden and untimely event. Not within that period have the people of the whole country been so shocked and affected as by the announcement of the demise of Horace Greeley (except by the assassination of President Lincoln). Never have we known, during thirty years' experience as a journalist, such tributes paid to the character, career, and memory of any private citizen, as are now emanating from people, press, and pulpit over the whole continent, to the goodness, virtues, and talents of the justly distinguished deceased. Such pæans of praise—such tributes of respect and expressions of regret and sorrow and sadness—are indeed rare, and show a wide knowledge and appreciation of the high character, purity, and ability of the greatest of American journalists.

A GREAT-HEARTED CHAMPION OF HUMAN RIGHTS.

[*From the Philadelphia Sunday-School Times.*]

In the death of Horace Greeley our common humanity loses a great-heart champion of its rights; our country one of her noblest

and purest patriots; and our day and generation a most illustrious light and guide. All classes and conditions unite to do honor to his memory. For what he was in himself, individually, socially, professionally; for what he did by a life-long use of his splendid gifts; for his goodness of heart, his helpfulness of hand, his warmth of human sympathy, and breadth and strength of human charity, the world will never cease to be his debtor. We would pay our poor tribute of affectionate respect to his memory, and commend his name and his virtues to the Christian teachers and workers of the age, and to the emulation of the rising youth of our land and of the world.

A VETERAN PROTECTIONIST.

[*From the Iron Age.*]

No man has done so much as he to establish and popularize the fundamental truth of political economy, that the supreme policy of every nation is to develop its own productive resources, since, whether it consumes its own products, or exchanges them for the products of other countries, it can have no more either to consume or exchange than it produces—and it is difficult to overestimate the weight of his personal influence in securing the enactment of wise and beneficent laws for the protection of home industry against unrestricted foreign competition. Though compelled by the exigencies of the late political canvass to abandon for a time the advocacy of tariff legislation, he remained unshaken in principle, and all who are interested in the welfare of our great industries, especially the production and manufacture of iron, have reason to remember the labors of his long and useful life with profound and permanent gratitude. So, also, is it with the great body of working-men in all trades and callings. No man who strove with honest purposes to benefit his fellows and contribute something of value to the progress of the times, failed to find in him a sympathetic friend and ardent co-worker, and his memory will long remain cherished in the great and warm heart of the American people.

HIS NAME HIS ONLY EPITAPH.

[*From the Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*]

Thus, in his last couch, lies Horace Greeley, sleeping evermore, and he needs no epitaph more touching than his simple name; none could be truer to him; none could waken so many memories. To us who are in the walks of the profession he has so adorned, and to

which he has lent such a mighty prestige, his loss comes as a bereavement that is filial. We had grown up around him almost as his children, rejoicing in his strength, and glorying in his greatness. It was as though each one of us had plucked a laurel leaf from his chaplet, wearing it more proudly than those we won ourselves. Along with Bennett and Raymond, gone before him, he had made modern journalism what it is, and they three held letters patent of its glory and its grandeur. And until some new world of news and newspaperdom is found to conquer, they three must stand at the head, and to them all who come after must pay the royalty of their inventor's right.

Among his mourners there will be none sadder than the people of the South. They had found in him a sturdy friend when their need was sorest, and when their hope was least and lowest. He came to them as succor in the waste when all is given up to hopelessness and dissolution. His was a cheery voice of magnanimity and good-will crying out in the strong center of the conqueror's camp for mercy and forbearance toward the vanquished, and he could not be unheeded or unheard. There are few Southern heads that will not be uncovered, few Southern hearts that will not be sad, and few Southern eyes that will be unmoistened beside the grave of Horace Greeley, erstwhile the Southern's bitterest, savagest, and most hated foe.

Let the old man sleep. His has been a long and unflagging life-work, and he is tired and toil-worn. And just as the shades of his last, long night had begun to deepen the twilight of his life, disaster and sorrow had come when he needed rather rest and joy to smooth his pathway down to the river. And so he died, just as the day yesterday was done and night hovered with the angels that waited for his life and soul to come out to them and fly away.

God bless the old man's memory!

A TRUE AND EXALTED PATRIOT.

[*From the Harrisburg Patriot.*]

The place of Horace Greeley in the journalism and politics of this country will not soon be filled. Of the public men of the United States there is not one whose loss will be so deeply felt. During his whole career his influence on public opinion has been strong and decided. His views on all public questions have been eagerly sought, and thousands of those who ranked as leaders were

careful not to move until Horace Greeley had spoken in *The Tribune*. In his earnest devotion to political and social reform he tested many theories, but adhered to such only as his vigorous judgment approved. When his stand was once taken, he was obstinate and inflexible. No man possessed in a higher degree what the French phrase the courage of his convictions.

In journalism he united to an industry that never flagged, skill in controversy which few cared to encounter, and a mastery of "pure English undefiled" that was unequaled. If his scorn of an enemy was terrible, he was easily placated by kindness. His philanthropy was so large as to embrace all races of men and all creeds. He was a true and exalted patriot. His entire life was occupied in schemes for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow-men and for the progress of his country. But the busy brain is at rest. The great heart of Horace Greeley has ceased to beat. Though a simple republican citizen, surrounded by none of the pomp and trappings of power, he will be borne to the grave amid the sincere lamentations of a people of whom he was one of the best and noblest types.

A NOBLE VICTIM HAS BEEN SACRIFICED.

[*From the Westliche Post.*]

The worst fears which we were unfortunately obliged to express to our readers have only too promptly found their sad confirmation. Horace Greeley yesterday succumbed to his bodily and spiritual sufferings. This is mournful intelligence, which, although not unexpected, will call forth interest and concern not only everywhere in America, but far beyond the boundaries of this country. It is no common spirit, no ordinary heart which have been broken in the struggle against an overpowering fate; it is not a hand that can easily be replaced, and that has now written its last line; no everyday life and labor terminated as the eyes of Horace Greeley closed forever. What this man was to his people, and what he alone could be to them, an impartial posterity would have acknowledged under every circumstance. Now, in the sight of his bier, even his contemporaries may have found a great and noble spirit, a pure, humane heart to honor. It has much erred—the heart of the old philosopher; but it has also loved much, and hence much must be forgiven him. It is possible that his last error, to have considered himself the most suitable candidate for the Presidency, was also his greatest. But has he not severely enough expiated this error, if such it

were, and should not those in turn do penance, penance in sackcloth and ashes, whose poisonous darts, though they may have only been intended to tear his skin, nevertheless penetrated into his breast and into his inmost vitals? It is the fault of the American people if to-day they stand abashed, abashed before themselves and before foreign nations, because they hound to death the best citizens; because, with frivolous levity, they allowed an election campaign to extend to a fierce contest for property, life, and honor. A noble victim has been sacrificed. Will those who recently waged an ungovernable party conflict against each other extend their hands in reconciliation over the grave of Greeley? We would gladly hope it, but scarcely dare to hope. The lion has tasted blood, and the easy victory which, reversing a well-known Republican phrase, the sword has here gained over the pen, will warn us as an evil omen. It is possible that we deceive ourselves, and that the melancholy sentiments which have been inspired by such a mission of death leads us to look more darkly than usual in the future. Be it so. But to-day, and at this grave, we have only pain and sadness.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

[*From the Detroit Union.*]

Whatever else may be said of Horace Greeley's career, whatever opinion posterity in the light of known results may form of his judgment, the universal testimony of those who have known him in life will be that he was an honest man. To say that he had his weaknesses, is to say that he was a finite being. To say that he had faults, is to say that he was human. But we venture to say that when the sum of his character is made up it will be found that few men deserve a greater meed of praise for all the virtues that adorn human life, or cause their memory to be embalmed in the hearts of their fellow-men. Probably, no man of modern times has devoted more energy, and certainly no one has devoted more talent, to the single object of ameliorating the condition of the human race, of lifting up the lowly and down-trodden, than Horace Greeley. His long life may be said to have been devoted to that, and that alone. Whatever apparent diversions have been made were all subordinated to the one grand mission of his life. His death will be attributed by some, no doubt, to disappointment at not having reached the highest object of political ambition. We do not believe it. What need had Horace Greeley of that doubtful honor? Would

the Presidency, in this generation, have added one laurel to his brow, or increased his already world-wide fame? What honor is added to the eagle who soars to the highest mountain-tops when it is known that the crawling reptile has been there before him? The name of Horace Greeley will be green in the memory of posterity when his own monument of stone shall have crumbled, and when many of those who are now considered more fortunate than he shall be forgotten. The poor and the needy, the oppressed and the down-trodden, will cherish his memory, and in their hearts erect a monument that will last forever. Peace to his ashes! The toils, trials, and struggles of life are over. He has nobly fulfilled his mission on earth. The highest praise we can bestow upon him is, that the world is better for his having lived.

A GREAT LOSS TO JOURNALISM.

[*From the Boston Times.*]

In Mr. Greeley's sudden and lamentable decease, modern journalism loses its most prominent individual product and devotee. Newspapers will never again be built up so entirely with individual force and talent as *The Tribune* has been; and so Mr. Greeley passes away as the last, or almost the last, representative of a former school, which his untiring energy had thoroughly modernized.

He was, as a journalist, rather an advocate than the model of a running commentator. He did not even share the essayist's gifts in his endowments as a public writer. Current events interested his mind chiefly, as he could set up a question over them, and at once take a side. He was in every sense a controversialist. Even when he attempted perfect candor he insensibly verged strongly upon the dogmatic. His mental restlessness was incessant, and it was unquestionably that which killed him. He had a purpose in the very act of sleep, which was only that he might wake again. Temperate and simple in his habits, with such an impulse forever pushing him on to exertion, he could "toil terribly;" and his "American Conflict," written in the intervals of the crowded labors of every day, stands an enduring monument of his talents and industry. A man of his omnipresence, figuratively speaking, will be missed from among men more than they can instantly comprehend. There will be no public question come up for a long time that will not freshly remind us all of the death of Horace Greeley. If his spirit is permitted to look down over his earthly career in reflective

review, it can not but furnish him the profoundest satisfaction to know that his last days were given to a sincere and earnest effort to heal the animosities of his fellow-countrymen, and reunite in abiding peace the people of long-sundered sections.

BEST KNOWN MAN OF HIS TIME.

[*From the Bridgeport Standard.*]

It is seldom that the death of one man comes home more nearly to so many individuals than has that of Horace Greeley. The fact that he has occupied so large a portion of the public attention since last May will account for this in part; but aside from that fact, he was known and his influence felt by hundreds of thousands, as few men ever are known. Conducting for years a journal which he made one of the leading newspapers of the country, if not of the world; identifying himself with and infusing so much of his personality into the tone and conduct of that journal on all public affairs, he had made it a personal organ, in a great degree, so that when it spoke he spoke, and the country at large regarded it as almost exclusively the exponent of his personal opinions. Indeed, thousands of people, the country over, took and read it as such alone, and, therefore, the announcement to-day of the death of this widely-known and influential journalist would have created a profound sensation even had not recent events given him still greater prominence. Few men have been more widely known, and few need to have less told of their personal histories. When the excitements of the recent campaign shall have entirely died away, when the history of the unfortunate and disastrous combinations, between which Mr. Greeley was ground as between the upper and nether millstone, shall be more generally known, then it will be ample time to draw the moral of his connection therewith, and with it adorn the tale of his life. Till that time, let the dead rest in that peace which life failed to give, and in the "blissful hope of a happy resurrection."

A MODEL TO THE YOUTH OF HIS COUNTRY.

[*From the Nashville Union and American.*]

Mr. Greeley has passed into history. His last days were saddened by a stroke of domestic grief in which he had the sympathy of the whole country; one whose watching and the acute distress it caused doubtless contributed to the event now so deeply deplored. We are loth to believe that that majestic brain had passed under an

eclipse, but conjecture that its signs of weakness were but the premonition of the dissolution so shortly following. Had it been otherwise, death was preferable to its living ruin. It is to be hoped that his last moments were peaceful and conscious, for in the midst of the griefs which went with him to his tomb, there was one thought of earthly matters which could bring solace. The people of the South, whom he had so long opposed, were at peace with him, and despite of political differences, the entire people of the country he had so ably served, were prepared to receive his record in a temper of impartial justice. That record need not now be discussed with freedom. He wrought powerfully, and the results in which he was so conspicuous an actor have yet to be measured. Whether their quantum of good or ill will outweigh, the future can alone decide. As a high type of man—self-reliant, resolute, upright, and fearless, dignifying labor both by speech and example—he is a commendable model to the youth of his country; and, as a statesman, philosopher, and reformer, deserves a noble niche in the pantheon of the great characters of America.

AN INSPIRED WORKER.

[*From the Memphis Appeal.*]

It is wholly useless to write any eulogium of Horace Greeley. For months past the press and orators of America have been devoted to disquisitions involving his fame, character, and fitness for the highest human office. There is not a mental, moral, or personal peculiarity of the man which has not been closely scanned. In the world's eyes he grew greater as he was more thoroughly well known. His speeches at this hour are deemed more wonderful productions than those written expositions of political economy which adorned the pages of *The Tribune*. Unlike Goldsmith, he talked as well as he wrote—like an angel; like one inspired. The charm of his simple logic was not more resistless than his mellifluous sentences were of marvelous elegance and matchless force. Most ungraceful and unattractive was the manner of the man when he stood upon the rostrum; but no listener ever turned away his face when the old man eloquent, in his somber monotone, drawled out sentences as full of poetry as of statesmanlike wisdom. To describe Greeley's person would be as vain as any allusion to his partisan history. Everywhere, in almost every household in the land, the form and face of Horace Greeley are recognized in pictures of every

degree of excellence, and these will soon become recollections as of the olden time, invested with associations as sadly pleasing as those that come before us when some old familiar aspect, some voice whose accents we loved to dwell upon, rises up in the dream-land of memory.

THE CHIEF OF JOURNALISTS.

[*From the Detroit Free Press.*]

We do not propose to write a panegyric of Horace Greeley, for it would be useless. His deeds speak for themselves, and are familiar to almost every one in these United States. Of all the bright luminaries which American journalism has produced, Horace Greeley stands at the head. In vigorous expression none could surpass, if any could even equal him. The terms which he used were often harsh, but they were always expressive; and if his epithets were occasionally not the most polite, it was owing more to his impulsive nature than to any real lack of courtesy. Policy was not a component part of Horace Greeley's nature. Had he been more politic, he would have been more successful as a politician. But if he did not possess to a marked degree those arts by which men are very often enabled to ride into place and power, he was strong with the people. It was to them that he appealed; it was upon them that he relied, and his greatest success in the management of *The Tribune* showed that his trust was well founded.

ALWAYS IN EARNEST.

[*From the Trenton True American.*]

Mr. Greeley's personal and political career are a part of the country's history. It is to no purpose now to criticise favorably or unfavorably either. It must be said of him, however, that in all his convictions he was always as earnest as he was vigorous in their advocacy. Prominently identified in the discussion, and to a large degree in the determination, of the leading questions that agitated the country for over thirty years, it is no exaggeration to say that he thought for millions. Though he was strong in most of his convictions even to fanaticism, though he was peculiar in his habits even to eccentricity, and though his opinions on some questions were to many mischievous and abhorrent, his life was in other respects exemplary and bore its good lesson. Self-taught and self-made, he owed all he achieved and all he possessed to hard study, hard work.

HE SOWED GOOD SEED.

[*From the Providence Herald, Dec.* 4.]

Greeley is buried to-day. Weak mortality, otherwise incapable of expressing its grief and appreciation, resorts to signs and symbols. The imposing catafalque, the immortelles and cypress, the mournful procession—all which may be counterfeited by pride or interest—shall attend his interment, evoked by a recognition, spontaneous as disinterested, of his benefactions to the country and mankind. Let the pageant pass—it is not his memorial. Whenever, in future years, we shall see the bloom of the bud he cultivated, we will remember him. When some sentence or phrase of his shall suggest or impel a humane measure, his presence with us will not be forgotten. He sowed good seed; let us watch the fruit and recollect the planter. Beneath his parent turf, he receives to-day more eulogy than in life he could evoke. But his reward is not yet. If in his "ashes live their wonted fires," he may for time to come look upon our reapers as they gather the harvest he scattered in the germ.

A BLESSING TO HIS AGE.

[*From the Metropolitan Record.*]

Perhaps no man in the community was so widely known as the dead journalist—certainly no name was more familiar than his throughout the length and breadth of the land. His extreme opinions on many questions, and his fearlessness in giving them utterance, impressed his name on the public memory, and his large benevolence and real and imputed personal eccentricities, contributed not a little to extended popularity.

There was nothing of the impersonal journalist about Mr. Greeley. Whatever he wrote was impressed with the stamp of distinct individuality, and was recognized to be his by the most uncritical reader. He left his impress not only on the journal which he founded, but on the age in which he lived. He did his share, and more than his share, in molding and consolidating the Republican party, and in creating and exciting public sentiment on many important political issues. But while passing these over as irrelevant, we can not forbear resting for a moment on the manly generosity with which, at the close of the war, he advocated the rights of the Southern people, throwing behind him all the bitterness of the past, and trampling on the cherished prejudices of old associates. In that case his natural benevolence stimulated his sense of justice, and a

kindly heart suggested the wisest policy. For, had his opinion prevailed, and his advice been acted on, the page of history that recounts the treatment meted out to the South after the war had ceased would have been free from blot or stain.

GOOD FRIEND AND TRUE HERO.

[*From the Indianapolis News.*]

With Mr. Greeley's character, except so far as it was known to the world through the mediums of his public acts and writings, we are not familiar. We knew him only as the public knew him. As the faithful patriot, the unswerving friend of down-trodden humanity; as the large-hearted and large-brained advocate of progress in every form. He was not perfection, for he was human. His character was full of corners; he had oddities of manner and speech; he had quirks and inequalities of disposition; he had many faults, many singularities, which always made him a good subject for hearty abuse, keen satire, or sneering ridicule. But his life, taken as a whole, was rounded, consistent, beautiful. It was fruitful of good works. Built upon a solid foundation, with every stone carefully laid and well cemented, it towers above its fellows like the pyramids of Cheops, and will last as long as human reputation lasts. When the passions of the day have become cold and lifeless, when the events in which he bore so great a part shall have come so far into the past that they can be examined without prejudice or unfairness, the name of Horace Greeley will stand out in the brightness of history as a true patriot, a representative American, and a great man. "Good Friend, true Hero, hail and farewell."

FULL OF GREAT AND NOBLE QUALITIES.

[*From the South Norwalk Sentinel.*]

We honor Horace Greeley as one of the most remarkable men America has produced. We honor him as a genius of original and marked individuality, who has stamped the impression of himself upon the world in deep and indelible characters. We honor him as a fine example of the New England principle which opens to the lowest in the social scale the opportunities for the highest of which one is capable, regardless of wealth, rank, or family prestige. Born in poverty; a farmer's son, and a school-boy in the common school in New Hamshire; an apprentice lad in a printing-office in Vermont, he carved his way by his own independence and energy

to his high place as the foremost of American editors, the most influential molder of public opinion in the country. We honor him as a representative American, who loved the Republican principles of liberty and equal rights with a passionate enthusiasm, and through good report and evil report, in success and defeat, was faithful to his principles to the end. We honor him as the greatest champion of the Republican party, whose newspaper educated the masses of the people in their hatred to slavery, and, in the desperate struggle for its overthrow, sustained the courage and stimulated the devotion of the nation. We honor him for his Christian philanthropy, always espousing the cause of the weak, the ignorant, the suffering, the oppressed, and for his incorruptible honesty and integrity, making him ever faithful to his convictions amid scorn and obloquy, and devoted to purity and reform, often at the expense of success and popularity. In fact, it would be hard to find a man who combined more great and noble qualities of head and heart than Horace Greeley. What other man could have constrained his most virulent enemies, even for a fancied political advantage, to nominate and support him as their candidate for the highest office? His principal faults were only exaggerated expressions of his central excellences, the largeness and breadth of his humanity, and the goodness of his heart.

It is fitting that the nation itself should mourn his death, as it has done with a unanimity of grief and regret, which shows how strong a hold he had on the hearts of the American people.

THE GOOD HE HAS DONE WILL LIVE AFTER HIM.

[*From the Charleston (S. C.) News.*]

He must have a breast of adamant who is not moved and saddened by the tidings that Horace Greeley, worn down by public care and private grief, has passed away forever from the scenes in which he was so conspicuous an actor.

Now that he is gone, let us remember only his breadth of mind, his simplicity of character, his manliness and truth; and let us hope that he enjoys that peace which was his watchword in the fray, and which he labored so hard to secure, beyond peradventure, to the American people.

The good he has done will live after him. When the country is again one in thought and in feeling, it will not be forgotten that the last days of Mr. Greeley's life were spent in the effort to reform

public abuses, to abolish proscriptive legislation, and to knit the North and South together in bonds of friendship and mutual trust. Then the seed which he has sown will bear its fruit, and, in the memory of posterity, the dead Horace Greeley will have his reward.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

[*From the Portland* (*Me.*) *Argus.*]

What a lesson has the world in this sad event, of the mutability of human affairs, and what a theme for thoughtful contemplation, in the career we have briefly sketched—the poor farm boy, the journeyman printer, the struggling journalist, success through long and patient toil, the great editor, political power and honors, until the highest place within the gift of his fellow-countrymen seemed almost within his grasp. And the grand aspirations and expectations of a peaceful and quiet lingering in the riper years, to contemplate and enjoy the fruits of his toil, scattered in a few short days, as it were, and all that is earthly of the great man lies cold and inanimate. But his noble soul has ascended to the bosom of God, to join that gentle spirit which shared his sorrows and joys so long, and was but so recently called away.

Impartial history will write Horace Greeley as one of the great and good men of the times in which he lived—one "whose faults leaned to virtue's side,"—and one to whom the words of the poet can be fitly applied:

> ——"Nature might stand up and say
> To all the world, He was a man."

A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

[*From the Titusville* (*Penn.*) *Courier.*]

History will vindicate Mr. Greeley's political theories on Reconstruction, and we will not now, at a time when the whole nation mourns his departure from the scenes of earth, discuss them. In this solemn hour, let party contention and strife cease. Let all unite, of whatever party or creed, in paying their respects to that great and good man, who has been called by God from the scenes of earth to that shadowy, mysterious land which we only see by the eye of faith. A great, a good man is gone, one whose history for the last quarter of a century almost comprises the history of our country for that period. Every American citizen has reason to mourn the death of Horace Greeley; the native-born white man,

because he was a representative of the men who can grow up under Republican institutions; the foreign-born citizen, because his sympathies always went out to those who, in the countries of the old world, rose up against ancient wrong and oppression; the colored man, because to Horace Greeley, more than to any other man, under God, he owes his freedom; he it was who struck the hardest and most telling blows at the institution of human slavery. Of the events of the late campaign we will not speak. They have passed into history, and we have no fears of the verdict of impartial history on all the political acts of the illustrious subject of this brief and important sketch.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE'S PREACHERS.

[*The Rev. Frank Russell, at the Park Congregational Church, Brooklyn.*]

The Rev. Mr. Russell took for his text, yesterday, the words of Saul, when he saw the people in tears at the tidings of sad events brought by the messengers: "What aileth the people, that they weep?" To meet a company weeping, he said, in the course of his sermon, brings a hush and an earnest inquiry as to the cause. King Saul saw no such tears as the last week has beheld. He might have spoken of the grief of the court, or the neighborhood, or the community; we can say, "What aileth the people?"

On the evening of the day after Thanksgiving the subdued whispering began. Toiling thousands were hurrying homeward. Face after face flushed and sobered as some one would say, "Horace Greeley is dead." The chilling message was repeated in place of greetings at the threshold, and many thousands of homes were saddened. The telegraph snapped the spring of the sorrowful news in every city and village in our land, "Horace Greeley is dead." The swift current of life's work halted as though the frost chain had checked it; as suddenly as the lightning flash, and every nerve felt it. Pens dropped in the counting-room; goods fell from the hands of salesmen, as some one sadly said, "Horace Greeley is dead." Every street in America had groups gathered to hear some one tell it, and there were quick steps to carry the mournful word home. That Friday night's supper was almost tasteless in millions of homes all along from Maine to Mexico, from Oregon to Florida. Families gathered about the fireside and talked of Horace Greeley; some fathers had seen him, and told their children of him; beyond the Rocky Mountains, in many huts, the picture was produced, and the

book. Neither did the ocean stay the news. In foreign and distant lands, all men that read breathed this most mystic name, and felt the sadness in their heart.

I was in New York on that fatal Sabbath in July, 1871, and before I heard of any disaster I saw concern and sorrow on a hundred faces, and I said, "What aileth the people?" until I heard them telling one another that the Westfield had exploded, killing a hundred persons. The hush that softened every voice and calmed every face will never be forgotten. That same look has come again on the faces of every community, as though smoke of a sad disaster had swept through the air. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday did not dispel, but only deepened the sadness. Tuesday, all day long, the crowd filed along the coffin to look upon that cold face, grown broad and full by the pressure behind it of one of the largest hearts that humanity ever knew, and many kissed the lips now still, that had spoken the kindest and wisest words that the present generation has ever heard. But Wednesday the great spectacle became sublime. A greater funeral was never witnessed at the house of a citizen. No building, or square, could contain the people. Tickets of admission to the church were issued to a few, 1,500 or more. It was my privilege to receive one, and to witness the unparalleled scene, resembling in its greatness, and in the fullness of its sentiment, the obsequies of the murdered President. The nation came to do honors to the great chief. The newly reëlected Executive sat near with bowed head and sincere grief; about him were the counselors of the nation. The Senate was there, the House of Representatives, the officers of our Commonwealth. 'Twas no parade or show. None could look into those noble, earnest faces without seeing the sad throbbings of heavy hearts. The societies were there, for they all claimed kinship with the departed hero. The emblems were most appropriate. There was the ax, and across it lay the pen, the sign of labor, the implements of power, industry, culture, peace. No sword was there, but the plow rested beside the coffin. Mightier, lovelier these than the sword—noble, mighty as it is! The Scripture read, the words spoken, the prayer, the sweet, touching songs, and the great procession started through the crowded streets to the grave. How far did the audience extend in the streets? I said, "I would walk to see." The broad street held a mighty gathering. From Forty-fifth Street to Fourteenth one assembly; the street packed full, save one broad aisle in the center; stoops full, windows crowded, roofs

crowded, side-streets blockaded full, surely it would not reach far; to Fourteenth Street the same audience of anxious faces; to Broadway the same; down Broadway just as densely packed; a long walk, all the same to Park Row; and farther, all the way to the ferry—an audience four and a half miles long; one center aisle only; stoops, windows and roofs for galleries, and all full to the utmost, and many buildings, draped with sorrow. Count but one tier on each side—there were more—and only seven people deep—there were more; and the number is more than 200,000—and there were more.

The finest sermon I ever heard was along the line of these anxious people, in their fragmentary remarks. "Every reform claimed him," said one. "No life has affected our country as much as his." "Journalism has lost a great chief." "So has every other industry," was the answer. "What a mind he had!" one said. "And what a heart, too!" was the reply. "After all, he had no enemies." "He was the best friend the city ever had," was the soliloquy of an aged laboring man. "Or the country either," a stranger added. "He was always on the side of the working-people and the poor." These were some of the expressions that indicate the sentiment that swelled the hearts of the great concourse of people who patiently waited for the procession to pass. At Park Row I purchased an evening newspaper on my way, and found in it the report of the addresses just listened to at the church. 'Twas as though a spirit had done it. Then I remembered that he who was now a spirit had done more living than any other to make the newspaper so wonderful in its power.

The great life that has closed can not fail to bring great lessons for us. I hear some clamor about the proprieties of the pulpit. It is a preacher whose life we consider to-day—not an actor. Few ministers of the Gospel have stood in more Christian pulpits than Horace Greeley, and I am thankful that he has stood here in my place, and preached the reasonableness and the righteousness of temperance. The *people* mourn him, and it is the work of the church to inquire with quickest sympathy, "What aileth the people?"

Dr. Russell then proceeded to briefly sketch the life of Mr. Greeley, and the lessons it had for all classes and ages, saying, among other things:

In 1841, when he was thirty years of age, he began the publication of *The Tribune*, a newspaper that has had no equal for true principles and power with the people. It has been the nation's

schoolmaster; Mr. Greeley, through it, has been the great teacher of the American people. Many times in controversies, many times unpopular, his memory is not tarnished by a single instance when principle has been forsaken. * * * The best minds sought eagerly for the fruits of his pen, and by usual hesitancy in forming conclusions until they had heard him speak, testified to his leadership in matters of profound thought. * * * A pen less idle was not known, no one more correct. It was a part of his life to pour thought and influence into the lives of others the world over. His pupils are scattered afar; in shops and stores, in counting-rooms and on ship-board, in Wall Street and on the prairie, in the pulpit and following the plow, more recognize him as a teacher, perhaps, than any other man. It is a mighty army that has lost a mighty commander. * * * But no more superior was his intellect than his disposition. The mildness that beamed from his great face did not belie his great heart. He was a man of great kindness; not perfect in disposition, but his faults sink almost to nothingness when his excellences are considered. He was impatient with shams and with frauds, and did express it; but he was personally kind to his enemies. He could not cherish malice, but he could strike bitter blows against any meanness. * * * Friends and foes, adherents and opponents, all bow their heads in true regard for his principles, and say that his life never belied the Gospel, which his record preaches. Not faultless, and certainly not claiming it, but living unselfishly for others, a loving, affectionate husband and father, treasuring the Scriptures and frequently quoting them, and looking for the immortality which he has now gained.

No civilian on earth was ever so mourned, or buried with such honors. The nation bowed in sorrow to do him homage as a great teacher, benefactor, and friend. No year of our President's life has so endeared him to the citizens of the United States as the greatness that he has shown in a week; declining the sociality of friends when Mr. Greeley was thought to be dying, and coming, an humble mourner, to sit by the coffin in the funeral service. It is a sad dawning, but as this glorious sunlight streams in and scatters the darkness and the poisonous vapors of political contest, the whole picture looks different to most people. There was not much difference of principles after all; put the platforms together, there is little choice. Thank God for our country, and its grand and Christian principles. Did you notice how the thirty-five votes were cast at the Electoral

College at Albany? They did their civic duty, but they did not leave the room without recording their noble sentiment for him whose corpse, at that very hour, was surrounded by mourning statesmen. Thank God for our noble commonwealth!

THE FRUITS OF A WORTHY LIFE.

[*The Rev. E. C. Sweetzer, at the Bleecker Street Universalist Church, New York.*]

The Rev. E. C. Sweetzer, in the course of a sermon on the text, "Be not weary in well-doing," said, in substance, yesterday: The fruits of a life of well-doing are an approving conscience, an enlarged capacity, the affection of friends, the esteem of acquaintances, and finally the realization that every good deed we have ever done has helped to redeem the human race. Sometimes the harvest is not seen by the eyes of the world, and it is only known to Him who gathers it. But occasionally a man is given us whose opportunities are more extensive, whose life is public, whose sowing is done before the eyes of all the world by virtue of the place he holds, and whose reaping is equally a thing of note; and when such a man sows to the Spirit, day after day, year after year, without growing weary, and of the Spirit reaps a bounteous harvest, we should not let the significance of it escape our notice. Such a life was the life of Horace Greeley, at whose funeral rites a whole nation has so lately mourned. There are many lessons to be drawn from a career like his and a death like his, but among them all there is none that seems more prominent than that which our text so well expresses. I know of no man in modern times who has so well illustrated the truth of an inspired statement as Mr. Greeley has by the well-known circumstances of his active life. His was emphatically a life of well-doing. Not that he was a perfect man; he had his faults like other people, but the general spirit of his life was a spirit of goodness, a spirit of philanthropy, a spirit of love for his fellow-men. He was always willing to spend and be spent for the good of others. He aimed in everything he undertook to benefit humanity. Personal ambition is laudable rather than blameworthy when it is subordinated to a desire to accomplish good, and this was Mr. Greeley's main desire, from the day he came into this city, a friendless boy, to the day when he was carried out of it through lines of mourners. He was a good man; he wished to do good; he tried to do good. He began life on that principle, and he followed it out to the very end. For that he wrote, for that he spoke, for that he labored with tongue

and pen and pecuniary means. He made his newspaper an organ of good, or, at all events, of that which he believed to be right, and he was commonly right. He made his voice a messenger of good, bearing tidings of freedom to the slave, of woe to the oppressor, of knowledge to the ignorant, of advice to the erring, and of pity to the penitent. And he made one hand a frequent almoner of good while the other was engaged in the increasing drudgery of his daily work, which he performed with so much faithfulness.

He did not grow weary of well-doing. He persisted in it to the last. And yet I suppose that Mr. Greeley had as much to make him weary of doing well as any man in all the land. He had a large experience of ingratitude. He knew the baser side of human nature from long contact with it, but he never lost his faith in man or God. Tempted on either side by wealth and power to forsake those principles, he steadfastly put the temptations behind him, and maintained his kindness of heart and beautiful simplicity of character. He persisted in well-doing, and he has reaped his reward. His life was like a tropical day, which has no twilight, suddenly extinguished, so that it startles and shocks us. His was a glorious death. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Ah, it is a great thing to have said that at such a time. I would rather die like Horace Greeley, and have such obsequies as his, than live in the greatest earthly state for a hundred years, and be buried like one of the old Egyptian kings, with a pyramid above my head.

THE INJUSTICE OF POLITICS.

[*The Rev. John W. Chadwick at Unity Chapel, Brooklyn.*]

"Paint me as I am!" said Cromwell. There are politicians who would decidedly object to being so painted. There are others who can well afford it. Horace Greeley was one of these, and if he had been painted as he was he would, perhaps, be with us still. And will the time never come when it will be seen that we can better afford to diminish our partisan majorities, or even to lose our partisan victories, than to blacken the characters of faithful public servants with ribald accusations? I do not mean to imply that in the recent contest Mr. Greeley was the only victim of this method, though I can but feel that the treatment he received was peculiarly outrageous in view of his well-established character and his immense public services. His, too, was a nature on which every shaft of malice did its worst. If it is any honor to be able to receive such

shafts with perfect equanimity, it is an honor to which he could lay no claim. He might utter no cry, but the iron had entered into his soul. Passionately loving, and as passionately loving to be loved, he could not breathe the stifling air of alienation and suspicion. Say that it was weakness; it was weakness that did him infinite credit. And his death will not be wholly in vain if thinking of these things we are led to change the character of our party struggles, and dignify them with a disposition to be just, even though we dare not be generous. It will be long before we have another such heart to wound.

Compared with Mr. Greeley's death, Mr. Lincoln's was positively the ideal of the beautiful. Here was the man who had been for the last twenty years one of the greatest leaders of emancipation and equality. He had done yeoman's work for these great causes, and for others hardly less dear to his country and to all mankind. At length, he had become a candidate for the Presidency upon a platform which was certainly not less Republican than the one adopted by the Republicans at Philadelphia, and throughout the canvass Mr. Greeley, speaking in scores of places, had not said one word inconsistent with that platform, or with the previous tenor of his great career. But because he had broken from the party traces that came to his support, not as a party, but as individuals, those against whom he had done vigorous battle for the best part of his life, he became anathema to thousands who had followed his standard upon many a battle-field, and he alienated friends more dear to him than life itself. The source of this great tide of feeling which has broken down all barriers of party or creed; which has surged across the continent, and sobbed against "the huts where poor men lie," with plaintive murmurings—the source of it is the conviction that whatever else was here, here were fidelity and loyality; here were devotion and ideas; here was hospitality for the new as well as reverence for the old; here was a man all quivering with sensibility, a heart alive to every generous emotion, a mind that wore no shackles and believed in none, a will entirely consecrated to the cause of truth and the upbuilding on the earth of a divine humanity. Whatever the matter in debate, education, or temperance, or the administration of criminal justice, or the morals of trade, or the rights of thought, or labor, or science, or the elements of personal character, the average tone of *The Tribune*, under Mr. Greeley's guidance, was "without fear and without reproach."

THE MASTER JOURNALIST.

[*The Rev. W. T. Clarke, at the Unitarian Church, Harlem.*]

There is something suggestive in the fact that the two great journalists of America, both young together, both rivals for public favor, both grandly successful in different ways, both leaving vacant chairs no other men can hope to fill, have almost simultaneously passed away. James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley stand as the representatives of two radically different types of journalism. Mr. Bennett made the model newspaper. He lifted reporting into an art. He developed the collection and classification of intelligence from all parts of the world into a science and a business. He made the newspaper an institution. Mr. Greeley, on the other hand, made the American journal. *The Tribune* contains news, fresh, diversified, invaluable, from all quarters of the globe; but it has always been the vehicle of opinion, the organ through which a man of intense personal convictions has found utterance. It was not the nerve but the mind, the man whose warm sympathies, and powerful arguments, and gigantic determination were felt in every column and glowed in every paragraph of that newspaper, which made it a power. He raised personal journalism to its supreme hight, and indicated the place of the press in the future of the world. Mr. Greeley was one of the best writers connected with the American press. His style was remarkably simple, clear, forcible, and direct; it seemed to be the absence of style, the art beyond art. Nobody ever thought of his rhetoric, so clear and natural was his expression. It was the reason, the sentiment, the transcendent purpose, the moral magnetism of an exceptionally endowed and devoted mind, which made the writing so luminous and effective.

He so infused his spirit, his sentiment, his purpose into his associates that they unconsciously made his idea their own, and wrote better than they knew under the stimulus of his inspiration. It was this that gave *The Tribune* such a unity for thirty years that thousands thought of it as the production of one mind, and half imagined that its editor wrote everything that appeared in its columns. To make a great journal, and hold it up to the high line of a moral idea for more than a generation, to make it tell on the side of progress, reform, charity, and humanity, to fill it every morning with the inspiration of a great love for human kind, blossoming in the advocacy of everything that can make life sweeter and the world better,

and the race nobler and happier, is one of the grandest achievements of our time. That is what Horace Greeley did.

LESSONS FROM HIS LIFE.

[*The Rev. Charles H. Brigham, Ann Arbor, Mich.*]

A wonderful pageant they have just seen in our great city, a throng greater even than curiosity brought to see the son of a Queen or the son of an Emperor, greater than the throng that waited so solemnly for the body of the martyred President to pass, looking on now as the body of this plain citizen was borne to burial; for miles long, filling the walks and the balconies and the windows, along the ways of pleasure and the ways of traffic, and the winding ways of the abode of the dead; silent and sad, yet of one heart and soul, all differences forgotten, all discords hushed. Surely death, which works strange changes, never wrought a more wonderful change than this. A month ago, caricature, lampoon, railing; now those that were foremost in harsh speech, vieing with admirers in tributes to the memory of the good man! Who would believe that these eulogies which we read, so warm, so large, so free from exception or reserve, are mostly from men who, within these last months, were exhausting satire upon the object of their present praise? Perhaps this is the honorable amendment which shame and remorse make for injustice done.

In this discourse I shall essay to speak of some of the characteristic lessons in the life of Horace Greeley; very obvious lessons, which have occurred to many of you already, and which you have doubtless read in the tributes which all the journals have hastened to give. The lessons of such a life lie on the surface and can not be mistaken, for here was a man better known probably than any other man in the land. I have no advantage of you in having known him personally, in having talked with him, in having been with him in the house and at the table, in having met him in the church. That acquaintance was of small importance compared with the impression of his personality in the books he wrote, in the speeches he made, and, above all, in the newspaper he founded, and in which, for more than thirty years, he poured out his soul. Those who have read that newspaper habitually know the man well enough to need no other knowledge, and will not learn anything new about him from the anecdotes and memories of his personal associates. What I say about him here comes mainly from the long knowledge of the man

through his daily utterances, and not from the recollections of occasional meetings. I was a man just of age when I read the first number of *The New York Tribune;* and from that day to this, I have never read any newspaper so constantly, so carefully, and, on the whole, with so much sympathy. For many of the opinions of the editor I have had no liking; from some of his schemes I have strongly dissented; and in the last momentous experience of his life I was found on the other side, because, with all his gifts and virtues, I did not think him the best man for the place of President of the nation. But I have never doubted that his heart was right, that his purpose was honest, that his character was pure, that he was a brave, sincere, guileless, and very noble man, one of the best men, all things considered, that has ever been widely known in this land; one of the men whose good work will live after him, and whom his acts sufficiently praise, without any extravagant epithets.

He was in no sense a deceiver. He wore no mask. He hid no opinion. His yea was yea, and his nay was nay. Politician as he was, ardent for his party, he was not a cheating politician, not a hypocrite. He spoke out, and in good, intelligible English, his opinion on every subject where he had an opinion. The trumpet of his journal might change its tone, but it never gave an uncertain sound. Every one knew that this editor was honest, not merely as he paid his debts, and defrauded no man of money, but as he was true to his convictions. His honesty was honesty of speech, of demeanor, as well as of pecuniary transaction. He made no promises of any kind which he did not mean to keep, or which he tried to evade, or was willing to forget. Men cheated him very often; no public man was oftener the victim of knaves and swindlers, some of them wearing broadcloth, and pitying the dupe whom they had played with. But he never returned that game. They called him, indeed, fickle, untrustworthy, as he did eccentric acts, sought for peace when the war should be more vigorously pressed, and bailed the chief of traitors, while insisting that treason must be punished. But that seeming fickleness was not untruthfulness. I remember no word in all his writings, on any theme, even in heated times of passion and party intrigue, which seemed to me of the nature of a lie, of any willful and conscious attempt to deceive. His transparent frankness, so unusual in his profession, so habitual, so unchanging, so obstinate against all the exigencies and expediencies of party discipline, fastens the title of *honest* to his name. His worst foes have never disputed

this. He might be a manager, but never at the sacrifice of his moral integrity. You can not think of him as a Jesuit, or a borrower of Jesuit arts; and yet no Jesuit was ever more devoted to cherished ideas, or to the system that represented those ideas.

He would not have made a good prize-fighter, would not have stormed a fortress at the head of a forlorn hope. But he had the courage which faces difficulties, braves rebuke and contumely, is not afraid of hard names and harsh epithets; the courage that can look danger and persecution in the face and not shrink before it, brave before ridicule not less than before threatening; the rare courage which in the discharge of duty is not afraid of what men shall say. His valor was in no sense Quixotic, valor against windmills or foes of the air, against imaginary perils; nor was it the valor of the self-satisfied hero, who boasts that he was born insensible to fear. It was a calm and modest courage, making no stir, but never swerving from its chosen way. This brave man was not defiant, reckless, indifferent to what the world thought of him. He loved popularity. He craved the good-will of friends and associates and the society around him. No man more prized kind words from every class of men. Yet no consideration of public favor could frighten him from speaking his mind, from saying what he believed to be true, from saying what he believed that the people ought to hear. He was brave to encounter misrepresentation, abuse, calumny, in defense of any cause that he espoused. He was not afraid to have opprobrious names fastened to him, if his defense of unpopular causes brought him such epithets. They called him Socialist, Agrarian, Free-lover, and how many more such names, but he did not trouble himself to reject these names, if, by doing so, he should seem to take back his words, or be afraid to bear responsibility for what he had said. Such courage is of higher order than an animal instinct, more difficult to keep, more trying to a sensitive soul. The bravery that bears misunderstanding is more radical than the bravery which returns blows or merely fights battles. And there is a kind of courage which shows itself all the more real in seeming cowardice. There are brave men who seem for the time to be cowards, and are brave in being willing to bear such a stigma.

He was an amiable man, a man who bore no malice and cherished no vindictiveness. He had his likes and dislikes, strongly felt, and often strongly expressed. He could use sharp words, sometimes sarcastic and stinging words. But under this guise of severity there

was always the heart of love and mercy. I do not believe that he would willingly have harmed any human being. If his answers were sometimes hasty, and his manner might seem rude to those who broke upon his labor and were careless of his convenience in their importunate demands, he never gave these thieves of his time what they really deserved, and generally gave them all that they asked for. There was gentleness in his blood, in his eye, in his manner, though he came of humble parentage and was so long in a place of authority. Probably no man in such a position was ever less arbitrary, overbearing, or peremptory in dealing with his subordinates. They loved him more as they knew him better, they loved him more as they learned his foibles, and saw that so many of these came from his tenderness of spirit. This man, so abstracted in his manner, so busy in his own affairs, so engrossed in ideas, had always time for love and its works, for love which was larger than the love of home and kindred, true and deep as that love was. They called him a "Philanthropist," and the name, awkward enough, and spoiled in its application to schemers and dreamers, was proper in his case. He was a philanthropist more than a reformer; he loved men more than he judged or chastised them, loved before he would heal them. His religious feeling grew out of his good-will to men. He could not believe that God would destroy those whom his own heart could not give to perdition. All his theories, all his plans, all his enterprises, turned in this direction of mercy and benevolence. No cruelty, no cruel methods, and no inhuman ends, could ever win his sympathy. He would not hang men, or imprison men apart, or send them into exile. He would not have negroes enslaved, or Indians exterminated, or any class put under ban. His beaming face, that full moon of soft compassion, was the sign of his soul. Innumerable anecdotes illustrate this kindness of soul, even while they show weakness of will. His failings were all in this direction. He could say a very strong "no," when they urged him to a fraud or a falsehood, but he could not say "no" to an appeal to his generosity or his pity, could not say "no" when a friend in distress was to be helped or the poor were to be blessed.

If there was any special class of whom this plain man was the champion, for whom he used all his skill, and his zeal, and influence, it was the class of the poor and the oppressed and the forsaken, of those who were abused and outraged by their fellow-men. He may not have gone all lengths, at all times, with the abolitionist leaders,

in their conventions and resolutions. He never did say, and he never would say, that the Constitution of the United States was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell. But the sober verdict of history will be that no single man did so much for the overthrow of human bondage in this land as the editor of *The New York Tribune.* If he did not lay his ax so unsparingly to the root of the tree as some other of the reformers, he destroyed it quite as effectually by steadily hacking away its limbs and tendrils, and ruining so its inner life. That he wished and longed for its destruction, who ever dared to doubt? That he was the enemy of every form of social wrong and iniquity, who ever doubted? You can not imagine this man palliating or tolerating any custom or traffic which degrades or imbrutes or depraves men. Not to one, but to many, moral reforms his time and heart were given. To education, thorough and universal; to sobriety, in eating not less than in drinking; to cleanliness, with him very near to godliness; to humanity, for beasts not less than for men; to free homes for emigrants; to cordial welcome of exiles from other lands, seeking refuge on these shores; to the liberation of all oppressed and struggling peoples when was his word of cheer and sympathy wanting? With the weak against the strong, with the abandoned ones, his heart went, and he would give to these more than justice. This made him the friend of Hungarians and Poles and Irishmen, and the defender even of the Pagans against Christians. When the weak and the needy called, he did not stop to ask whether these shared his political or his religious creed, or what his race or his party would gain in befriending them. He obeyed the Divine call, and not seldom was made half a martyr in obedience to his instinct of compassion. His fame for wisdom suffered in the promptness of his sympathetic zeal.

A GREAT CITIZEN.

[*The Rev. Dr. Adler at the Temple Emanuel.*]

The Rev. Dr. Adler, in a discourse on Saturday in the Temple Emanuel, at Forty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, on the "Immortality of the Soul," after speaking of the views of the ancients, and the light which Scripture had shed upon the subject, passed to the death of Horace Greeley, saying, in part: These, the great lights, the faith of man and the hopes of humanity—the immortality of the human soul, and the progress of human development—shine and spring afresh in us on the very impressive occasion when we see a man who

has shown himself through the workings of his mind so great and beneficial disappear from the ranks of the living. The heart of man can not bear the thought that such a mighty spirit, which was overflowing with ideas and had developed a whole world of thought in itself, should at once have sunk into total night. The universal soul in itself, and the high honors that were paid the departed, are proof of the certainty innate in the heart of man that the soul lives on and has not become extinct; for that which exists not can never become an object of love and honor. The idea of humanity, likewise, gains new strength through the death of great men. Life divides; Death unites; and the greater the dead the greater the unity. This we have seen in the fullest measure during the last few days, when the nation, the whole nation, all classes and all factions thereof, followed the funeral of the man, Horace Greeley, with unexampled sorrow and devotion. The tribute was not given because the deceased was a high dignitary or a man occupying any public position; it came as a necessity of the heart, a free tribute of gratitude to one of giant intellect, an apostle of the purest virtues, a herald and champion of progress everywhere. With heart and head he soared above the millions. He had his peculiarities and weaknesses. The sun has its specks, and like every truly great man he had enemies while he was alive; but when the sudden message of sorrow came, "Horace Greeley is dead," it shook all hearts as with an electric shock. In an instant it swept his few faults from memory, and changed his adversaries into mourners and admirers. The country has lost one of its greatest citizens, and humanity a man who has lived and worked for it. A mighty bulwark in the fight for every good cause, Horace Greeley fell, as once Fort Sumter fell. His fall awoke enthusiasm. It was the signal for the union of factions to "clasp hands over the bloody chasm." He has not lived to see it; with his death it has become a reality.

A LIFE BETTER THAN PRECEPTS.

[*The Rev. R. S. MacArthur, at the Calvary Baptist Church.*]

The Rev. R. S. MacArthur, in the course of his sermon, yesterday, said, in part, that one such life of rectitude, honesty of purpose, devotion to principle, and fearless advocacy of principle as Mr. Greeley's, was worth more to humanity than all the precepts that have ever been written for human guidance. The world is able to point to a living example of the heroism it extols and the self-sacrifice it

honors. If the question is asked, "Who has met the requirements of wisdom?" the teachers of truth are able to point to him who, during the past week, has been honored by a nation. He occupied no great position of honor or trust, but filled a prominent place in the hearts of the people. Praise God for his life, and praise Him for his death! Well will it be for all of us if in our last hours we shall be able, with the fullness of meaning with which he uttered the words, to give earnest expression to those last sentences of his life, the one expressing the assurance of his confidence in the fullness of the redemption provided, and the other his satisfaction at the close of a busy life.

HORACE GREELEY AND JOURNALISM.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 3.]

The generous and sorrowful words which the newspapers of all parties have spoken of our lamented chief, show that the ambition which Mr. Greeley pursued in the management of *The Tribune*, while it brought him frequently into collision with public men, and led to many acrimonious disputes, nevertheless commanded universal respect. Beside his grave the bitterness of partisan warfare, the petty quarreling of rivals, the animosities of political debate, are wholly forgotten. From those who yesterday were adversaries, as well as from those who for years have been admirers and friends, come sincere and eloquent tributes, not only to the personal character of the dead, but to that lofty purpose which Horace Greeley made the guiding principle of his life. The school of journalism, of which he was the foremost teacher, has few attractions for those who seek money, or fame, or political reward. If it brought all three to Horace Greeley, it was not because he strove for them, but because fortune sometimes favors those who never court her smiles. He was a journalist because he had something to say which he believed men would be the better for knowing; not because he wanted something for himself which journalism might secure for him. The call which brought him into the profession issued "from a world to be enlightened and blessed, not from a void stomach clamoring to be gratified and filled." To publish a newspaper merely for the sake of making money, would have seemed to him the degradation of a noble career.

Mr. Greeley has been described as essentially a propogandist. He was that, but he was something more. His labors were not con-

fined to the promulgation of his own theories of morality and statecraft. He made it, indeed, his part to assail giant abuses, and to battle for purer and juster government; but these objects were only incidents of a comprehensive scheme of benevolence, which took in the general culture, prosperity, and happiness of the whole human race. The model newspaper, in his view, was not merely the organ of pet theories, but an instrument of practical good—teaching the ignorant, leading the blind, succoring the poor, fighting for the oppressed, developing national wealth, stimulating industry, and inculcating virtue. To make *The Tribune* this, he put away from him all thirst for renown, all appetite for wealth, all desire for personal advantage. He never counted the cost of his words. He never inquired what course would pay, or what would please his subscribers. He held in magnificent disdain the meaner sort of editor, "who sidles dextrously between somewhere and nowhere," accumulates riches by the daily utterance of silken sayings, and goes to his rest at last "with the non-achievements of his life blazoned on the whitest marble." The journalist who strives to print only what will sell, seemed to him as bad as the parson who preaches only to fill his pews. Mr. Greeley never hesitated to go counter to a base and selfish public sentiment. Those who have watched his career will recall scores of instances in which he has deliberately offended political friends and sacrificed pecuniary interests to espouse an unpopular cause. In defending what he believed to be right his courage was magnificent. He was deaf to popular clamor, insensible to the jangling of the dollars. The stern and thorny path by which an editor must climb to greatness demanded, according to him, "an ear ever open to the plaints of the wronged and suffering, though they can never repay advocacy, and those who mainly support newspapers will be annoyed and often exposed by it."

The pure unselfishness of his purposes, and the strength of his convictions, enriched his labor with a strength, vitality, and persistence which mere mercenary enterprises never display. The noble ambition which consecrated his daily toil impelled him to put his whole heart into it; and such work is always well done. But apart from inspiration of this sort, Mr. Greeley had remarkable qualifications for the profession which he adopted. A quick perception of the significance of events, a keen scent for intelligence, an accurate judgment of the mutual relations of occurrences, a ready appreciation of the drift of popular currents, and a sympathetic comprehen-

sion of the public temper of the hour, were among the gifts and acquirements which he brought to his task. His fund of information was vast and varied. His memory was a marvel. His ingenuity in argument and illustration was inexhaustible. A clear, direct, forcible style, of almost painful conciseness, but illuminated at times by flashes of wit, by touches of tenderness, and by the happiest of homely metaphors, set forth his clear and earnest thought; while a singularly magnetic temperament infused a great deal of his own fervor into the men who worked with him. Thus equipped, Horace Greeley could hardly fail to make a great newspaper; but he did not make it to sell. *The Tribune* never was a commercial speculation; and if it prospered under his management, and grew to be a far grander and richer thing than in his early days he had dreamed of making it, this was not because he ever sacrificed the utterance of a single conviction for the sake of pecuniary profit, but because truth will force its way, and honesty, in the long run, will compel the respect of mankind.

The success of Horace Greeley is the best encouragement for the journalism of the future. It teaches our profession that a nobler career is open to us than that of the thoughtless gatherer of news and gossip, or the huckster of literature who deals in anything that people want to buy, and the blackguard whose abusive tongue wags at the command of whoever will pay for its service. "He who, by voice or pen," said Mr. Greeley, "strikes his best blow at the impostures and vices whereby our race is debased and paralyzed, may close his eyes in death, consoled and cheered by the reflection that he has done what he could for the emancipation and elevation of his kind." But this shall not be his only recompense. The story of Horace Greeley teaches us that it is the journalist of strong convictions, unselfish purposes, and unflinching courage who wins at the last the honors and prizes of his calling, the respect of his fellow-laborers, and the affection of his countrymen.

MR. GREELEY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 4.]

It is not strange that, in making up an estimate of Mr. Greeley's character, men should speak of him chiefly as a journalist, a politician, and a statesman; for his life was mainly passed in practical pursuits, and was full of the comparatively coarse controversies of party. There was a side of his nature and a peculiarity of his cul-

ture which were naturally not so open to the public eye, and only the few knew how strong was his love of the best books, and how delicate, and even fastidious, were his literary tastes. American literature, when he was a young man, was just beginning to have a somewhat distinct character, and to exhibit something of original vigor. We have before us a file of the *New-Yorker*, which was started in 1834. It was, we need hardly say, a miscellany of original and selected prose and verse; and we must admit that what strikes us most forcibly upon inspecting a volume of this journal is the exquisite purity of taste which presided over its columns, and which is not often found in any young man, whatever may have been his opportunities. The original verse, for instance, a good deal of which was written by Mr. Greeley himself, may not be of a high and important order, but it always exhibits a certain degree of elegance and finish, and a careful study of the poetical models then most in vogue. Mr. Greeley's verse shows what the world hardly gave him credit for possessing, though his friends knew well enough it was his—a tender sensibility, if we may use that word so often misused; a deep and unaffected love of the beautiful, and an abiding reverence for the most excellent of our human affections. Like many other men who find the business of actual life too engrossing to permit a continuance of their young love of the ideal, Mr. Greeley may have, for the most part, ceased to write, but he never ceased to be a reader of poetry. In this his taste was almost infallible. While actually engaged in the management of a newspaper, every day he was importuned by meter-mongers to give publicity to their mediocrities; and the public knows how ill they succeeded in their designs upon the columns. The *New-Yorker* shows the fastidious accuracy of Mr. Greeley's literary judgment. Almost all the selections are from first-rate sources, and are worthy of their respectable origin. This critical skill Mr. Greeley never lost. If he found a young man writing well in *The Tribune*, he usually took occasion to let that writer know his good opinion of him; if he found a man, young or old, writing badly, he had a very decisive way of hinting either at reformation or resignation. He knew good work when he saw it; he was what some editors are not, a careful reader of his own newspaper; and if he discovered in it clumsiness, negligence, bad taste, or inaccuracy, the offender might depend upon being brought to account. So, his staff of writers knew what to expect in those days when he was almost always at the office; and this knowl-

edge restrained the ambitious, chastened the imaginative, incited the indolent, and warned the careless. Men who were quite his equals, and, perhaps, his superiors, in mere scholarship, recognized the accuracy of his judgment, and were sure that if they pleased him they would not displease that great *Tribune* constituency which he understood so well.

As a writer of pure, simple, and direct English, Mr. Greeley is entitled to a high rank. His knowledge of the laws of the language was excellent, and in all the haste and heat of newspaper composition he rarely violated them. Generally, his leading articles were models of their kind. They were arranged, as our readers know, with a sort of mathematical precision, and both in their facts and their argumentation they were apt to be troublesome to his antagonists. If the subject were one which excited the writer so that he became thoroughly earnest, his fine powers of sarcasm, of irony, and sometimes of wholesome vituperation, were exhibited at their best. There is an account of his trial for a libel upon Mr. Fenimore Cooper, originally printed in *The Tribune*, and reprinted in Mr. Parton's "Life," which, in its wit, humor, and incisive irony has hardly been surpassed by any English writer. In some respects Mr. Greeley reminds us of Cobbett, but with all the vigor and directness of that celebrated journalist, he had none of the coarseness which continually disfigures the pages of "Peter Porcupine." Of the work of his profession he never had enough. When he was at the hight of his health and strength, there seemed no limit to his powers of application and endurance. For one who wrote so rapidly, he was singularly accurate, and even as a work of reference his "History of the Rebellion" has great value now, and will be still more valuable as time goes by. In certain parts, his "Recollections of a Busy Life" seems to us one of the most charming of autobiographies, charming as books of that kind almost always are. It is full of graceful narrative, engaging confidences, and reminiscences of men and things which interest everybody. Of Mr. Greeley's lectures, speeches, and occasional addresses it is hardly necessary for us to speak. They were listened to by thousands, and by thousands are still freshly remembered. The late political canvass developed Mr. Greeley's talents as a public speaker, and it is universally agreed that no more able speeches were ever made upon like occasions.

We have thus indicated some points of Mr. Greeley's literary character which at this moment it seems proper to recall. He was

not what is called, in common parlance, a scholar. He had but little time to devote to merely elegant studies. He was not dandled in the arms of Alma Mater; his early life was but a rough one; he had nothing of material fortune or of mental wealth of which he did not well understand how he had come by it; the printing-office was his academy, and, perhaps, all things considered, he could not have had a better one. But the robust intellectual nature of the man was superior to all accidents of fortune, and he gathered, almost without pausing in other pursuits, a fund of literary knowledge which few, save professed students, possess. If he was sometimes careless of the graces of manner, he comprehended well enough those higher graces of which the mind is capable. If he was oftenest a practical and unimaginative workman, he still loved the elegance and beauty of literature, and in the intervals of his daily toil he found in books a guide and a consolation.

A TRIBUTE FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.

To the Editor of The Tribune—

Sir: *The Tribune* of December 6th, which has just reached me, contains the following announcement:

"*The Tribune* will shortly publish a memorial volume, containing an obituary notice of Mr. Greeley, with an account of his last illness, the popular honor to his remains at the City Hall, the final obsequies, and some of the more careful editorial tributes from this and other journals."

This will be an appropriate and most fitting record of the profound impression produced by the death of our great and beloved Friend, and of the late honor accorded to the unselfish aims of his life. But, I would suggest, is it not also possible, now, when the memory of our past intercourse with him becomes clearer in the keen light of regret for his loss, to collect those recollections of his nearest friends, which will illustrate, as nothing else can, the soundness of his constant growth, the sweetness and strength of his nature?

Although the general impression of his character may have been correct, yet, in certain particulars, no one has been more thoroughly misunderstood. The American people seem to be slow to admit that a man may change or develop. They seize upon a few salient, intellectual, and moral points, construct a rough sketch of the individual, practically say: "There! that is my estimate of him!" and are

careless in regard to correction when time has proved the sketch to be false. It was Mr. Greeley's misfortune, not his fault, that he lived during a period when all opinion seemed to take a partisan form, among a people who are only now learning to appreciate that moral and intellectual liberality which can broadly entertain and discuss all questions relating to the well-being or the education of our race. He has been called a Fourierite, long after he discovered the unpractical character of Fourier's system; a Spiritualist, when, after having honestly examined, he rejected the Spiritualistic theories; a Free-lover, while foremost in defending the sanctity of marriage; a Vegetarian, because of a brief experiment which satisfied him that *his* constitution, at least, could not be supported upon a vegetable diet; and—absurdest of all, to those who knew him nearly—he has been charged with a vain and purposed eccentricity of dress and manners, because Nature, in making him up, omitted that form of vanity which expends itself upon external graces.

Some of these misrepresentations will die with the animosity which kept them alive; some will slowly change as the story of his life recedes into a truer perspective; but others may remain to distort his historic figure, if not corrected now. We are aware, for example, that many of his true and outspoken friends, during the late political campaign, felt *one* misgiving, based upon an instinct of his goodness, without a proper knowledge of the high, intelligent sense of duty which would have controlled even that goodness, in case of his success. Those who stood near to him knew that he was never alienated by individual weaknesses: that his magnanimity, though abused, manifested itself again and again; and that his private help or encouragement was frequently given to those who seemed unworthy of it, But they also knew that he was therein responsible to himself alone; they knew, often through direct personal experience, that, wherever an important principle was involved, he could sternly hold his emotional nature at bay; and they never believed that, were he elevated to a position of trust, he could be swayed by merely *personal* influences.

The opportunity to manifest these higher qualities of his nature was denied him; his life is a column without the capital. Many may say that, though of noble material, it was coarsely and clumsily fashioned. Why should not those who know him better, now bring to light those finer and more delicate traits which resolve many stronger features into harmony?

My own intercourse with him, though often interrupted by absence or divergence of labor, was frank at the start, and grew closer and more precious with every year. In all my experience of men I have never found one whose primitive impulses revealed themselves with such marvelous purity and sincerity. His nature often seemed to me as crystal-clear as that of a child. In my younger and more sensitive days he often gave me a transient wound; but such wounds healed without a scar, and I always found, afterward, that they came from the lance of a physician, not from the knife of an enemy.

I first saw Mr. Greeley in June, 1844, when I was a boy of nineteen. I applied to him for an engagement to write letters to *The Tribune* from Germany. His reply was terse enough. "No descriptive letters!" he said; "I am sick of them. When you have been there long enough to know something, send to me, and, if there is anything in your letters, I will publish them." I waited nearly a year, and then sent seventeen letters, which were published. They were shallow enough, I suspect; but what might they not have been without his warning?

Toward the end of 1847, while I was engaged in the unfortunate enterprise of trying to establish a weekly paper in Phœnixville, Penn., I wrote to him—foreseeing the failure of my hopes—asking his assistance in procuring literary work in New York. He advised me (as I suspect he has advised thousands of young men) to stay in the country. But I *had* stayed in the country, and a year too long; so another month found me in New York, in his office, with my story of disappointment, and my repeated request for his favorable influence. "I think you are mistaken," he said; "but I will bear you in mind, if I hear of any chance."

Six weeks afterward, to my great surprise (for I supposed he had quite forgotten me), he sent for me, and offered me a place on *The Tribune*. I worked hard and incessantly during the summer of 1848, hearing never a word of commendation or encouragement; but one day in October he suddenly came to my desk, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "You have been faithful; but now you need rest. Take a week's holiday, and go into New England." I obeyed, and found, on my return, that he had ordered my salary to be increased.

I think none of his associates, at that time, ever wrote a line which he did not critically read. His comments sometimes seemed

rough, but they were always wholesome and almost invariably just. Once he called me into his room, pointed to a poem of mine, which had just appeared in a literary magazine, and abruptly asked: "Why did you publish that gassy stuff?" My indignation was even greater than my astonishment. I retorted, fiercely: "Mr. Greeley, I should feel hurt by your question, if I had any respect whatever for your judgment in regard to poetry!" He smiled a sad, forgiving smile, and said nothing. Years afterward, I saw that he was right: the poem was only a piece of sounding rhetoric, for which "gassy" was perhaps a coarse but certainly not an inappropriate epithet. In this, as in other respects, the discipline to which he subjected me, was excellent: if not the result of his intellectual perception, it manifested an instinct even more remarkable.

Two pictures, equally illustrative of the man, remain with me from that first year. One, an afternoon in the little editorial office under the roof: Mr. Greeley bending over the yellow transfer-paper on which the telegraphic dispatches were written. The light from the window fell upon the top of his bald head, which presented its full circumference to me as he leaned down. I was looking at it, vacantly, when I saw a fiery scarlet flush rise from his neck and temples, like a wave, and flood the white crown. The next moment he rose, threw back his head, and uttered a fearful shriek. For a minute, nearly, I thought him mad. He flung his hands up and down, cried: "It has come! It has come!" and laughed in a half-delirious ecstasy. It was the news of the passage of the Wilmot Proviso.

Another day, his little son Arthur, whose exquisite features, blue eyes, and golden hair, remain in my memory as a more angelic apparition than any cherub-face which Raphael ever painted, came into the office to meet him, on his return from a journey. When he saw the boy he gave a similar shriek, caught him under the arms, tossed him aloft, and finally clasped him to his breast with a wordless outcry of passionate love and joy, so intense that I almost shuddered to hear it. I felt then that I had caught one of the clues to a correct understanding of his nature; that he was "dowered with a love of love," which, in this reticent world, feels itself to be something akin to weakness, and often feigns its opposite in order to mask its presence. He did not see, nor do the most so dowered see, that it equally belongs to the strength of strength.

I have had many differences of opinion with Mr. Greeley, but I

can conscientiously declare that there was none of them which did not finally draw me the closer to him. A little more than a year ago he published an article which I thought unjust to a government official, who is an intimate personal friend of mine. I wrote to him at once, objecting to his views, and claiming, at least, a suspension of judgment. He replied, giving his reasons for the unfriendly criticism, yet, as I thought, according too little weight to my contrary representations. I wrote again, and more earnestly than before—so earnestly, indeed, that, after the letter was dispatched, I felt that he might have reason to feel offended at some of the expressions it contained. But when I met him, he stretched out his hand, with that smile of ineffable sweetness, which no one can ever forget upon whom it fell, said: "Are you still angry with me?" patiently heard my explanation, and assured me that, so soon as it should be confirmed by circumstances, full reparation would be made.

We, who know best—perhaps who only know—how lofty, consistent, and utterly unselfish were Mr. Greeley's aspirations with regard to *The Tribune*, know also, from innumerable incidents of our long intercourse with him, how many sound, noble, and steadfast traits of his character have escaped the public observation. It is, perhaps, a question of taste, how much of this may now be related; yet it seems to me that since death, by paralyzing slander and falsehood, has set his life in clearer proportions before the world, the rubbish of early estimates and later misconceptions might also, with propriety, be cleared away. There are many, in addition to his associates in *The Tribune*—especially many noble, earnest-minded women, whose purer impulses few men were better qualified to honor than he—whose reminiscences of his ways and words would add to the fidelity of his historical portrait.

Let me say, once for all—and I am almost ashamed to mention a subject so trivial—that, whatever might have been his carelessness in regard to certain conventionalities of society, Horace Greeley was by nature a gentleman. He lacked the peculiar talent for tying a cravat elegantly; he sometimes drew up his trowsers to prevent them from being covered with mud; he preferred a soft felt hat to the hideous fashionable stove-pipe; but, when he entered an assembly of ladies and gentlemen, the best, the most intelligent, the most refined, came to him by natural attraction. Never, in all his life, was he guilty of an act so boorish and vulgar as that of those who misrepresented his dress and manners during the recent campaign.

In his last letter to me, written on the 18th of August, 1872, he says: "I feel sure that, while my election would pacify the country as it should be pacified, my nomination and canvass, even though unsuccessful, tends to the same end."

Herein he expressed the simple basis of his ambition. Those who accuse him of having bailed Jeff Davis solely with a view to this later candidacy, have had their perceptions so confused by the study of the typical American politician, that they are quite incapable of comprehending an action inspired by humane and Christian motives. I confess, viewing the campaign at this distance, separated from the temporary excitements to which we must charitably allow their full influence, nothing in my own experience of our politics has so shocked me as the swift forgetfulness of all Mr. Greeley's former services, the infamous attempts to defile his past aspirations, the conscienceless efforts to misrepresent him to the American people, which have characterized his political opponents. The silence of slander in the presence of death is not enough to atone for such injuries. If our people appreciate Horace Greeley's character, honor his memory, are grateful for his honest services to them, they can only prove it by learning to combat opinions without dragging those who hold them through the mire of vulgar aspersion. Honor to the dead is not equivalent to justice to the living. If Horace Greeley yearned, with all the force of his nature, for any one thing, it was for the simplest recognition of his honest aims. He never mistook the popular curiosity for fame; he never craved that fame which is a burden to its possessor; but during forty tireless, sleepless years of labor, his proud sensitive soul sought everywhere for the signs that his work was understood, though never asking, never betraying, its yearning.

If my proposition for a collection of personal reminiscences from those who knew him best should not seem appropriate, allow me, at least, to add my slight testimony to the virtues, the strength, and the consistency of character of our revered Friend. I have given only a few incidents out of the memories of many years, and I have *no* memories to conflict with the impression of his sweet and noble humanity, which I have here endeavored to reproduce.

B. T.

Gotha, Germany, *Dec.* 23, 1872.

HIS EXAMPLE.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y., *Dec.* 2, 1872.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Excuse me for delaying thus long my words of sympathy. I have not before been able to bring my mind to the task. "Horace Greeley is dead." When the sad news was flashed upon us on Saturday last, it came as lightning from a clear sky, stunning and bewildering our senses.

To you, who have know him so long and loved him so well, the blow is still more severe. To you and to his children I tender the deepest sympathy of my heart.

Though my personal acquaintance with Mr. Greeley was slight, I have known and admired him through *The Tribune* from its earliest publication.

His industry, his determined perseverence, his love of his race, his benevolence, his honesty, his boldness in the advocacy of what he believed to be right, were the elements of my admiration.

His example is a priceless endowment to the young men of America.

I have called a special meeting of our Trustees for Thursday, to take suitable action in reference to his death.

Mr. Greeley is the third Trustee the Cornell University has been called upon to mourn since its organization. Wm. Andrus, Esq., of Ithaca, the Hon. William Kelley of Rhinebeck, and now Horace Greeley—all members of our first Board, all ornaments of the Institution and of society. Their departure makes a breach in the Board that we must fill with younger men, but can not fill with abler men.

May we accept the sad event as a lesson for our good, and with feelings of deeper sympathy and kinder regards for our fellow-men perform our own duties, and manfully battle for the right. In sympathy and love, I remain, EZRA CORNELL.

REST AT LAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE—

SIR: I can not make it seem to me that the great old man is really gone. And yet the echoes of his departure are loud enough. He fell in truth "as falls on Mount Avernus a thunder-smitten oak." There is nowhere in the round of the earth where Christian and civilized men abide a place in which his loss will not awaken emotions of personal sorrow, as his life inspired sentiments of veneration and

honor. It is not given to many in this world to do so much good to their generation as Mr. Greeley was permitted to do; possibly the consciousness that he was so ordained of Providence may have been sweeter to him than what we call happiness. Of this he could, according to general notions, have little. His life began in wintry poverty, and throughout all its years there was such hurrying diligence, such a crowd and tumult of duties, so much fighting and wrangling by the wayside, too; so much obloquy (which no man in any age ever has deserved); so many bereavements which never were rushed on a tenderer heart, that altogether he found here, I think, little of that peace which passeth understanding; little of the rest and tranquillity which all our toils strive to earn for us. I think there will be welcome to him in the still kingdom whither he has gone. It was said that the Gods in Hades rose when Napoleon came among them. "The wise and the good, fair forms and hoary seers of ages past," who have gone down into the land of shadows before him, will, I think, welcome the great old chief with equal honors. T. C. E.

Brooklyn, *Dec.* 3, 1872.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sir: I trust that I shall not be charged with presumption in addressing you on the subject of this letter. I want to thank you, not for any favor bestowed on my friends, or shown to me. Thanks for such things are as common as the benefits they confer. I desire to thank you for something greater and better than these; for something much beyond the ordinary practice of high official life. I desire to thank you for the respect shown by you to Mr. Greeley on his death-bed, and for the great respect you paid his character and memory by your attendance on his funeral. It was a great compliment for the head of a great nation to decline attendance on an official festivity while a private citizen was dying, a citizen who had no claims on the sympathy of the official, either of blood or close friendship. It was a much greater compliment when that Executive laid aside the pressing duties of his great office, and, making a night journey of hundreds of miles at an inclement season, took the place of a private person, among the thousands gathered together to pay the last tribute of respect that the living can pay the dead. For your remembrance of Mr. Greeley, dying; for your attendance at his funeral; for the tearful attention you paid to the sad ceremo-

nies of that occasion, Mr. President, I thank you with all earnestness. I am very sure that in doing so I but echo the sentiments of hundreds of thousands of your fellow-citizens, whose views of public affairs led them and myself to support, in the late canvass, the man to whom you have shown such high respect. By these acts you have removed prejudices, changed opponents into friends, and shown the world that great official life need not deaden the better instincts of our common humanity. By these acts you have taught the nations that Americans never forget what is due to the character of their great citizens, and that the passions of an exciting political contest never destroy the respect that American partisan opponents have for the good lives of good men.

I thank you, Mr. President, and pray that a long and happy life may await you. And when it shall please the Great Ruler to send the angel of Death to call you hence, may your passage to the tomb be made smooth by the affections of kind friends, and the grave close over you with the heartfelt prayers of your countrymen for your eternal rest. Very respectfully, your friend,

SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 6, 1872.

BEFORE THE BURIAL.

[*From The Tribune, Dec.* 3.]

EARTH, let thy softest mantle rest,
  This wearied child to thee returning,
Whose youth was nurtured at thy breast,
  Who loved thee with such tender yearning!
He knew thy fields and woodland ways,
  And deemed thy humblest son his brother:
Asleep, beyond our blame or praise,
  We yield him back, O gentle Mother!

Of praise, of blame, he drank his fill:
  Who has not read the life-long story?
And dear we hold his fame, but still
  The man was dearer than his glory.
And now to us are left alone
  The closet where his shadow lingers,
The vacant chair—that was a throne—
  The pen, just fallen from his fingers.

Wrath changed to kindness on that pen;
Though dipped in gall it flowed with honey;
One flash from out the cloud, and then
The skies with smile and jest were sunny:
Of hate he surely lacked the art,
Who made his enemy his lover:
O reverend head and Christian heart!
Where now their like the whole world over?

He saw the goodness, not the taint,
In many a poor, do-nothing creature,
And gave to sinner and to saint,
But kept his faith in human nature;
Perchance he was not worldly-wise,
Yet we who noted, standing nearer,
The shrewd, kind twinkle in his eyes,
For every weakness held him dearer.

Alas! that unto him who gave
So much, so little should be given!
Himself alone, he might not save
Of all for whom his hands had striven.
Place, freedom, fame, his work bestowed:
Men took, and passed, and left him lonely;
What marvel, if beneath his load,
At times he craved for justice only!

Yet thanklessness, the serpent's tooth,
His lofty purpose could not alter;
Toil had no power to bend his youth,
Or make his lusty manhood falter;
From envy's sling, from slander's dart,
That armored soul the body shielded,
Till one dark sorrow chilled his heart,
And then he bowed his head, and yielded.

Now, now we measure at its worth
The gracious presence gone forever!
The wrinkled East, that gave him birth,
Laments with every laboring river;
Wild moan the free winds of the West
For him who gathered to her prairies
The sons of men, and made each crest
The haunt of happy household fairies;

And anguish sits upon the mouth
Of her who came to know him latest:
His heart was ever thine, O South!
He was thy truest friend, and greatest!

He shunned thee in thy splendid shame,
  He stayed thee in thy voiceless sorrow;
The day thou shalt forget his name,
  Fair South, can have no sadder morrow.

The tears that fall from eyes unused—
  The hands above his grave united—
The words of men whose lips he loosed,
  Whose cross he bore, whose wrongs he righted—
Could he but know, and rest with this!
  Yet stay, through Death's low-lying hollow,
His one last foe's insatiate hiss
  On that benignant shade would follow!

Peace! while we shroud this man of men
  Let no unhallowed word be spoken!
He will not answer thee again,
  His mouth is sealed, his wand is broken.
Some holier cause, some vaster trust
  Beyond the vail, he doth inherit:
O gently, Earth, receive his dust,
  And Heaven soothe his troubled spirit! E. C. S.

A PURE AND FAITHFUL SOUL.

I.

Was there no other way than this,
O faithful Soul, to smite with silence those,
Too base for friends, less generous than foes,
The unrelenting pack
That followed thee, and made along thy track
The boor's coarse jest, the slimy serpent's hiss?—
Was there no other way than this?

II.

Ah, they to whom the hatred of a clan
Seems nobler than the honesty of man,
Pause, startled at thy grave,
And where they sought to ruin, now would save!
Their jibes are heard no more,
And, stammering into truth, subsides the lie:
For such a conquest, must thou die,
When Life no less had made thee conqueror?

III.

Too dear the price we pay
Who saw thy patient purpose day by day
Unfolded, that the full design might be
Embodied Love, incarnate Charity,

War's blotches washed away,
And God's impartial justice shown in thee!
We stood beside thee at thy post,
And, knowing nearest, loved thee most:
We would have given our bosoms for a shield
Against the arrows sped
To harm thy wise and gentle head.
But in thy goodness thou wert triply steeled!
We knew—as thou didst, never man forbore:
We knew—as thou didst, never man forgave:
Art still, O brain, high Duty's patient slave?
O heart, devoid of malice, beat'st no more?

IV.

For all your silenced slanders, give us worse!
Renew the loathsome noises of the fight,
Forgetfulness of what he did, and spite
Of party hate, the Nation's waxing curse,
So ye for us preserve
One honest man, like him, who will not swerve
From what the large heart dictates to the brain;
Or, call him back again
Who felt, where others planned;
Who cast away the mantle of a name
And saw his naked nature turned to blame;
Who narrower fealties beneath him trod,
In stern consistency to God!
There is no child in all the land,
But might have craved the blessing of his hand:
There is no threshold but his feet
Might cross, a messenger of counsel sweet,
Of peace and patience and forgiving love,
Of Toil that bends and Faith that looks above!

V.

In vain! our cry is vain:
We can but turn, pure Soul, to thee again.
So much of large beneficence thy mind
For all the race designed,
So much thy heart inclosed of brotherhood
And ardent hope of good,
Thou leavest us thyself in these behind!
We can not grieve as those who do not trust:
We knew thee nearest, loved thee most,
And thou, a sacred ghost,
Already risen from thy fallen dust,
Speak'st, as of old, to us: "Be firm, be pure, be just!"

BAYARD TAYLOR.

GOTHA, GERMANY, *Dec.* 1, 1872.

THE DEAD.

As if in lone Franconia one had said,
"Alas! the glorious Monarch of the Hills,
Mount Washington, is fallen to the vale!
The direful echo all the silence fills;
The winds sweep down the gorge with bitter wail;
The lesser hights rise trembling and dismayed,
And the fond sun goes, clouded, to the west;"-
So to the street, the fireside, came the cry,
"Our King of Men, our boldest, gentlest heart,
He whose pure front was nearest to the sky,
Whose feet stood firmest on Eternal Right;
With his swift sympathies and giant might
That sealed him for the martyr's, warrior's part,
And led, through loss, to nobler victory—
Lies low, to-day, in death's unchallenged rest!"

How we entombed him! Not imperial Rome
Gave her dead Cæsars sepulture so grand,
Though gems and purple on the pyre were flung!
His tender requiem hushed the clamorous land;
And thus, by Power lamented, Poet sung,
Through stricken, reverent crowds we bore him home
When winter skies were fair and winds were still!
And for his fame—while oceans guard our shores
And mountains midway lift their peaks of snow
To the clear azure where the eagle soars;
While Peace is sweet, and the world yearns again
To hear the angel strain, "Good will to men;"
While toil brings honor, Virtue vice deplores,
And liberty is precious—it shall grow,
And the great future with his spirit fill!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

GONE.

I.

WHEN rare lives drop, Nature runs on the same:
No dizzy star forgets to hunt its goal,
The moon-drawn tide's undeviating roll,
Serene as on the eve when first they came.
Fair Hesper starts from sunset's fading flame,
And steady spins our planet round her pole,
So little do they miss a strenuous soul,
So easy spare a noble, vanished name!
Feel you no stir of pity, selfish Earth,

That your white clasp can lock him from our eyes?
Oh, mighty Mother, you that gave him birth,
How still within your folding arms he lies!
A tired child held to your sacred breast,
Nor love, nor tears may break his dreamless rest.

II.

Yet heard he not the people's cry? nor hears?
The tender passion of a sorrowing State,
Mourning as nation's mourn their good and great;
Nor felt, nor feels he now our aching tears?
Too soon didst thou take up thy sullen shears
To clip his gracious days, ungracious Fate!
And we for whom he wrought lament too late
The generous heart strung with ungenerous jeers.
Oh, in that land whereunto he has passed,
This Friend, whose strong fine fiber snapped and broke
Beneath sore bruises—heavy stroke on stroke—
The land where each hath leave to rest at last—
Do human plaudits comfort him above?
Or is he pleased with our remorseful love?

RACHEL POMEROY.

IN MEMORY.

A ROYAL soul we knew not how to crown
Stood up transfigured at death's darksome portal,
Through which we caught the God-light streaming down,
Opened that he might pass to life immortal.

The strife of tongues was hushed; the bitter sneer,
The false ascription of unworthy feeling,
Which wrung his heart and pained the public ear,
Were awed to stillness by Death's mute appealing.

Oh, brothers, was it well? the work he wrought—
His broad, quick sympathies—his life's devotion
To noble aims—his zeal for truth, unbought
By hope of selfish gain or world's promotion—

All these were in your knowledge, as he stood
The chosen chief of those who asked a nation
To close the long, hard strife of party feud—
To choose the path of reconciliation.

To-day, above his grave we hear your word
Of praise for honest purpose, grand ambition,
Never by poor or selfish motives stirred—
Seeking his country's good as sole fruition.

'Tis true!—'tis well!—but better had it come
A little earlier! the heart now lying
In voiceless slumber, cold, and still, and dumb,
Had so been spared some pangs when faint and dying.

Farewell, oh, earnest heart! oh, royal soul
By right divine, a prince of God's own making!
What rest, what peace, what new-born vigor stole
Through all thy being, in His presence waking!

While here the memory lingers of thy life
Of love to God and man—its lesson pressing
On many a thoughtful heart. From storm and strife
On earth, thy soul has soared—and leaves its blessing.

SUSAN EVELYN DICKINSON.

A CHILD OF GENIUS.

I.

LET us not wail a requiem for the Dead,
Let us not unto lifeless clay be giving
The glist'ning tears that gem each darken'd head;
For though a corse unto the grave was led,
It left its soul behind it ever-living!

II.

All men can never rob us of its light,
All clay can never hide its grand reality,
All winds can never waft it from our sight,
Night make it deeper, or the moon more bright,
It hath such vast, such suitable vitality.

III.

He whom we buried was in life a child
Of genius, bountiful and soul defiant;
Humanely bold, profoundly undefiled,
Untiring, tender, and though restless, mild,
In heart a sage, in war-full force a giant.

IV.

He rose up from the bosom of the sod
Like some tall tree, all stormy strife defying,
And won the vigor which declines to plod,
Inhaling force inherited from God,
And lived to make us weep not at his dying.

V.

For he had won a mighty People's love,
And voiced the glorious duties of his nation:
To give the hopeful energy to move,
And hope to hopeless he triumphant strove
And crowning both met Death's transfiguration.

VI.

His soul vibrated to all Nature's tones,
To roar of cataract, and to song of throstle;
But most to misery and human moans:
He raged with energy when mankind's groans
Guided his daring as the Poor's Apostle.

VII.

No race or clime could give a hue to wrong,
Or plead to him of human right's disparity;
His strength was not alone to fight the strong
On the high levels tyrants march along,
But treading noiseless paths of saintly Charity.

VIII.

To make the heart enrich the patient brow,
And the Creator sought more by the creature;
To make the Earth more fruitful to the plow,
And man develop'd to no falsehood bow:
These were the doctrines lived to by this Teacher.

IX.

To clear a path for hearty youth's advance
O'er baleful custom's greed, and bold profanity;
To transform gaping, dull-eyed ignorance,
And make the brain break guideless Labor's trance,
Were daily practice of his Christianity.

X.

Irascible when honesty was fool'd,
Intractable when knaves the righteous bartered;
Yet Nature ne'er a maid more gently school'd;
And when some piteous plea his sense o'errul'd,
His sweet credulity was Heaven-chartered.

XI.

Where'er the voice of Liberty took part,
Where'er man's exigencies struggling took her,
There, in his life, his motives took fresh start,
And in his death, he e'en evokes a heart
'Neath ribs that have been coffers but for lucre.

XII.

Blind we our eyes, then, with unfruitful tears—
  Eyes that he lighted with a toilsome glory!
Better rejoice at his deep-freighted years
The good God gave to teach less bold compeers
  To live the Truth, and richen the land's story.

XIII.

Death can not triumph where this Toiler won,
  It can not take the touchless though it stung us,
The labor lives although the lab'rer's gone,
Therefore we praise the Power that gave us one
  Who lived, as he lived, three-score years among us!

XIV.

Speak! instantaneous fire-tongue of man,
  His printer prototype allured from Heaven;
In words of flame the whole round world span,
Light every hovel with the life he ran,
  And shake blood-floated thrones with the example given.

XV.

O'er the broad continents let engines shriek
  The name and fame that symbol man's progression!
And snorting cavalry of ocean break
Through serried ranks of waves, and bear the weak
  Hope from the life which was our Dead's possession.

XVI.

Oh, while we miss him let us proudly feel
  We are the better for his earth sojourning;
That his brave life will to time all reveal
The poor man's pen more grand than despot's steel,
  And glow with thanks while wrapp'd in wintry mourning.

JOHN SAVAGE.

BIOGRAPHY OF HORACE GREELEY.

[*From The Tribune Almanac.*]

Horace Greeley, the founder of *The New York Tribune*, was born at Amherst, Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, on the 3d of February, 1811. He was the son of Zaccheus and Mary (Woodburn) Greeley, and his father was a plain, hardworking farmer, struggling to pay for land which he had bought at a high price, and Mr. Greeley's earliest years were passed in such farm labor as a mere boy was equal to—in riding horse to plow, in picking stones, and in watching the charcoal pits. He himself states in his "Recollections" that he was "a feeble, sickly child, often under medical treatment, and unable to watch, through a closed window, the falling of rain, without incurring an instant and violent attack of illness." His mother had lost her two former children just before his own birth, which led her to regard him with more than common tenderness and anxiety. From the first he manifested signs of extraordinary intelligence. These his mother, who was a woman of uncommon intelligence and information, marked with affectionate interest. She was a great reader, and she naturally imparted to her child the same love of books which she herself entertained. Mr. Greeley says that the stories which she told him awakened in him "a thirst for knowledge, and a lively interest in reading and writing." He could read before he could talk—that is, before he could pronounce the longer words. When he was but two years old the Bible was his favorite book. The newspaper, which was given to him as a plaything, he examined with curiosity; inquiring first about the pictures, then the capital letters, then the smaller ones. At three years of age, he read correctly any book prepared for children, and at four any book whatever. He himself draws a pretty picture of his learning to read at his mother's knee. "I can," he says, "faintly recollect her sitting at her little wheel with her book in her lap whence I was taking my daily lessons; and thus I soon acquired the facility of reading from a book sidewise or upside down as readily as in the usual fashion—a knack which I did not suppose at first peculiar, but which, being at length observed, became a subject of neighborhood wonder and fabulous exaggeration." It has been stated that so soon as he could form any resolution, he determined to be a printer. In his third winter, he attended the district school of Londonderry, where his maternal grandfather re-

sided. He was early distinguished for his recitations and for the skill which he displayed in the spelling exercises. He was a gentle and timorous child, but it was observed that ghost stories never frightened him.

In his seventh year even the limited success which had attended his father's farming ceased, and ruin could be no longer postponed by unflinching hard work. When the child was ten, the ruin was consummated, and his father was an exile and fugitive from his native State. He began the hard business of life again in the town of Westhaven, Rutland County, Vermont, where he was employed by a country gentleman of large estate. In 1826, young Greeley entered the office of the *Northern Spectator*, at East Poultney, Vermont, as an apprentice to the art of printing. He was now at the college of which he was destined to be one of the most distinguished graduates. It need not be said that he went on acquiring, for it was nature with him to acquire. He had a plenty of newspapers to pore over, and a tolerable store of books. He joined the village Lyceum, which was also a Debating Society, of which he was "the real giant." His parents were away upon a new farm in Pennsylvania, but twice he visited them, walking a great part of the distance of six hundred miles, and accomplishing the rest on a slow canal-boat. At this early period he was already a teetotaler, and though the apprentice boarded at a tavern where the drinking was constant, he continued a rigorous abstinent. His fund of information was such that he came to be regarded as a sort of walking encyclopedia, and to him the disputes of the villagers were referred. As a printer he was reckoned the best workman in the office. But the newspaper made no money, and when Horace was in his twentieth year its publication was discontinued. He immediately looked out for work elsewhere, after he had written his parents in Pennsylvania, and he obtained employment as a journeyman in Jamestown and Lodi, in New York, and Erie, Pennsylvania.

It was in August, 1831, that he came to the city of New York, poor in everything except good principles and indomitable energy. He found employment first as a compositor, after much difficulty. Subsequently, in co-partnership with a Mr. Story, he started the *Morning Post*, the first penny daily ever printed in the world, and which soon glided into bankruptcy. The printing-office continued obtaining some job work, and the concern was becoming comparatively prosperous when Story was drowned. Mr. Winchester came

in, and the *New-Yorker* was started. This was a literary newspaper, which, though its publication was not long continued, won so excellent a reputation that any particular account of it is here unnecessary. In Mr. Greeley's autobiography he gives a touching account of the difficulties which he encountered in this enterprise. The newspaper did a fairly good business, but it was not profitable to the proprietors, and the publication was stopped in 1841. All this time Mr. Greeley was eking out his slender income by other labors. He supplied leading articles to the *Daily Whig*, and had previously, in 1838, edited the *Jeffersonian*, a political weekly campaign paper, published in Albany and New York. Everybody will remember the *Log Cabin*, the great Whig campaign newspaper, which Mr. Greeley edited in the stormy contests of 1840. The weekly issues of the *Log Cabin* ran up to eighty thousand, and with ample facilities for printing and mailing might have been increased to one hundred thousand. Mr. Greeley afterward said that, with the machinery of distribution now existing, the circulation might have been swelled to a quarter of a million.

On the 10th day of April, 1841, the first number of *The New York Tribune* was issued. It was a small sheet, retailed for a cent, Whig in its politics, but, to use Mr. Greeley's words, "a journal removed alike from servile partisanship on the one hand, and from gagged and mincing neutrality on the other." The editor went gallantly to his work. He was thirty years old, in full health and vigor, and worth about $2,000, half of it in printing material. Mr. Greeley was his own editor. Mr. Henry J. Raymond, afterward so celebrated in journalism, but then a lad fresh from college, was his first assistant, a post which he continued to hold for nearly eight years. Mr. George M. Snow took charge of the Wall Street, or financial department, and held it for more than twenty-one years. *The Tribune* was started with five hundred names of subscribers, and of the first number five thousand were either sold or given away. The current expenses of the first week were $520; the receipts were $92; but soon the income pretty nearly balanced the outgo. About six months after the commencement of *The Tribune*, and when it had reached a self-sustaining basis, Mr. Thomas McElrath, who had some capital, took charge of the business, leaving Mr. Greeley free to attend to the editorial department, and the famous firm of Greeley & McElrath was established. In Mr. Greeley's autobiography he pays a warm tribute to the business abilities of his partner. "He was,"

says Mr. Greeley, "so safe and judicious, that the business never gave me any trouble, and scarcely required of me a thought, during that long era of all but unclouded prosperity."

Of the subsequent career of *The Tribune* newspaper, it is hardly necessary that we should speak to the readers of "The Tribune Almanac." Not more in what he wrote for it, than in what others wrote for it, it bears the impress of his vigorous intellect and unswerving integrity; of his unceasing observation of public affairs, and of his indomitable industry. It was a Whig newspaper, but it was never blindly and indiscriminately the newspaper of any party. It was always the advocate of a liberal protection to American industry, but its editor constantly admonished the American workman that by assiduity and intelligence he must protect himself. It boldly discussed social questions; it followed Fourier in his ideas of associated labor, without indorsing the errors of his social doctrine; it exposed the corruptions of New York politics, and when the leaders of the party threatened its destruction, it simply defied them, and went on with its valiant work; it fought for independence of criticism, and for the right to publish the news, in the libel suit which Mr. Cooper brought against it; it introduced a better style of literary work than was common in newspapers at that time, and employed the best writers who were to be obtained. It was not too busy with home affairs to forget the wrongs of Ireland; and it always rebuked without mercy the spirit of caste which would reduce persons of African descent to social degradation. Always, whatever it discussed, *The Tribune*, when Mr. Greeley had hardly anybody to help him in its management and conduct, was wide-awake, vigorous, and entertaining. It never forgot those who were struggling for liberty in other lands, whether they were Irish, English, or French, Hungarians or Poles. It was the newspaper of universal humanity.

In 1848, Mr. Greeley was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and he served in that body from December 1, of that year, to March 4, 1849. His career as a national law-maker was a short one, but he made himself felt. He did not at all mince matters in writing to *The Tribune* his first impressions of the House. In the very beginning, he brought in a bill to discourage speculation in public lands, and establish homesteads upon the same. The abuses of mileage he kept no terms with. Members did not relish the exposure of their dishonesty, but all their talking did

not in the least disturb Mr. Greeley's equanimity. He opposed appropriations for furnishing members with libraries at the public expense. No member was ever more faithful to his duties, and no one ever received smaller reward.

In 1851, Mr. Greeley visited Europe, and in London acted as one of the jurors of the great Exhibition. He also appeared before the Parliamentary Committee having under consideration the newspaper taxes, and gave important and useful information respecting the newspaper press of America. His letters written during his absence to *The Tribune* are among the most interesting productions of his pen. In 1855, Mr. Greeley again visited Europe for the purpose mainly of attending the French Exhibition. In 1856, he spent much of the winter in Washington, commenting for *The Tribune* upon the proceedings of Congress, and it was at this time that he was brutally assaulted by Mr. Rust, a Member of Congress from Arkansas. In 1856, *The Tribune* was indicted in Virginia—at least a man was indicted for getting up a club to promote its circulation, and Mr. Greeley was indicted with him. It was of little use that the tone in which *The Tribune* discussed slavery was moderate; its crime was that it discussed the subject at all. The absurdity was in supposing that such a topic could be kept out of the newspapers.

In 1859, Mr. Greeley journeyed across the plains to California. In Utah, he had his well-known interview with Brigham Young, by which he was more decidedly not convinced of the beauties of polygamy. At Sacramento and San Francisco he had a cordial public reception.

The National Convention of the Republican party met in Chicago in May, 1860, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Greeley attended the convention as a delegate for Oregon, by request of the Republicans of that State. The crisis was an important one, and the opinions of members in regard to the Presidential nomination were various. The choice of Mr. Greeley was Edward Bates, of St. Louis. "I believed," says Mr. Greeley, in his autobiography, "that he could poll votes in every slave State, and if elected, rally all that was left of the Whig party, therein to resist secession and rebellion. If not the only Republican whose election would not suffice as a pretext for civil war, he seemed to me that one most likely to repress the threatened insurrection, or, at the most, to crush it." The convention having nominated Mr. Lincoln, with Mr. Hamlin for Vice-President, Mr. Greeley cheerfully ac-

quiesced. The election of Mr. Lincoln, followed by a secession of several of the slave States, brought on the rebellion. Mr. Greeley has left on record the course which at that dangerous and difficult moment he thought it the most prudent and advisable to pursue. He took the ground that if it could be shown, upon a fair vote, that a majority of the citizens of the seceding States really desired such secession, then the remaining States should acquiesce in the rupture. "We disclaim," he said, "a union of force—a union held together by bayonets; let us be fairly heard; and if your people decide that they choose to break away from us, we will interpose no obstacle to their peaceful withdrawal from the Union." This doctrine, nakedly stated, exposed those who propounded it to no little misapprehension and consequent obloquy. Mr. Greeley always thought to the end of his life, that if a fair vote could be taken, it would be found that the South was *not* for secession, and that all the efforts of the disunionists had alienated but a majority of the Southern States or people from the Federal Union. He even insisted that it was *because* of his certainty that a majority of the Southern people were not in favor of secession, that he urged the popular vote; and that the vote, wherever fairly taken, fully confirmed that view. He believed that the traitorous leaders had precipitated action because they feared that delay would be fatal to their schemes. When hostilities had actually commenced, he thought that the Government showed irresolution and delay. The result was "weary months of halting, timid, nerveless, yet costly warfare," while the rebellion might have been stamped out ere the close of 1861. In 1864, Mr. Greeley was engaged in another attempt at accommodation. In consequence of overtures made by Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, James P. Holcombe, of Virginia, and George N. Sanders, a plan of adjustment was submitted by Mr. Greeley to President Lincoln. This proposed the restoration and perpetuity of the Union; the abolition of slavery; amnesty for all political offenses; the payment of $400,000,000 five per cent. United States stock to the late slave States, to be apportioned *pro rata*, according to their slave population; representation in the House on the basis of their total population; and a national convention to ratify the adjustment. Mr. Greeley believed a just peace to be attainable. He thought that even the offer of these terms, though they should be rejected, would be of immense advantage to the national cause, and might even prevent a Northern insurrection. The negotiations, it is a matter of history, utterly

failed, but it would be difficult to show that they did any injury to the cause of the Union. In connection with the Richmond negotiation, which was simultaneous, they showed that "the war must go on until the Confederacy should be recognized as an independent power, or till it should be utterly, finally overthrown," "and the knowledge of this fact," said Mr. Greeley afterward, "was worth more than a victory to the national cause."

The final victory of the Union arms was clouded by the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Greeley summed up his estimate of the character of that good man by saying: "We have had chieftains who would have crushed out the rebellion in six months, and restored the Union as it was, but God gave us the one leader whose control secured not only the downfall of the rebellion, but the eternal overthrow of human slavery under the flag of the great Republic."

In 1864, Mr. Greeley was a Presidential Elector for the State of New York, and a Delegate to the Philadelphia Loyalists' Convention.

The rebellion finally crushed, and the Union restored, so far as operations in the field could restore it, Mr. Greeley's mind was at once turned to projects of real and substantial pacification. The armies of the short-lived Confederacy were scattered, and its great chief was a prisoner in the hands of the Federal authorities—an unwelcome embarrassment, since the Government could much better have connived at his escape from the country. He could have been tried for treason; but his conviction was by no means certain, should he be brought to trial. Meanwhile his imprisonment was prolonged with what Mr. Greeley thought to be "aggravations of harsh and needless indignity." He could not be tried summarily by court-martial and shot; if tried by a civil court, he could not possibly be convicted, at any point where he could legally be tried. The provisions of the Federal Constitution were explicit, that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused should enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed." Mr. Greeley said frankly to the attorney for Davis, that if his name were necessary upon a bail bond, it would not be withheld. When apprised that his name was needed, he went to Richmond, and, with Mr. Gerrit Smith, the eminent Abolitionist, and others, signed the bond in due form. The act has been grossly misrepresented, and used for partisan purposes

in the unfairest way. It cost Mr. Greeley fair hopes of political preferment; it almost stopped the sale of his "History of the Rebellion;" and when he became a candidate for the Presidency with Mr. Gerrit Smith himself among his most active opponents, the suretyship for a criminal whom the Government never tried, and never intended to try, was constantly and bitterly urged against him. The unfairness of this will now be acknowledged by the most eager partisan of the Admistration; then it was considered a sharp and clever electioneering expedient.

In 1867, Mr. Greeley was a Delegate-at-Large to the New York State Convention for the revision of the Constitution, where he was prompt and efficient in the performance of his official duties.

In 1861, Mr. Greeley's friends presented his name before the Republican Legislative Caucus at Albany for U. S. Senator. There were three Republican candidates before the caucus, viz.: Mr. Greeley, Ira Harris, and William M. Evarts. Mr. Greeley started out with a large support, and for several successive ballots gained largely upon his opponents, but was finally defeated in a nomination which would have been equivalent to an election, by reason of the supporters of Mr. Evarts going over in a body to Mr. Harris, which secured his nomination, and, of course, his election. During that senatorial campaign Mr. Greeley was at the West delivering lectures, and thence wrote to an intimate friend at Albany, saying that he had heard it intimated that some of his supporters at the State capital were inclined to "fight fire with fire." To this he entered his earnest protest, saying that, while he should feel flattered with a seat in the U. S. Senate, if it should be the unbiased wish of the Legislature to send him there, he earnestly hoped that no friend of his would do any act to secure his election, the publication of which would cause such friend to blush. Six years later, in 1867, Mr. Greeley's friends were again anxious to send him to the Senate, and before the meeting of the Lesgislature the almost unanimous expression of the leading Republicans of the State, as well as that of the principal journals of the party, favored his election. But immediately after the close of the civil war he had declared, as the basis for reuniting the republic in the bonds of friendship and brotherhood, in favor of "universal amnesty and impartial suffrage." In this he was, as usual, in advance of his party, though they have since seen the wisdom of his suggestion, and have substantially adopted his plan of pacification. Against the judgment of his

friends, but in order that he should not be elected under any possible misapprehension as to his views for the pacification of the South, he reiterated them just before the meeting of the Legislative caucus, in a strong and vigorous article in *The Tribune* over his own signature. This threw him out of line for the Senatorship, as he expected it would, and so said to his intimate friends, who vainly tried to induce him to suppress the article "till after the election." In 1869, in a forlorn hope, after two or three Republican candidates who had been nominated had declined to run for State Controller, he accepted the position, and though defeated in the contest, as every one expected he would be, he ran ahead of the entire Republican State ticket, seven candidates in all, with the single exception of Gen. Franz Sigel, who received a considerable German vote which was not cast for the other Republican nominees.

In 1870, he ran for Congress in the Sixth District, against the Hon. S. S. Cox, and though too ill to make a single speech in the district, he reduced the Democratic majority there from about 2,700, two years before, to about 1,000, and ran 300 ahead of Gen. Woodford, the Republican candidate for Governor in 1870.

The political year of 1872 found the United States in a yet unsatisfactory and disunited condition. The States lately in rebellion were yet abandoned almost entirely to anarchy, with the laws inefficiently enforced, with a great portion of the populaton uneasy and discontented, with the public treasuries depleted by systematic robbery, and a considerable portion of the inhabitants groaning under what they regarded as no better than despotism. This was of itself, to many honest and patriotic minds, a sufficient reason for opposing the reëlection of Gen. Grant; yet there were others almost equally weighty. The Civil Service, by general admission, was not what it should be. There were grave charges of Executive corruption, which were not then and have not yet been satisfactorily explained. There was at least an unpleasant suspicion of nepotism in the distribution of the public patronage, which demanded, but did not receive, investigation. There was a general desire for an honest Government. It was under these pressing circumstances that the Liberal Convention met at Cincinnati on May 1st. It was attended by a vast delegation from all parts of the Union. Mr. Carl Schurz, who presided, very ably and forcibly stated the reason and aim of the Convention. He alluded to the "jobbery and corruption stimulated to unusual audacity, by the opportunities of a protracted civil war

invading the public service of the Government, as almost all movements of the social body,"—to "a public opinion most deplorably lenient in its judgment of public and private dishonesty,"—to "a Government indulging in wanton disregard of the laws of the land, and resorting to daring assumptions of unconstitutional power,"—to "the people, apparently, at least, acquiescing with reckless levity in transgressions threatening the very life of our free institutions." He thought the opportunity "grand and full of promise." Judge Matthews, of Ohio, subsequently spoke of the necessity of "emancipating the politics and business of the country from the domination of rings." The platform adopted by the Convention, with the accompanying resolutions, was conceived in a similar spirit. It arraigned the Administration for acting "as if the laws had binding force only for those who are governed, and not for those who govern." It charged the President with "openly using the powers and opportunities of his high office for the promotion of his personal ends,"—with "keeping notoriously unworthy and corrupt men in places of responsibility, to the detriment of the public interest,"—with "using the public service of the Government as a machinery for partisan and personal influence, and interfering with tyrannical arrogance in the political affairs of States and municipalities,"—with "receiving valuable presents, and appointing to lucrative office those who gave them,"—with resorting to arbitrary measures, and failing to appeal "to the better instincts and latent patriotism of the Southern people, by restoring to them those rights, the enjoyment of which is indispensable for a successful administration of their local affairs." The platform was in accordance with these views, calling for local self-government, for a reform of the Civil Service, for a speedy return to specie payments, for a removal of all disabilities imposed on account of the Rebellion, and pledging the Liberal party to maintain the Union, emancipation, and enfranchisement, and to oppose reopening of the questions settled by the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Amendments. Upon the sixth ballot, after various changes, Mr. Greeley received a clear majority of all the votes cast, and was declared the nominee of the Convention for the Presidency, and B. Gratz Brown was also nominated for the Vice-Presidency. After many demonstrations of the warmest enthusiasm, the Convention adjourned.

Mr. Greeley, in accepting the nomination of the Convention, took the ground that "all the political rights and franchises which have

been acquired through our late bloody convulsion, must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed, respected evermore," and that "all the political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should and must be promptly restored and reëstablished, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class, and no disfranchised class within the limits of the Union, whose long-estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of Universal Amnesty with Impartial Suffrage." Mr. Greeley also wrote strongly in favor of the maintenance of the equal rights of all citizens, and of the policy of local self-government, as contradistinguished from centralization. Upon other points, Mr. Greeley advocated Civil Service Reform, a reservation of the public lands for actual settlers, the maintenance of the public faith and national credit, a due care for the soldiers and sailors of the Republic; and he concluded by promising, if elected, to be the President "not of a party, but of the whole people." In July following, Mr. Greeley also received the nomination of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, and he was now fairly before the country as the Presidential candidate of two great parties.

The canvass which followed developed a faculty in Mr. Greeley for which he had hardly received credit, even from his admirers. He spoke constantly, and in all parts of the country; and the test to which he thus voluntarily subjected himself was admitted, by almost universal consent, nobly maintained. He discussed all the great questions before the country boldly, and without hesitation or concealment. He was attended and eagerly listened to on such occasions by immense throngs of the people; and he bore the immense strain on both his physical and intellectual powers without flinching. He had, as a matter of course, upon his nomination, retired from the editorial charge of *The Tribune*, but he was still affectionately welcomed by his old readers, with the same cordiality, when he came to speak to them with the living voice.

The result of the canvass is detailed in another part of "The Tribune Almanac." Our system of Presidential elections is such that a candidate may receive, as Mr. Greeley did, a large popular vote, and, at the same time, a very small one in the Electoral Colleges. Mr. Greeley did not carry many States, but the results of the Liberal movement were at once felt in fresh promises from the incoming Administration, and in an assurance, at least semi-official, that the errors and mistakes of which the complaint had been so loud,

would not be repeated. Mr. Greeley came back cheerfully and philosophically to his old *Tribune* chair, and girt himself for the old work, which, alas! he was not to continue.

The strong physical and mental constitution of the man was already broken by many cares, by enormous labors, and by the loss of a wife to whom he was devotedly attached, and who had been for so many years his helper and his cheerer. For *The Tribune* he wrote hardly at all, and at last he was obliged to give up visiting the office regularly. His sleeplessness was followed by inflammation of the brain, and under this he rapidly sank, dying on Friday, November 29. The earthly life which had been so busy, so laborious, and so fruitful, was over.

Such was the life and such the death of Horace Greeley. Our limits have compelled us to epitomize that which might have been, and indeed already has been, extended to volumes. But most of the readers of "The Tribune Almanac" are already familiar with the career of one whose course they were accustomed to watch with interest, affection, and respect. No man was ever more generally respected—no man ever died more generally regretted. He has passed from the busy scenes of earth, in which he was one of the most useful and busy; but as the self-cultivated man of letters, the philanthropist, the reformer, and the unsurpassed journalist, he will be honorably remembered so long as the history of the Republic shall survive.

AFTER THE BURIAL.

[*From The Tribune, December* 5.]

"It is done." Earth to earth: ashes to ashes: dust to dust. To the dead there remains rest, and to the living the burden of life. Into the hands of his servant God gave great possibilities. He took back to God great achievements. It did not need the press and throng of yesterday; the mute mourning of men and women of all ages, and conditions, and avocations, and religious faiths; the somber state of the funeral train wherein the highest officers of the nation bore their part not less than the humblest citizens; the great multitude of people who waited for hours under the wintry sky only to bow their heads as their friend was borne past them to his burial; it did not need all these to show the curiously wide significance of Horace Greeley's life.

The generation that most misses him is the generation that he finely touched to so fine issues. Thirty years ago two classes of young men awaited him. The first was made up of farmers, mechanics, artisans; industrious and thrifty fellows, strong, honest, and capable, but coarse, narrow, and uncultured. To them *The Tribune* came as the revelation of a life undreamed of. A life of books, and art, and daily beauty. A life of noble thinking and large action. They knew labor to be their inevitable portion. They saw how it might become their highest dignity. Into prairie cabin, and frontier hut, and settler's saw-mill, and artisan's tenement went these vivid thoughts of a new thinker, and kindled a wise discontent and a better endeavor.

The second class was made up of dilettante and delicate youth. They did not like the smell nor the manners of the commonalty. They doubted, after all, whether a paternal government was not best for the masses. Culture was their shibboleth. Life, at best, seemed a little botched to them. They were persons of the most cultivated distaste. To them came this same *Tribune* like the sound of a trumpet, like the blast of the north wind. It was full of a rude health and rustic honesty. It shook them off their narrow pedestals and gave them the broad earth to stand on. It taught them that the value of culture was its service to humanity.

From these two ranks of men came the first recruits of that great army which Horace Greeley, more than any other one man, raised

up for liberty and the rights of all men everywhere. The time is coming when Napoleon and Wellington will no longer seem heroic figures in a people's eyes, because the ideas they typified will be seen to have been base and selfish. And in that day the dead journalist, defamed and misunderstood and ridiculed while he lived, will come to tardy monumental honors as the real hero, the human exponent of the divine idea of love.

It is common to call him "our later Franklin." But that is to belittle him. There is a likeness in the good-natured shrewdness, the practical wisdom, the pithy speech, the wish to benefit men in homely ways. But the moral nature of the pupil was infinitely broader and sweeter than that of the master; and while the aphorisms of the older sage have a slight taste of copper, a certain two-penny ha'-penny morality and exactness, the frugality and abstemiousness which the younger practiced only gave him the larger means of charity, while saving for the sake of saving seemed to him only less ignoble than spending for the sake of spending.

More than to most men it was given to him to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Yet the nation is coming to understand that no success of his was so triumphant as that which, on the fifth of November, we all called a defeat. To have educated a people into such a stern and high love of liberty, that, when it fancied, however blindly, his feet to be turning into strange paths, it should choose to follow his great counsels rather than his great leadership, is such glory as a man might well spend himself to win. There may be an end now of the cruel taunt that his vanity persuaded him to be a candidate, and that he counted on a love and confidence from the people which he had never possessed. The universal grief declares that not his most sanguine friends, not he, himself, dreamed of the real affection that went out to him. Never able quite to keep pace with him, the people had painfully struggled up to a position from which, with larger vision, he had stepped to a higher. When they seemed to deny him they were his truest disciples. God permits us the high ends we set ourselves, but often changes the means to better. Our leader, and those of us who followed him, believed that his words and his works would convince the people that magnanimity begets magnanimity; forgiveness, repentance, and deeds meet for repentance; and love the acts of love. We see now that only his death could be thus eloquent. Beside graves, men are touched with charity. They are swift to offer reparation to the dead

for injustice done the living. And the day is not far distant when Horace Greeley's last act, the candidacy that resulted from his passionate desire to lift up the beautiful and prostrate South, and to see the Union reunited and resplendent, will seem the whitest and bravest of a long life's brave deeds.

If we had a Westminster Abbey, our friend would yesterday have been laid therein. And yet he would not have desired that stately isolation. For he believed that more and more, as the years go on, the sentiment of religion would refuse to be entombed in cathedrals, and to consecrate here and there a building. To him all places were sacred wherein a great humanity had followed after the Highest. And he would have chosen the equal sky for his canopy, and the generous earth for his bed, because the same rest and shelter are free to all the race. We can afford to leave him in his unmarked grave. Time and Death, those kindly counselors, have undertaken his vindication, who in life would never stoop to vindicate himself, and to them we may safely trust his fame.

> For Humanity sweeps onward. Where to-day the martyr stands,
> On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
> And the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe returns
> To gather up the scattered ashes into History's golden urns.